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*The manner of
John Shepherd's Escape
out of the Condemnd Hole in Newgate.*

L I V E S
OF THE
MOST REMARKABLE
C R I M I N A L S

WHO HAVE BEEN
CONDEMNED AND EXECUTED
For *Murder, Highway Robberies, Housebreaking,
Street Robberies, Coining, or other Offences;*

From the Year 1720 to the Year 1735.

COLLECTED FROM
Original Papers and Authentic Memoirs.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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P R E F A C E.



PERHAPS there are few works which afford a larger fund of instruction and entertainment than those devoted to criminal annals; and the present reprint of an old collection, embracing many extraordinary instances of crime, some of the actors in which are not yet forgotten—in support of which may be named the astounding career of Jonathan Wild, the thief-taker, and the exploits of Jack Sheppard, of Newgate renown—cannot fail to prove interesting alike to the general reader, to the legal student, and to the historian.

To the first, the numerous accounts of the doings of highwaymen, pirates, and other notorious criminals, accompanied with thrilling incidents, and described with a quaintness of expression and minuteness of detail which attest their truth, will yield a plentiful supply of entertainment; nor will the light which is incidentally thrown upon the social and domestic habits, manners, and customs of the people prove without interest. On their value to the legal student, it is unnecessary to enlarge: it is sufficient to point to the ample and reliable means afforded for a comparison of the state of crime and the criminal law at the period, and the modes and degrees

of punishment, with that of the present day. Many curious details are also given throughout the work, exhibiting the state of prison discipline, which will prove not altogether without value. To the historian, these lives are extremely valuable by the accumulation of facts they furnish, from which he may draw his materials with security, and thus be enabled to give a faithful picture of the state of society of the period.

The appearance of the book, too, at the present time, may not prove unacceptable as affording a useful and reliable source of illustration spread over a long period in regard to the question of the results produced by the infliction of the punishment of death. At the time these memoirs were compiled the death penalty seems to have been looked upon as the one efficacious means of punishment; indeed, the work might well have been termed the "Deaths" instead of the "Lives" of Malefactors, so surely did these gentry converge to one point—the gallows, upon conviction of offences whether great or small, from stealing goods of the value of twelve pence and upwards to that of murder, which were all alike punishable, and punished with death.

It may be further remarked that the book is as nearly as possible a faithful reproduction of the original. No attempt has been made to alter the style, rude and unpolished, to suit the exigencies of modern taste; and if the book be found in parts coarse in detail, or inelegant and antiquated in form, it at any rate possesses the charm of reality.



THE LIFE OF
JANE GRIFFIN,

Who was Executed for the Murder of her Maid,
January 29, 1719-20.

PASSION, when it once gains an Ascendant over our Minds, is often more fatal to us than the most deliberate course of Vice could be ; on every little Start, it throws us from the Paths of Reason, and hurries us in one Moment into Acts more Wicked, and more dangerous, than we could at any other time suffer to enter our Imaginations. As Anger is justly said to be a short Madness, so while the Frenzy is upon us, Blood is shed as easily as Water, and the Mind is so filled with Fury, that there is no room left for Compassion.

There cannot be a stronger Proof of what I have been observing, than in the unhappy End of the poor Woman, who is the Subject of this Chapter.

JANE GRIFFIN, was the Daughter of honest and substantial Parents, who educated her

with very great Tenderness and Care, particularly with respect to Religion, in which she was well and rationally Instructed. As she grew up, her Person grew agreeable, and having a lively Wit, and a very tolerable share of Understanding, she lived with very good Reputation, and to a general Satisfaction in several Places, till she married Mr. *Griffin*, who kept the Three *Pidgeons* in *Smithfield*.

She behaved herself so well, and was so obliging in her House, that she drew to it a very great Trade; in which she managed so as to leave every one well satisfied; but yet allowing her Temper to fly out into sudden gusts of Passion, that folly alone sullied her Character, to those who were Witnesses of it, and at last caused a shameful End, to follow an honest and industrious Life.

One *Elizabeth Osborn*, coming to live with her as a Servant, she proved of such a Disposition, as Mrs. *Griffin* could by no means agree with. They were continually differing, and having high Words, in which, as was usual on such occasions, Mrs. *Griffin* made use of wild Expressions, which tho' she might mean nothing by them, when she spoke them, yet proved of the utmost ill consequence, after the fatal Accident of the Maid's Death. For then being given in Evidence, they were esteemed Proofs of prepense Malice; which ought to be a warning to all hasty People, to endeavour at some restraint upon their Tongues, when in fits of Anger, since we are not only sure of answering hereafter for every *idle* Word we speak, but they may, as in this case, become fatal in the last degree, even here.

It was said at the time those Things were transacted, that Jealousy was in some degree the Source

of their Debates, but of that I can affirm nothing ; it no way appeared however, as to the Accident, which immediately drew on her Death, and which happened after this manner.

One Evening having cut some cold Fowl for the Children's Supper, it happened the Key of the Cellar was missing on a sudden ; they began to look for it, on Mrs. *Griffin's* first Speaking of it, but it not being found presently, Mrs. *Griffin* went into the Room where the Maid was, and using some harsh expressions, taxed her with having seen it, or laid it out of the Way. The Maid, instead of excusing herself modestly, flew out also into ill Language at her Mistress ; and in the midst of the Fray, the Knife with which she had been cutting, lying unluckily by her, she snatched it up, and struck it into the Maid's Bosom, when her stays happening to be open, entered so deep, as to give her a mortal Wound.

Mrs. *Griffin*, after she had struck her, went up Stairs not imagining that she had killed her, but the Alarm soon was raised on her falling down ; and Mrs. *Griffin* carried before a Magistrate, and committed to *Newgate*. When she was first Confined, she seemed hopeful of getting off at her Trial, yet tho' she did not make any Confession, she was very sorrowful and concerned. As her Trial drew nearer, her apprehensions grew stronger ; till notwithstanding all she could urge in her Defence, the Jury found her Guilty, and the Sentence was pronounced as the Law directs.

Hitherto she had hopes of Life, and tho' she did not totally relinquish them even upon her Conviction, yet she prepared with all due care for her departure. She sent for the Minister of her own Parish, who

attended her with great Charity, and she seemed exceedingly Penitent, and heartily sorry for her Crime, praying with great Fervour and Emotion.

And as the Struggling of an afflicted Heart seeks every means to vent its Sorrow, in order to gain Ease, or at least an alleviation of Pain ; so this unhappy Woman, to sooth the gloomy Sorrows that oppressed her, used to sit down on the dirty Floor, saying, it was fit she should Humble herself in Dust and Ashes : and professing if she had an hundred Hearts, she would freely yield them all to Bleed, so they might blot out the Stain of her Offence ; and by many such expressions did she testify those inward Sufferings, which exceed far the punishment human Laws inflict, even on the greatest Crimes.

When the Death Warrant came down, and she utterly dispaired of Life, her sorrow and contrition became greater than before ; and here the use and comfort of Religion manifestly appeared, for had not her Faith in Christ moderated her Afflictions, perhaps Grief might have prevented the Executioner ; but she still comforted herself with thinking on a future State, and what in so short an interval, she must do to deserve an happy Immortality.

The Time of her Death drawing very near, she desired a last Interview with her Husband and Daughter, which was accompanied with so much Tenderness, that no Body could have beheld it without the greatest Emotions. She exhorted her Husband with great earnestness, to the practice of a regular and Christian Life ; begged him to take due care of his Temporal concerns, and not omit anything necessary in the Education of the unhappy Child she left behind her ; and when he had promised a due

regard should be had to all her requests, she seemed more composed, and better satisfied than she had been. Continuing then her Discourse, she reminded him of what occurred to her material as to his Affairs, adding, it was the last Advice she should give, and begging therefore it might be remembered; she finished what she had to say* with the most fervent Prayers and Wishes for his Prosperity.

Turning next to her Daughter, and pouring over her a flood of Tears; my dearest Child, said she, let the afflictions of thy Mother be a Warning and an Example unto thee; and since I am denied Life to educate and bring thee up, let this dreadful Monument of my Death, suffice to warn you against yielding in any degree to your Passion, or suffering a Vehemence of Temper to transport you so far even as indecent Words, which bring on a Custom of flying out in a Rage on trivial occasions, till they fatally in the end determine in such acts of Wrath and Cruelty as that for which I die; let your Heart then be set to obey your Maker, and yield a Submission to all his Laws; learn that Charity, Love, and Meekness, which our blessed Religion teaches; and let your Mother's unhappy Death excite you to a sober and godly Life, the hopes of which are all I have to comfort me in this miserable State, this deplorable Condition, to which my own Rash folly has reduced me.

The Sorrow expressed, both by her Husband, and by her Child, was very great and lively, and scarce inferior to her own; but the Ministers who attended her, fearing their Lamentations might make too strong impression on her Spirits; they took their last farewell, leaving her to take Care of her more

important Concern the Eternal welfare of her Soul. Some malicious People (as is too often the custom) spread Stories of this unfortunate Woman, as if she had been privy to the Murder of one Mr. *Hanson*, who was killed in the *Farthing-Pye-House Fields*; and this attended with so many odd Circumstances and Particulars, which as is usual, Tales of this kind acquire by often being repeated, that the then Ordinary of *Newgate* thought it became him to mention it to the prisoner. Mrs. *Griffin* appeared to be much affected at her Character being thus stained by the Fictions and idle Suspicions of silly mischievous Persons. She declared her Innocence, in the most solemn Manner, averred she had never lived near the Place, nor had heard so much as the common Reports as to that Gentleman's Death.

Yet as if Folks were desirous to heap Sorrow on Sorrow, and to embitter even the heavy Sentence to this poor Woman, they now gave out a new Fable to calumniate her, in respect to her Chastity, averring on Report, of which the first Author is never to be found, that she had lived with Mr. *Griffin* in a criminal Intimacy before their Marriage. The Ordinary also (tho' with great Reluctance) told her this Story; the unhappy Woman answered, it was false, and confirmed what she said by undeniable Evidence, adding she freely forgave the Forgers of so base an insinuation.

When the fatal Day came on which she was to Die, Mrs. *Griffin* endeavoured, as far as she was able to compose herself, easily to submit to what was not now to be avoided. She had all along manifested a true sense of Religion, and that nothing could support her under the calamities she went through, but

the hopes of earthly Sufferings atoning for her Faults, and becoming thereby a means of eternal Salvation. Yet tho' these thoughts reconciled this ignominious Death to her Reason, her Apprehensions were, notwithstanding, strong and terrible when it came so near.

At the Place of *Execution*, she was in terrible Agonies, conjuring the Minister who attended her and the Ordinary of *Newgate*, to tell her whether there was any hopes of her Salvation, which she repeated with great earnestness, and seeming to part with them reluctantly; the *Ordinary* intreated her to submit cheerfully to this, her last Stage of Sorrow, and in certain Assurance of meeting again (if it so pleased God) in a better State.

The following Paper having been left in the Hands of a Friend, and being designed for the People, I thought proper to Publish it.

I Declare then, that with respect to the Deed for which I die, that I did it without any Malice or Anger aforethought, for the unlucky Instrument of my Passion lying at Hand, when first Words arose on the loss of the Key, I snatch'd it up suddenly, and executed that rash Act, which hath brought both Her and Me to Death, without thinking.

I trust however, that my most sincere and hearty Repentance of this Bloody Act of Cruelty; the Sufferings which I have endured since, the ignominious Death I am now to Die; and above all the Merits of my Saviour, who shed his blood for me on the Cross, will atone for this my deep and heavy Offence, and procure for me Eternal rest.

But as I am sensible that there is no just hope of forgiveness from the Almighty, without a perfect forgiveness of those who have any way injured us ; so I do freely and from the bottom of my Soul, forgive all who have ever done me any wrong, and particularly those, who since my sorrowful Imprisonment have cruelly aspersed me ; earnestly entreating all, who in my Lifetime I may have offended, that they would also in Pity to my deplorable State, remit those Offences to me with a like Freedom.

And now as the Law hath adjudged, and I freely offer my Body to Suffer for what I have committed ; I hope no Body will be so unjust, and so uncharitable to reflect on those I leave behind me on my Account ; and for this I most humbly make my last Dying Request, as also that ye would pray for my departing Soul.

She died with all exterior Marks of true Penitence, about forty Years of Age, the 29th of *January*, 1719-20.



The Lives of John Trippuck the Golden Tinman, an Highway-man. Robert Cane a Foot-Pad, Thomas Charnock a private Thief, and Richard Shepherd an House-Breaker ; who were all Executed at Tyburn, the 29th of January, 1719-20.



THE First of these Offenders had been an old Sinner, and I suppose had acquired the nick Name of the *Golden Tinman*, as a former Practitioner in the same wretched Calling, did that of the *Golden Farmer*. *Trippuck*

had robbed alone, and in Company for a considerable Space, till his Character had grown so notorious, that some short Time before his being taken up for his last Offence, he had by dint of Money and Interest procured a Pardon. However venturing on this Fact which brought him to Death, the Person Injured soon seized him, and being inexorable in his Prosecution, *Trippuck* was Cast and received Sentence. However having still some Money, he did not lose all hope of a Reprieve, but kept up his Spirits, by flattering himself with his Life being preserved, till within a very few Days of Execution. If the Ordinary spoke to him of the Affairs of his Soul *Trippuck* immediately cut him short with, *D' ye believe I can obtain a Pardon ? I don't know that indeed,* says the Doctor. *But you know one Counsellor such a one,* says *Trippuck*, *prithce make use of your Interest with him, and see whether you can get him to serve me ; I'll not be ungrateful, Doctor.* The Ordinary was almost at his Wits End with this sort of cross Purposes : however, he went on to exhort him to think of the great Work he had to do, and entreated him to consider the Nature of that Repentance, which must atone for all his numerous Offences. *Trippuck* upon this opened his Breast, and shewing him a great Number of Scars, amongst which were two very large ones, out of which he said two Musquet Bullets had been extracted ; and will not these good Doctor (quoth he,) and the vast Pains I have endured in their Cure, in some sort lessen the Heniousness of the Facts I may have committed ? No (said the Ordinary), what Evils have fallen upon you in such expeditions, you have drawn upon yourself, and are not to imagine that these will in any Degree make amends for the Mul-

titude of your Offences. You had much better clear your Conscience, by a full and ingenuous Confession of your Crimes, and prepare in earnest for another World, since I dare assure you, you need entertain no hopes of staying in this. *Trippuck* as soon as he found the *Ordinary* was in the right; and that all expectation of a Reprieve or Pardon were totally in vain, began as most of those sort of People do, to lose most of that stubbornness, they mistake for Courage. He now felt all the Terrors of an awakened Conscience, and therefore persisted no longer in Denying the Crime for which he died; tho' at first he declared it altogether a Falsehood, and *Constable*, his Companion, had denied it even to Death. As is customary when Persons are under their Misfortunes, it had been reported, that this *Trippuck* was the Man who kill'd Mr. *Hall* towards the end of the Summer before on *Black-Heath*; but when this Story reached the *Golden Tinman's Ear*, he declared it was an utter Falsity, repeating this Assertion to the *Ordinary* a few Moments before his being turned off; pointing to the Rope about him, said, *as you see this Instrument of Death about me, what I say is the real Truth.* He died at last with all outward signs of Penitence.

RICHARD CANE was a young Man, of about Twenty-two Years of Age at the time he suffered. Having a tolerable Genius when a Youth, his Friends put him Apprentice twice, but to no Purpose, for having got rambling Notions in his Head, he would needs go to Sea; there too but for his own unhappy Temper he might have done well, for the Ship in which he Sailed, was so fortunate as to take after eight Hours' sharp Engagement, a *Spanish Vessel*,

of an immense Value, but the Share he got here did him little Service : *Richard* as soon as he came home made a quick Hand of it, and when the usual Train of sensual Delights, which pass for Pleasures in low Life, had exhausted him to the last Farthing, Necessity, and the desire of still indulging his Vices, made him fall into the worst and most unlawful Methods to obtain the Means which might procure them.

Sometime after this, the unhappy Man of whom we are speaking, fell in Love (as the Vulgar call it) with a honest virtuous young Woman, who lived with her Mother, a poor well-meaning Creature, utterly ignorant of *Cane's* Behaviour, or that he had ever committed any Crimes punishable by Law. The Girl, as such silly people are wont, yielded quickly to a Marriage, which was to be consummated privately, because *Cane's* Relations were not to be disobliged, who it seems did not think him totally ruined while he escaped Matrimony. But the unhappy Youth not having Money enough to procure a License, and being ashamed to put the Expense on the Woman and her Mother ; in a Fit of amorous Distraction, went out from them one Evening, and meeting a Man somewhat fuddled in the Street, he threw him down, and took away his Hat and Coat. The Fellow was not so Drunk, but that he cried out : the People coming to his Assistance, *Cane* was immediately apprehended ; and so this Fact, instead of raising him Money enough to be Married, brought him to Death in this ignominious Way. While he lay in *Newgate*, the miserable young Creature who was to have been his Wife, came constantly after him to cry with him, and deplore their mutual Misfortunes, which were increased by the Girl's Mother falling Sick, and

being confined to her Bed through Grief for her designed Son-in-law's sad Fate. When the Day of his suffering drew on, this unhappy Man composed himself to submit to it with great Serenity. He professed abundance of Contrition for the Wickedness of his former Life, and lamented with much Tenderness those Evils he had brought upon the Girl and her Mother; the Softness of his Temper, and the steady Affection he had for the Maid, contributed to make his *Exit* much pitied; which happened at *Tyburn* in the Twenty Second Year of his Age. He left this Paper behind him, which he spoke at the Tree.

Good People,

The Law having justly condemned me for my Offence to suffer in this shameful Manner; I thought it might be expected that I should say something here of the Crime for which I die, the Commission of which I do readily acknowledge, though it was attended with that Circumstance of knocking down, which was sworn against me; I own I have been guilty of much wickedness, and am exceedingly troubled at the Reflection it may bring upon my Relations, who are all honest and reputable People. As I die for the Offences I have done, and die in Charity forgiving all the World, so I hope none will be so cruel as to pursue my Memory with Disgrace, or insult an unhappy young Woman on my Account, whose Character I must vindicate with my last Breath, as all the Justice I am able to do her. I die in Communion of the Church of England, and humbly Request your Prayers for my departing Soul.

RICHARD SHEPHERD was Born of very honest and reputable Parents in the City of *Oxford*, who were careful in giving him a suitable Education, which he through the Wickedness of his future Life utterly forgot, insomuch, that he knew scarce the *Creed* and *Lord's Prayer*, at the time he had most need of them. When he grew a tolerable big Lad, his Friends put him out Apprentice to a *Butcher*, where having served a great Part of his Time, he fell in Love (as they call it) with a young Country Lass hard by, and *Dick's* Passion growing outrageous, he attacked the Poor Maid with all the amorous Strains of Gallantry he was able; the Hearts of young uneducated Wenches, like unfortified Towns, make little Resistance when once besieged, and therefore *Shepherd* had no great difficulty in making a Conquest. However the Girl insisted on honourable Terms, and unfortunately for the poor Fellow they were Married before his Time was out; *an error in Conduct, which in low Life is seldom retrieved.*

It happened so here. *Shepherd's* Master was not long before he discovered this Wedding; he thereupon gave the poor Fellow so much trouble, that he was at last forced to give him forty shillings down, and a Bond of twenty-eight Pounds more, which having totally Ruined him, *Dick* fell unhappily into the way of dishonest Company, who soon drew him into their Ways of gaining Money, and supplying his Necessities at the hazard both of his Conscience, and his Neck; in which though he became an expert Proficient, yet could he never acquire any thing considerable thereby, but was continually embroiled and in Debt; his Wife bringing every Year a Child, contributing not a little thereto. However, *Dick*

rubbed on mostly by Thieving, and as little by Working as it was possible to avoid.

When he first began his Robberies, he went on House-breaking, and actually committed several Facts in the City of *Oxford* itself; but those things not being so easily to be concealed there as in *London*, report quickly began to grow very loud about him, and *Dick* was forced to make shift with Pilfering in other Places, in which he was (to use the manner of speaking of those People) so unlucky, that the second or third Fact he Committed in *Hertfordshire*, he was detected, seized, and at the next Assizes Capitally convicted; yet his Friends out of Compassion to his Youth, and in hopes he might be sufficiently checked by so narrow an Escape from the Gallows, procured him first a Reprieve, and then a Pardon.

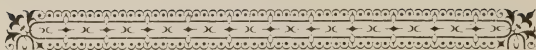
But this proximity to Death made little impression on his Heart, which is too often the fault in Persons, who like him receive Mercy, and have notwithstanding too little Grace to make use of it. *Dick* partly driven by necessity, (for few People cared after his Release, to employ him); partly through the instigations of his own wicked Heart, went again upon the old Trade, for which he had so lately liked to have suffered, but Thieving was still an unfortunate Profession to him. He soon after fell again into the Hands of Justice, from whence he escaped by Imppeaching *Allen* and *Chambers*, two of his Accomplices, and so evaded *Tyburn* a second Time; yet all this signified nothing to him, for as soon as at home, so soon to work he went in his old Way, till Apprehended and Executed for his wickedness.

No unhappy Criminal scarce had more warning than *Shepherd*, of his approaching miserable Fate, if

he would have suffered any thing to have deterred him ; but alas ! what are Advices, what Terrors, what even the Sigh of Death itself, to Souls hardened in Sin and Consciences so seared as his. He had when taken up, and carried before Col. *Ellis*, been committed to *Newprison* for a capital Offence ; he had not remained there long, before he wrote the Col. a Letter, in which (provided he were admitted an Evidence) he offered to make large Discoveries ; his offers were accepted, and several convicted Capitally at the *Old-Baily* by him, were Executed at *Tyburn* ; whither for his Trade of House-breaking, *Shepherd* quickly followed them.

Shepherd had picked up while in *Newgate*, a thoughtless Resolution as to Dying, not uncommon to those *Malefactors*, who having been often Condemned, grow at last hardened to the Gallows. When he was exhorted to think seriously of making his Peace with God ; he replied 'twas done, and he was sure of going to Heaven.

With these were Executed *Thomas Charnock*, a young Man well and Religiously Educated. He had by his Friends been placed in the House of a very eminent Trader, and being seduced by ill Company, yielded to the Desire of making a Show in the World ; and in order to it, Robbed his Master's Counting-House, which Fact made him indeed Conspicuous, but in a very different manner from what he had flattered himself with. They died tolerably Submissive and Penitent ; this last Malefactor especially, having rational Ideas of Religion.



The LIFE of WILLIAM BARTON, a Highwayman.



HIS *William Barton* was born in *Thames-street, London*, and seemed to have inherited a sort of hereditary Wildness and Inconstancy ; his Father having been always of a restless Temper, and addicted to every species of Wickedness, except such as are punished by temporal Laws. While this his Son *William* was a Child, he left him without any Provision, to the care of his Mother ; and accompanied by a *Concubine*, whom he had long conversed with, Shipped himself for the Island of *Jamaica*, carrying with him a good quantity of Goods proper for that Climate ; intending to live there as pleasantly as the place would give him leave ; his Head being well turned, both for Trading and Planting, it was indeed probable enough he should succeed.

Now no sooner was his Father gone on this unaccountable Voyage, but *William* was taken home, and into favour by his Grand-Father, who kept a great Eating-house in *Covent-Garden*. Here *Will*, if he would, might certainly have done well : His Grand-father bound him to himself, treated him with the utmost Tenderness and Indulgence : The Gentlemen who frequented the House were continually making him little Presents, which by their number were considerable, and might have contented a Youth like him.

But *William*, whose Imagination was full as roving as his Father's, far from sitting down pleased and

satisfied with that easy Condition into which Fortune had thrown him, begun to dream of nothing but Travels and Adventures ; in short, in spite of all the poor old Man his Grand-Father could say to prevent it, to Sea he went, and to *Jamaica*, in quest of his Father, who he fancied must have grown extravagantly Rich by this Time, the common sentiments of Fools, who think none Poor who have the good luck to dwell in the *West-Indies*.

On *Barton's* arrival at *Jamaica*, he found all things in a very different condition from what he had flattered himself with. His Father was Dead ; the Woman who went over with him settled in a good Plantation, 'tis true ; but so settled that *Will* was unable to remove her, so he then betook himself to Sea again, and rubbed on the best way he was able. But as if the vengeance of Heaven had pursued him, or rather as if Providence by Punishments designed to make him lay aside his Vices, *Barton* had no sooner scraped a little money together, but the Vessel in which he sailed was, under the usual pretence of contraband Goods, Seized by the *Spaniards*, who not long after they were taken, sent the Men they made Prisoners into old *Spain*. The natural moroseness of those People's Temper makes them harsh Masters ; poor *Barton* found it so, and with the rest of his unfortunate Companions, suffered all the inconveniences of hard Usage, and low Diet, though as they drew nearer the Coast of *Spain*, that severity was a little softened.

When they were safely Landed, they were hurried to a Prison, where it was difficult to determine which was the worst—their Treatment or their Food. *Barton* was above all the rest uneasy, and his Head

ever turned towards contriving an Escape, which, when he and some other intriguing Heads had meditated long in Vain, an accident put it in their Power to do that with ease, which all their prudence could not render probable in the Attempt; a thing common with Men under Misfortune, who have reason therefore never to part with Hope.

The Keeper finding the old Wall in the outer Court of the Prison weak, and ready to fall down, caused the *English* Prisoners, amongst others, to be sent to repair it. The work was exceedingly laborious, but *Barton* and one of his Companions soon thought of a way to ease it; they had no sooner broke up a small part of the Foundation, which was to be new laid, but stealing the *Spanish* Soldiers' Pouches, they crowded the Powder into a small Bag, placing it underneath as far as they could reach; to which giving fire, it threw up two Yards of the Wall; and while the *Spaniards* stood amazed at the Report, *Barton* and his Associates marched off through the Breach, without finding the slightest Resistance from any of the Keeper's People, though he had another Party in the Street.

But this would have signified very little, if Providence had not also directed them to a Place of safety, by bringing them as soon as they broke out of the Door to a *Cloister*: thither they fled for Shelter, and the *Religious* of the Place treated them with much humanity; they succoured them with all necessary Provision, they protected them when reclaimed by the Gaoler, and taking them into their Service, shewed them in all respects the same care and favour they did to the rest of their Domestics.

Yet honest Labour, however recompensed, was a

thing so grating to these restless People, who longed for nothing but Debauchery, and struggled for Liberty only, as a preparative to the indulging of their Vices, that they began to contrive how they should free themselves from hence. *Barton* and his fellow Engineer, were not long before they fell on a Method to effect it, by wrenching open the outer Doors in the Night, and getting to an *English* Vessel that lay there ready to sail in the Harbour.

They had not been abroad long, e'er they found that the charitable Fryers had agreed with the Captain for their Passage, and so all they gained by breaking out, was the danger of being reclaimed, or at least going Naked, and without any Assistance, which to be sure they would have met with from their Masters, if they could but have had a little Patience. But the Passion of returning Home, or rather a vehement Lust after the basest Pleasures, hurried them to whatever appeared conducive to that End, however fatal in its Consequence it might be.

When they were got safe into their native Country again, each took such a course for a Livelihood as he liked best. Whether *Barton* then fell into Thievery, or whether he learnt not that Mystery before he had served an Apprenticeship thereto in the Army, I cannot say; but in some short space after his being at home, 'tis certain that he listed himself a Soldier, and served several Campaigns in *Flanders*, during the last War. *Barton* being a very gallant fellow, gained the Love of his Officers, and there was great probability of his doing well there, having gained at least some principle of Honour in the Service; which would have prevented his doing such base things as those for which he afterwards died; but unhappily for him, the

War ended just as he was on the point of becoming Paymaster Serjeant, and his Regiment being disbanded, poor *Will* became *Broke* in every acceptation of the Word. He retained always a strong tincture of his military Education, and was peculiarly fond of telling such Adventures as he gained the knowledge of while in the Army.

Amongst other Stories that he told, there was one or two which may appear perhaps not unentertaining to my Readers. When *Brussels* came, towards the latter end of the War, to be pretty well settled under the Imperialists, abundance of Persons of Distinction came to reside there, and in its Neighbourhood, from the advantage natural to so fine a Situation; amongst these, was the Baron *De Casteja*, a Nobleman of a *Spanish* Family, who except his being addicted excessively to Gaming, was every way a fine Gentleman. He had Married a Lady of one of the best Families in *Flanders*, by whom he had a Son of the greatest hopes. The *Baron's* Passion for Play, had so far lessened their Fortune, that they lived but obscurely at a Village, three Leagues from *Brussels*, where having now nothing to support his Gaming expences, he grew reformed, and his Behaviour gained so high and general Esteem, that the most Potent Lord in the Country met not with higher Reverence on any Occasion. The great Prudence and Economy of the Baroness made her the Theme of general Praise, while the young *Chevalier De Casteja* did not a little add to the Honours of the Family.

It happen'd the *Baron* had a younger Brother in the *Emperor's* Service, whose Merit having raised him to a considerable rank in his Armies, he had acquired a very considerable Estate, to the amount of one

hundred thousand Crowns, which on his Death he bequeathed him. Upon this accession of Fortune, the Baron *Casteja*, as is but too frequent, fell to his old habit, and became as fond of Gaming as ever; the poor Lady saw this with the utmost concern, and dreaded the confounding this Legacy, as all the *Baron's* former Fortune had been consumed by his being the Dupe of Gamesters. She therefore, in deep affliction at the consideration of what might in future times become the *Chevalier's* Fortune, entreated the *Baron* to lay out part of the Sum in somewhat which might be a provision for his Son. The *Baron* promised both readily and faithfully, that he would out of the first Remittance. A few Weeks after he received forty thousand Crowns, and the *Baroness* and he set out for *Brussels*, under pretence of enquiring for something proper for his purpose, carrying with him twenty thousand Crowns for the Purchase; but he forgot the Errand upon the Road, and no sooner arrived at *Brussels*, but going to a famous *Marquis's* Entertainment, lost in a very few Hours the last Penny of his Money. Returning home after this Misfortune, he was a little out of Humour for a Week; but at the end of that space, making up the other twenty thousand, he intended privately to set out next Day.

The poor Lady at her Wits end, for fear this large Sum should go the same way as the other, bethought herself at last of a Method of securing both the Cash and her Son's Place. She communicated her design to her *Major Domo*, who readily came into it, and having taken three of the Servants and the *Baroness's* Page into the Secret, he sent for *Barton* and another *Englishman* quartered near them, and easily prevailed on them for a very small Sum, to become accomplices

in the undertaking. In a Word, the Lady having provided disguises for them, and a Man's Suit for herself, caused the Touchholes of the Arms (which the *Baron* and two Servants carried with him) to be nailed up, and then towards Evening sallying at the Head of her little Troop from a Wood, as he passed on the Road, and the *Baron* being rendered incapable of Resistance, was Robbed of the whole twenty thousand Crowns. With this she settled her Son, and the *Baron* was so far touched at the loss of such a Provision for his Family, that he made a real and thorough Reformation, quitted all his Haunts, which on his Brother's decease he had re-assumed, and *Barton* from this exploit fell in love with robbing ever after.

Another Adventure he related was this, being taken Prisoner by the *French*, and carried to one of their frontier Garrisons, a Chartel shortly being expected to be settled, *Barton*, to relieve the miseries he endured, got into the Service of a *Gascon* Officer, who proved at bottom almost as poor as himself; however, he quickly after *Barton* coming found a way to live as well as any Body in the Garrison, which he accomplished thus. All play at Games of Chance was, on the score of some unlucky Accidents proceeding from Quarrels which it had occasioned, absolutely forbidden, and the *Provosts* were enjoined to visit all Quarters, in order to bring the Offenders to shameful Punishments. The *Gascon* Captain took the Advantage of the severity of this Order, and having concerted the matter with a Country Man and Comrade of his, a known Gamester, plundered all the rest who were addicted to that destructive Passion; for gaining intelligence of the private Places where they

met from his Friend, he putting himself, *Barton*, and another Person into proper Habits, attacked suddenly almost every Night with a Crowd of the Populace at his Heels, these Houses, and raised swinging Contributions on those who being less wicked than himself, never had any suspicion of his Actions, but took him and his Comrades for the proper Officer and his Attendants.

Barton's greatest unhappiness was his Marriage. He was too uxorious, and too solicitous, for what concerned his Wife, how well soever she deserved of him; for he not enduring to see her work honestly for her Bread, would needs support her in an easy state of Life, tho' at the hazard of the Gallows. There is, however, a little question to be made, but that he had learned much in his Travels to enable him to carry on his wicked Designs with more ease and dexterity; for no Thief, perhaps, in any Age, managed his undertakings with greater Prudence and Economy; and having somewhere picked up the Story of the Pirate and *Alexander* the Great, it became one of *Will's* standing Maxims, that the only difference between a Robber and a Conqueror, was the value of the Prize.

Barton being one Day on the Road with a Comrade of his, who had served also with him abroad in the Army, and observing a Stage Coach at a Distance, in right of the Seniority of his Commission, as a Knight of the Pad, commanded the other to ride forward, in order to *reconnoitre* it: the young Fellow obeyed him as submissively as if he had been an *Aid de Camp*; and returning, brought him word that the force of the Enemy consisted of four Beaus laden with Blunderbusses, two Ladies, and a Footman. Then, says *Will*, we may e'en venture to attack them; in

Order to which let us make our necessary Disposition. I will ride slowly up to them, while you gallop round that Hill, and as soon as you can come behind the Coach, be sure fire a Pistol over it, and leave the rest to me. Things thus adjusted, each advanced on his Attack. *Barton* no sooner stopped the Coach and presented his Pistol at one Window, but his Companion after firing a brace of Balls over the Coachman's Head, did the like at the other, which so much surprised the fine Gentlemen within, that they surrendered without the least resistance, all they had about them, amounting to about One Hundred Pounds, which *Barton* having put up; *Come, Gentlemen, says he, let us make bold with your Fire Arms too, for you see we make more use of them than you.* So seizing a brace of Pistols inlaid with Silver, and two fine brass Blunderbusses, *Will*, and his Subaltern rode off.

But alas, *Will's* luck would not last (as his Rogueship used to express it); for attempting a Robbery in *Covent-Garden*, where he was too well known, he was surprised, committed to *Newgate*, and ordered on his Conviction to be Transported for Seven Years to his Majesty's Plantations, whither he was accordingly carried.

When he landed, a Planter bought him, after the manner of that Country, and paid Eighteen Pounds for him. *Barton* wanting neither Understanding nor Address, he soon became the darling of his Master, who far from employing him in those laborious Works which are usually talked off here, put him upon nothing more than merely supervising his Slaves, and taking care of them when Business obliged him to be absent. One would have thought that so easy a state of Life, after the Toil and Miseries such a Man as

him of whom we are speaking must have run through, would have been pleasing to him, and that it might have become a means of reclaiming him from those Vices so heinous in the Sight of God, and for which he had hardly escaped the greatest punishment that can be inflicted by Man. At first, indeed, it made some Impressions not very different from these, *Barton* owning himself, that his Master's treatment was such, that if a Man had not absolutely bent his Mind on such Courses as necessarily must make him unhappy, he might have enjoyed all he could have hoped for there. Of which he became so sensible, that for some time he remained fully satisfied with his Condition.

But alas ! Content, when its Basis rests not upon Virtue, like a House founded on a Sandy soil, is incapable of continuing long. No sooner had *Barton* leisure and opportunity to recollect Home, his Friends, and above all his Wife, but it soon shocked his Repose ; and having a while disturbed and troubled him, it pushed him at last on the unhappy Resolution of returning to *England* before the expiration of his Time for which he was banished. This project rolled for a very considerable space in the fellow's Head ; sometimes the desire of seeing his Companions, and above all things his Wife, made him eager to undertake it ; at others, the fear of running upon inevitable Death in case of a Discovery, and the consideration of the Felicity he now had in his Power, made him timorous, at least, if not unwilling to return.

At last, as is ordinary amongst these unhappy People, the worst opinion prevailed, and finding a Method to free himself from his Master, and to get

aboard a Ship; he came back to his dearly beloved *London*, and to those Measures which had already occasioned so great a Misfortune, and at last brought him to an ignominious Death. On his Return, his first care was to seek out his Wife, for whom he had a warm and never ceasing Affection; and having found her, went to live with her, taking his old methods of supporting them, though he constantly denied that she was either a partner in the Commission, or even so much as in the knowledge of his Guilt. But this quickly brought him to *Newgate* again, and to that fatal End, to which he like some other flagitious Creatures of this Stamp seem impatient to arrive at; since no Warning, no Admonition, no Escape is sufficient to deter them from those Crimes which they are sensible the Laws of the Country with justice have rendered Capital.

Barton's Return from Transportation was sufficient to have brought him to Death had he committed nothing besides; but he, whether through Necessity, as having no way left of living honestly, or whether from his own evil Inclinations, ventured upon his old Trade, and robbing amongst others the Lord Viscount *Lisbourn* of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, and a Lady who was with him in the Coach, of a silver hilted Sword, a Snuff-box, and about twelve Shillings in Money, he was for this Fact taken, tried, and convicted at the *Old Bailey*.

He immediately laid by all Hopes of Life as soon as he had received Sentence, and set himself with great earnestness to secure that Peace in the World to come, which his own Vices had hindered him from in this. He got some good Books which he read with continual Devotion and Attention, submitted

with the utmost Patience to the Miseries of his sad Condition; and finding his Relations would take care of his Daughter, and that his Wife, for whom he never lost the most tender Concern, would be in no danger of wanting, he laid aside the Thoughts of Temporal Matters altogether, expressed a readiness to die, and never discovering any Weakness or impatience of the nearest approach of Death.

Much of that firmness with which he behaved in these last Moments of his Life, might probably be owing to natural Courage, of which certainly *Barton* had a very large share; but the remains of Virtue and Religion, to which the Man had always a Propensity, notwithstanding that he gave way to his Passions, which brought him to all the Sorrows he knew, yet the Returns he made when in the shadow of Death, to Piety and Devotion, enabled him to suffer with great calmness, on *Friday* the 12th of *May*, 1721. Aged about Thirty One Years.



The Life of ROBERT PERKINS, a *Thief*.



SHOULD not have undertaken this Work without believing it might in some Degree be advantageous to the Public. Young Persons, and especially those in a meaner State, are I presume those who will make up the Bulk of my Readers, and these too are they who are more commonly seduced into practices of this ignominious Nature. I should therefore think myself unpardonable, if I did not take Care to furnish them

with such cautions as the Examples I am giving of the fatal Consequence of Vice will allow ; at the same Time that I exhibit those Adventures and entertaining Scenes, which disguise the Dismal Path, and make the Road to Ruin Pleasing. They meet here with a true Prospect of Things, the tinsel Splendour of sensual Pleasure, and that dreadful Price Men pay for it, shameful Death. I hope it may be of Use in correcting the Errors of juvenile Tempers devoted to their Passions, with whom sometimes Danger passes for a certain Road to Honour, and the Highway seems as tempting to them, as Chivalry to *Don Quixote*. Such, and some other such like, are very unlucky Notions in young Heads, and too often inspire them with Courage enough to dare the Gallows, which seldom fails meeting with them in the End.

As to the Particulars of this Person's Life we are now speaking of, they will be sufficient to warn those who are so unhappy as to suffer from the ill-usage of their Parents, not to fall into Courses of so base a Nature, but rather to try every honest Method to submit, than by committing dishonest Acts, thereby justify all the ill Treatment they have received, and by their own Follies, blot out the Remembrance of their cruel Parents' Crimes. For tho' it sometimes happens that they are reduced to necessities, which force them in a manner on what brings them to Disgrace ; yet the ill-natured World will charge all upon themselves, or at most will spare their Pity till it comes too late ; and when the poor wretch is dead add to their Reflections on him, as harsh ones on those from whom he is descended.

Robert Perkins, was the Son of a very considerable Inn-keeper, in or near *Hempstead* in *Hartfordshire*,

who during the Life-time of his Wife and *Robin's* Mother, treated him with great Tenderness and seeming Affection, sending him to School to a Person in a neighbouring Village, who was very considerable for his Art of Teaching, and professing his settled Resolution to give his Son *Bob* a very good Education.

But no sooner had Death snatched away the poor Woman, by whom Mr. *Perkins* had our unhappy *Robin*, than his Father began to change his Measures. The unfortunate Lad experienced first all the Miseries that flow from the careless management of a Widower, who forgetting all obligations to his deceased Wife, thought of nothing but diverting himself, and getting a new Help-mate. But *Robin* continued not long in this State, his hardships were quickly increased by the second marriage of his Father, upon which he was sent for home, treated with some kindness at first, but he in a little time perceiving how things were going, and perhaps expressing his suspicions too freely, his Mother-in-Law soon prevailed to have him turned out, and absolutely forbidden his Father's House, the ready way to force a naked uninstructed Youth on the most sinful Courses. Whither *Robin* at that time did any thing dishonest is not certain ; but being grievously pinched one Night with the Cold, and troubled also with dismal Apprehensions of what might come to his Sister, he got a Ladder, and by the help of it, got in at his Mother's Window ; this was immediately improved into a design of cutting her Throat, and poor *Bob* thereupon was utterly discarded.

A short time after this, old Mr. *Perkins* died, and left a Fortune of several Thousand Pounds behind

him, for which the poor young Man was never a Groat the better; being bound out Prentice to a *Baker*, and left as to every thing else to the wide World. His Inclination, joined to the rambling Life which he had hitherto led, induced him to mind the vulgar pleasures of Drinking, Gambling, and idling about much more than his Business, which to him appeared very laborious. There are Companions enough every where to be met with who are ready to teach ignorant Youths the Practice of all sorts of Debauchery. *Perkins* fell quickly amongst such a set, and often rambled abroad with them on the usual Errands of Whoring, Shuffle-board, or Skittle-playing, &c. The thoughts of that Estate which in justice he ought to have possessed, did not a little contribute to make him thus heedless of his Business, for as is usual for weak Minds, he Affected living at the rate his Father's Fortune would have afforded, rather than the frugal manner which his narrow Circumstances required, methods which necessarily pushed him on such Expeditions for supply, as drew on those Misfortunes which rendered his Life miserable, and his Death shameful.

One Day having agreed with some young Lads in the Neighbourhood to go out upon the Rake, they steered their Course to *White-Chappel*, and going into a little Ale-House, began to drink stoutly, sing Bawdy Songs, and indulge themselves in the rest of those brutal Delights, into which such Wretches are used to plunge under the name of Pleasure. In the height however of all their Mirth, the People of the House missing a Crown Piece with some particular Marks out of the Till; they privately sent for a Constable and some Persons to assist him, who caused

all the young Fellows instantly to be separated, and searched them one by one, on which the marked Crown was found in *Robert Perkins's* Pocket, and he thereupon was immediately carried before a Justice, who committed him to *Newgate*. The Sessions coming on soon after, and the Case being plain, he was cast and ordered for Transportation, having time enough however before he was shipped to consider the melancholy Circumstances into which his ill Conduct had reduced him, and to think of what was fitting for him to do in the present sad staté he was in. At first nothing run in his Head but the Cruelties which he had met with from his Family ; but as the time drew nearer of his Departure he meditated how to gain the Captain's Favour, and to escape some hardships in the Voyage.

Robin had the good luck to make himself tolerably easy in the Ship ; his natural good Nature, and obliging Temper prevailing so far on the Captain of the Vessel, that he gave him all the Liberty, and afforded him whatever indulgence it was in his Power to permit with safety. But our young Traveller, had much worse luck when he came on shore at *Jamaica*, where he was immediately Sold to a Planter, for Ten Pounds ; and his Trade of a *Baker* being of little use here, his Master put him upon much the same Labour as he did his Negroes.

Robin's Constitution was really incapable of great Fatigue ; his Master therefore finding in the end that nothing would make him Work, sold him to another, who put him upon his own employment of Baking, Building an Oven on purpose ; but whether this Master also really used him cruelly, or whether his idle Inclinations did not make him think all Labour

cruel Usage, is hard to say ; but however it was, *Bob* ran away from his Master, and got on board a Ship, which carried him to *Carolina*, from whence he said he travelled to *Mary-Land*, and Shipping himself there, in a Vessel for *England*, after being taken by the *Spaniards*, and enduring many other great hardships, he at last with much difficulty got Home ; as is too frequently the Practice of these unhappy Wretches, who are ready to return from tolerable *Plenty* to the *Gallows*.

After his arrival in *England*, he wrought for near two Years together at his Business, and had a settled intention to live Honestly, and forsake that disorderly state of Life, which had involved him in such Calamities, but the fear he was continually in, of being discovered, rendered him so uneasy and so unable to do any thing, that at last he resolved to go over into the *East-Indies* ; for which purpose he was come down to *Gravesend*, in order to Embark, when he was apprehended ; and being tried on an Indictment for returning from Transportation, he was Convicted thereon, and received Sentence of Death. During the Time he lay under Conviction, the Principles of a good Education began again to exert themselves, and by leading him to a thorough Confidence in the Mercies of Christ, weaned him from that Affection, which hitherto he had for this Sinful and miserable World, in which as he had felt nothing but Misery and Affliction, the change seemed the easier ; so that he at last began not only to shake off the fear of Death, but even to desire it. Nor was this Calmness short and transitory, but he continued in it, till the time he Suffered, which was on the fifth of *July*, 1721, at *Tyburn*. He said he died with less reluctance,

because his ruin involved nobody but himself, he leaving no Children behind him, and his Wife being Young enough to get her living Honestly.



The Life of BARBARA SPENCER, a COINER, &c.

BEFORE we proceed to mention the Particulars that have come to our Hands of this unhappy Criminal, it may not be amiss to take notice of the rigour with which all civilized Nations have treated Offenders in this kind, by considering the crime itself as *Species of Treason*. The reason of which arises thus: as Money is the universal Standard or Measure of the Value of any Commodity, so the Value of Money is always regulated in respect of its weight, fineness, &c., by the *public Authority* of the *State*. To *Counterfeit*, therefore, is in some degree to assume the *Supreme Authority*, inasmuch as it is giving a Currency to another less valuable Piece of Metal, than that made *Current* by the *State*. The old Laws of *England* were very severe on this Head, and carried their care of preventing it so far as to damage the Public in other respects, as by forbidding the Importation of Bullion, and punishing the attempts made to discover the *Philosopher's Stone* with Death; which forced whimsical Persons who were enamoured of that Experiment to go abroad and spend their money in pursuit of that Project there. These Clauses therefore upon a review of the Laws on this Head, were abrogated, but the edge in other respects was rather sharpened than abated; for as the Trade of the Nation increased,

frauds in the Coin became of worse consequence, and not only so, but were more practised.

In the Reign of King *William* and Queen *Mary* *Clipping* and *Coining* grew so Notorious, and had so great and fatal Influences on public Trade of the Nation, that the *Parliament* found it necessary to enter upon that great Work of a *Recoinage*, and in order to prevent all future inconveniences of a like Nature, they at the same time enacted, that not only *Counterfeiting*, *Clipping*, *Scaling*, *Lightening*, or otherwise *Debasing* the *Current Species* of this Realm, should be deemed and Punished as *High-Treason*; but they included also under the same Charge and Punishment, those having any *Press*, *Engine*, *Tool*, or *Implement* proper for *Coining*, the *Mending*, *Buying*, *Selling*, &c., of them; and upon this Act, which was rendered perpetual, by another made in the Seventh Year of Queen *Anne*, all our Proceedings on this Head are at this Day grounded. Many Executions, and many more Trials happened on these Laws being first made, *Clipping* especially being an ordinary thing, and some Persons of tolerable Reputation in the World engaged in it; but the strict proceedings in the Days of King *William*, especially against all without distinction, who offended that way, so effectually crushed them, that a *Coiner* now-a-Days is looked upon as an extraordinary Criminal, though the Law continues still to take its Course whenever they are Convicted, the Crown being seldom or never induced to grant a Pardon.

As to this poor Woman, *Barbara Spencer*, she was the Daughter of mean Parents, and left very young to the care of her Mother, who lived in the Parish of *St. Giles's*, *Cripplegate*. This old Creature, as is

common enough with ordinary People, indulged her Daughter so much in all her Humours, and suffered her to take so uncontrolled a Liberty, that she all her Lifetime after was incapable of bearing restraint, but on every slight contradiction flew out into the wildest excesses of Passion and Fury. When but a Child on a very slight difference at home, she would needs go out Prentice, and was accordingly put to a *Mantua Maker*, who having known her throughout her Infancy, fatally treated her with the same Indulgence and Tenderness. She continued with her about two Years, and then on a few warm Words happening, went away from so good a Mistress, and came home again to her Mother, who in that space of Time had set up a Brandy-Shop. On Miss *Barbara's* return, a Maid was to be taken, for she was much too good to do the Work of the House. The Servant had not been there long before they quarrelled. The Mother taking the Wench's part, away went the young Woman; but matters being made up, and the old Mother keeping an Ale-house in *Cripplegate* Parish, she once more went to live with her. This reconciliation lasted longer, but was more fatal to *Barbara* than her late falling out.

One Day it seems she took it into her Head to go and see the Prisoners die at *Tyburn*, and having for that purpose took an Opportunity, her Mother meeting her at the Door, told her that there was too much Business for her to do at Home, and that she should not go, on which harsh Words ensuing, her Mother at last struck her, and said *she should be her Death*. However *Barbara* went; and the Man who attended her to *Tyburn* brought her afterwards to a House by *St. Giles's Pound*, where she, after relating

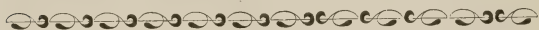
the difference between herself and her Mother, vowed she would never return any more Home, in which Resolution she was encouraged, and soon after acquainted with the Secrets of the House, and appointed to go out with their false Money, in order to vend or utter it; which Trade, as it freed her from all restraint, she was at first mightily pleased with; but being soon discovered, she was committed to *Newgate*, Convicted and Fined; about which time she became acquainted with Mrs. *Miles*, who afterwards betrayed her; and upon this occasion was, it seems, so kind as to advance some Money for her. On this last affair, for which she died, the Evidence would have hardly done without *Miles's* assistance, which so enraged poor *Barbara*, that even to the Instant of Death, she could hardly prevail with herself to forgive her, and never spoke of her without a kind of heat very improper and unbecoming a *Person* in her distressed State.

The Punishment ordained by our Laws for *Treasons* committed by *Women*, whether *High* or *Petty*, is *Burning alive*; this, though pronounced upon her by the *Judge*, she could never be brought to believe would be Executed; but while she lay under Sentence, endeavoured to put off the thoughts of the fatal Day as much as she could, always asserting that she thought the Crime for which she was Condemned no Sin. It seems her Mother died at *Tyburn* before *Midsummer*, and this poor wretch would often say, she little thought that she should so soon follow her, when she attended her to Death, averring also that she Suffered unjustly. This Woman's Temper was exceedingly unhappy, and it had made her uneasy and miserable all her Life,

so at her Death too it occasioned her to be impatient, and to behave inconsistently, for which sometimes she would Apologize, by saying that though it was not in her Power to put on *grave Looks*, yet her Heart was as truly affected as theirs who gave greater outward signs of Contrition; a manner of Speaking usually taken up by those who would be thought to think seriously, in the midst of outward Gaiety, and of whose sincerity in cases like these he only can judge who is acquainted with the Secrets of all Hearts, and who as he is not to be deceived, so his Penetration is utterly unknown to us, who are confined to appearances, and the exterior marks of Things.

She lost all her *Boldness* at the near approach of Death, seemed excessively surprised, and concerned at the apprehension of the Flames. When she went out to die, she owned her Crime more fully than she had ever done. She said she had learned to *Coin* of a Man and Woman, who had now left off and lived very Honestly, wherefore she said she would not discover them. She complained at the very Stake, how hard she found it to forgive *Miles*, who had been her Accomplice, and then betrayed her, adding, that though she saw Faggots ready to be lighted, and to consume her, yet would she not receive Life at the expence of another's Blood. She averred there were great Numbers in *London*, who followed the same trade of *Coining*, and earnestly wished they might take warning by her Death. At the Instant of Suffering, she appeared to have re-assumed all her Resolution, of which she had indeed sufficient occasion, when to the lamentable Death of *Burning*, was added the usual noise and clamour of the Mob, who

also threw Stones and Dirt, which beat her down and wounded her. However she forgave them cheerfully, Prayed with much earnestness, and ended her Life the same Day, with the last mentioned Malefactor *Perkins*, Aged about Twenty-four Years.



The Life of WALTER KENNEDY, *a Pirate.*

PIRACY was anciently in this Kingdom considered as a Petty Treason at common Law, but the multitude of Treasons, or to speak more properly of Offences construed into Treason, becoming a very great Grievance to the Subject, this with many others was left out in the famous Statute of the 25th of *Edward* the Third, for limiting what thenceforth should be deemed Treason. From that time Piracy was in *England* regarded only as a Crime against the civil Law, by which it was always Capital; but there being some circumstances very troublesome, as to the proofs therein required for Conviction, it was provided by a Statute in the latter end of the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth, that this offence should be tried by Commissioners appointed by the King, consisting of the Admiral, and certain of his Officers, with such other Persons as the Reigning Prince should think fit, after the common Course of the Laws of this Realm for Felonies and Robberies committed on Land, in which State it hath continued with very small alterations to this Day.

Offenders of this kind are now tried at the Sessions-house in the *Old-Bailey*, before the Judge of the

Court of *Admiralty*, assisted by certain other Judges of the common Law, by Virtue of such a Commission as is before mentioned; the Silver Oar, a peculiar Ensign of Authority, belonging to the Court of *Admiralty*, lying on the Table. As Pirates are not very often apprehended in *Britain*, so particular Notice is always given when a Court like this, called an *Admiralty Sessions*, is to be held; the Prisoners until that time remaining in the *Marshalsea*, the proper Prison of this Court.

On the 26th of *July*, 1721, at such a Sessions *Walter Kennedy* and *John Bradshaw* were tried for Piracies committed on the High-Seas, and both of them Convicted. This *Walter Kennedy* was born at a place called *Pelican-Stairs*, in *Wapping*. His Father was an *Anchor-Smith*, a Man of good Reputation, who gave his Son *Walter* the best Education he was able; and who while a Lad was very tractable, and had no other apparent ill Quality than that of a too aspiring Temper. When he was grown up big enough to have gone out to a Trade, his Father bound him Apprentice to himself; but dying before he was out of his Time, *Walter* leaving his Father's Effects in the Possession of his Mother and Brothers, then followed his own roving Inclinations and went to Sea. He served a considerable time on board a Man of War, in the Reign of her late Majesty Queen *Anne*, in the War then carried on against *France*; during which Time, he often had occasion to hear of the exploits of the Pirates, both in the *East* and *West-Indies*, and of their having got several Islands into their Possession, wherein they were settled, and in which they exercised a Sovereign Power.

These Tales had a wonderful effect on *Walter's*

disposition, and created in him a secret Ambition of making a figure in the same Way. He became more than ordinarily attentive whenever Stories of that Sort were told, and sought every opportunity of putting his fellow Sailors upon such Relations. Men of that profession have usually good Memories with respect (at least) to such matters; and *Kennedy*, therefore, without much difficulty, became acquainted with the principal Expeditions of these Maritime Desperados, from the Time of Sir *Henry Morgan's* commanding the *Buccaneers* in *America*, to Capt. *Avery's* more modern Exploits at *Madagascar*; his fancy insinuating to him continually that he might be able to make as great a Figure as any of these thievish Heroes, whenever a proper Opportunity offered. It happened that he was sent with Capt. *Wood Rogers*, now Governor of *Providence*, when that Gentleman was first sent to recover that Island by reducing the Pirates, who then had it in their Possession. At the time of the Captain's Arrival, these People had Fortified themselves in several Places, and with all the Care they were able, and had provided both for their safety and subsistence. It happened some time before they had taken a Ship, on Board of which they found a considerable Quantity of the richest Brocades, for which having no other occasion, they tore them, and tying them between the Horns of their Goats, made use of them to distinguish between the Herds that belonged to one settlement and another. The sight of this, notwithstanding the miserable Condition which in other respects these wretches were in, mightily excited the inclination *Kennedy* had of following their Occupation.

Captain *Rogers*, having signified to the Chiefs of

them the offers he had to make of Free Grace and Pardon, the greater Number of them came in and submitted very readily, those who were determined to continue the same dissolute kind of Life providing with all the Secrecy imaginable for their Safety, and when Practicable, their flight out of the Island. The Captain being made Governor, fitted out two Sloops for Trade, and having given proper Directions to their Commanders, Manned them out of his own Sailors, with some of these reformed Pirates intermixed. *Kennedy* went out in one of these Vessels, in which he had not been long at Sea, before he joined in a Conspiracy some of the rest had formed of seizing the Vessel, putting those to Death who refused to come into their Measures, and then to go, as the Sailors phrase it, *upon the Account*, that is in plain *English*, commence Pirates.

This Villanous Design succeeding according to their Wish, they emptied the other Vessel of whatever they thought might be of Use, and then turned her adrift, as being a heavy Sailor, and consequently unfit for their purpose. A few Days after their entering on this new Course of Life, they made themselves Masters of two pretty large Ships; which being fitted for their purpose, they grew now strong enough to execute any Project that in their present Circumstances they were capable of forming; and thus *Kennedy* was now got into that unhappy state of Living, which from a false notion of Things he had framed so fair an Idea of, and was so desirous to Engage in.

Kennedy took a particular Delight in relating what happened to him in these Expeditions, even after they had brought him to Misery and Confinement.

The Account he gave of that form of Rule which these Wretches set up, in imitation of legal Government, and of those Regulations they made to supply the Place of moral honesty, was in substance this :

They chose a Captain from amongst themselves, who in Effect held little more than that Title at any other time, except in an Engagement, when he commanded absolutely and without control. Most of them having suffered formerly from the ill treatment of Officers, provided thus carefully against any such Evil now they had the choice in themselves. They provided by their Orders especially against any quarrels which might happen amongst themselves, and appointed certain Punishments for anything that tended that way; for the due Execution thereof, they constituted other Officers besides the Captain ; so very industrious were they to avoid putting too much Power into the hands of one Man. The rest of their Agreement consisted chiefly in relation to the manner of dividing the Cargo of such Prizes as they should happen to take, and though they had broken through all Laws, Divine and Human, yet they imposed an Oath to be taken for the due Observance of these, so inconsistent a thing is Vice, and so strong the Principles imbibed from Education.

The Life they led at Sea was rendered equally unhappy from Fear and Hardship, they never seeing any Vessel which reduced them not to the necessity of Fighting, and often filled them with Apprehensions of being overcome. Whatever they took in their several Prizes could afford them no other Pleasure but downright Drunkenness on board, and except two or three Islands there were no other Places where they were permitted to come on Shore ; for now-a-

days it was become exceeding dangerous to land, either at *Jamaica, Barbadoes*, or on the Islands of *Bermudas*, and in this Condition they were when they came to a Resolution of choosing one *Davis* Captain, and going under his Command to the Coast of *Brazil*.

This Design they put in Execution, being chiefly tempted with the hopes of surprising some Vessel of the Homeward bound *Portuguese* Fleet, by which they hoped to be made at once, and no longer be obliged to lead a Life so full of Danger. Accordingly they fell in with Twenty Sail of those Ships, and were in the utmost Danger of being taken, and treated as they deserved. However their Captain on this Occasion behaved very prudently; and taking the advantage of one of those Vessels being separated from the rest they boarded her in the Night without firing a Gun. They forced the Captain when they had him in one of their own Ships to discover which of the Fleet was the most richly laden, which he having through fear done, they impudently attacked her, and were very near becoming Masters of her, though they were surrounded by the *Portuguese* Ships, from whence they at last escaped, not so much by the swiftness of their own sailing, as by the Cowardice of the Enemy; in which Attempt though they miscarried as to the Prize they had proposed, yet they accounted themselves very fortunate in having thus escaped from so dangerous an Adventure.

Being some time after this in great want of Water, *Davis* at the head of about Fifty of his Men, very well armed, made a descent in order to fill their Casks, though the *Portuguese* Governor of the Port near which they landed easily discovered them to be

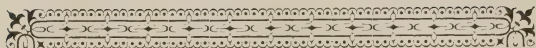
Pirates, but not thinking himself in a Condition strong enough to attack them, thought fit to dissemble that Knowledge.

Davis and his Men were no sooner returned on board, then they received a Message by a Boat from shore, that the Governor would think himself highly honoured, if the Captain and as many as he pleased of his Ship's Company would accept of an Entertainment the next Day, at the *Castle* where he resided. Their Commander, who had hitherto behaved himself like a Man of Conduct, suffered his Vanity to overcome him so far as to accept of the Proposal; and the next Morning with Ten of his Sailors, all dressed in their best Clothes, went on Shore to this Collation; but before they had reached half way, they were set upon by a Party of *Indians* who lay in Ambuscade, and with one flight of their poisoned Arrows laid them all upon the Ground, except *Kennedy* and another, who escaped to the top of a Mountain, from whence they leaped into the Sea, and were with much difficulty taken up by a Boat, which their Companions at Sea sent to relieve them.

After this they grew tired of the Coast of *Brazil*. However, in their Return to the *West Indies* they took some very considerable Prizes, upon which they resolved unanimously to return Home, in order as they flattered themselves to enjoy their Riches. The Captain who then commanded them was an *Irishman*, who endeavoured to bring the Ship into *Ireland*, on the *North* Coast of which a Storm arising, the Vessel was carried into *Scotland* and there wrecked. *Kennedy* had at that time a considerable Quantity of Gold, which he either squandered away, or had stolen from him in the *Highlands*. He afterwards went over into

Ireland, where being in a low and poor Condition he shipped himself at length for *England*, and came up to *London*. He had not been long in Town before he was observed by some whose Vessels had been taken by the Crew with whom he sailed. They caused him to be Apprehended, and after lying a considerable time in Prison, he was, as I have said before, tried and convicted.

After Sentence, he shewed much less concern for Life, than is usual for Persons in that Condition. He was so much tired with the Miseries and Misfortune which for some Years before he had endured, that Death appeared to him a Thing rather desirable than frightful. When the Reprieve came for *Bradshaw*, who was condemned with him he expressed great Satisfaction, saying at the same time *that he was better pleased than if he himself had received Mercy, for (continued he) should I be banished into America, as he is, 'tis highly probable I might be tempted to my old way of Life, and so instead of reforming, add to the number of my Sins.* He continued in these Sentiments till the time of his Death, when as he went through *Cheapside* to his Execution, the Silver Oar being carried before him as is usual, he turned about to a Person who sat by him in the Cart, and said, *though it is a common thing for us when at Sea to acquire vast quantities, both of that Metal which goes before me, and of Gold, yet such is the justice of Providence, that few or none of us preserve enough to maintain us, but as you see in me when we go to Death, have not wherewith to purchase a coffin to bury us.* He died at *Execution Dock*, the 21st of *July*, 1721, being then about 26 years of Age.



*The Life of MATTHEW CLARK, a Foot-Pad
and Murderer.*



HERE is nothing perhaps to which we may more justly attribute those numerous Executions which so disgrace our Country, than the false notions which the meaner sort especially imbibe in their Youth, as to *Love* and *Women*. This unhappy Person, *Matthew Clark*, of whom we are now to Speak, was a most remarkable Instance of the Truth of this Observation. He was born at *St. Albans*, of Parents but in mean Circumstances, and who thought they had provided very well for their Son when they had procured his Admission into the Family of a Neighbouring Gentleman, equally distinguished by the greatness of his Merit and Fortune.

In this Place, had *Matthew* been inclined in any degree to Good, he might have acquired from the Favour of his Master all the advantages even of a liberal Education ; but proving an incorrigible, lazy, and undutiful Servant, the Gentleman in whose Service he was, after bearing with him a long Time, turned him out of his Family. He went then to Plough and Cart, and such other Country Work ; to which, though he had been bred, and was never in any State from which he could reasonably hope better, yet was he so restless and uneasy at those hardships, which he fancied was put upon him, that he chose rather to Rob than Labour ; and leaving the Farmer

in whose Service he was, used to skulk about *Bushey-Heath*, and watch opportunities to Rob Passengers. *Matthew* was a perfect Composition of all the Vices that enter into low Life. He was Idle, inclined to Drunkenness, Cruel, and a Coward; nor would he have had Spirit enough to attack any Body on the Road, had it not been to supply him with Money for Merry-meetings and Dancing-bouts, to which he was carried by his prevailing Passion for loose Women; and these expeditions keeping him continually bare, Robbing and Junquetting, desire of pleasure and fear of the Gallows were the whole round both of his Actions and his Thoughts.

At last the Matrimonial maggot bit his Brain, and after a short Courtship, he prevailed on a young Girl in the Neighbourhood to go up with him to *London*, in order to their Marriage; when they were there, finding his Stock reduced so low, that he had not even Money enough to purchase the Wedding-Ring, he pretended that a Legacy of Fifteen Pounds was just left him in the Country, and with a thousand Promises of a quick return, set out from *London* to fetch it. He left the Town full of uneasy Thoughts, and Travelled towards *Neesden* and *Willsden-Green*, where formerly he had lived, intending to have lurked there till he had an opportunity of Robbing as many Persons as to make up Fifteen Pounds from their Effects. In pursuance of this Resolution, he designed in himself to attack every Passenger he saw; but whenever it came to the push, the natural Cowardice of his Temper prevailed, and his Heart failed him.

While he loitered about there, the Master of the Alehouse hard by took notice of him, and asked him, *How he came to idle about in Hay-time, when there*

was so much Work? offering at the same Time to hire him for a Servant. Clark upon this Discourse immediately recollected that all the Persons belonging to this Man's House must be out a Hay-making, except the Maid, who served his Liquors and waited upon Guests; as soon therefore as he had parted from the Master, and saw he was gone into the Fields, he turned back and went into his House, where renewing his former acquaintance with the Maid, who as he had guessed, was there alone, and to whom, he formerly had been a Sweetheart, he sat near an hour Drinking and Talking in that jocose Manner which is usual between People of their Condition in the Country; but in the midst of all his Expressions of Affection, meditated how to Rob the House, and his timorous disposition, supposing a thousand Dangers from the Knowledge the Maid had of him, he resolved in order absolutely to secure himself to Murder her out of the way; upon which, having privately drawn his Knife out of its Sheath, and hiding it under his Coat, he kissed her, designing at the same time to Dispatch her, but his Heart failed him the first Time; however, getting up and kissing her a second Time, he darted it into her Wind-pipe, but its edge being very dull, the poor Creature made a shift to mutter his Name, and endeavoured to scramble after him; upon which he returned, and with the utmost inhumanity, cut her Neck to the Bone quite round; after which he Robbed the House of some Silver; but being confounded and astonished he did not carry off much. He went directly into the *London Road*, and came as far as *Tyburn*, the sight of which filled him with so much Terror, that he was not able to pick up Courage enough to go by

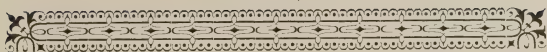
it; returning back into the Road again, he met a Waggon, which in hopes of preventing all Suspicion, he undertook to drive up to Town, the Man who drove it having hurt his Leg, but he had not gone far, before the Persons who were in pursuit of the Murderer of *Sarah Goldington* (the Maid before mentioned) came up with him, and enquired whether he had seen any Body pass by his Waggon who looked suspiciously, or was likely to have committed that Fact. This inquiry put him in so much Confusion, that he was scarce able to make them an Answer, which occasioned their looking at him more narrowly, and thereby discovering the Sleeve of his Shirt to be all bloody. At first he affirmed with great Confidence, that a Soldier meeting him upon the Road, had insulted him, and that in Fighting with him, he had made the Soldier's Mouth bleed, which had so stained his Shirt, but in a little time perceiving this Excuse would not prevail, but that they were resolved to carry him back, he fell into a violent Agony, and confessed the Fact.

At the next Sessions at the *Old Bailey*, he was convicted, and after receiving Sentence of Death, endeavoured all he could to comfort and compose himself during the Time he lay under Condemnation. His Father who was a very honest industrious Man, came to see him; and *Matthew* after he was gone spoke with great concern of an Expression which his Father had made use of, *viz., That if he had to die for any other Offence, he would have made all the interest and Friends he could to have saved his Life, but that the Murder he had committed was so cruel, that he thought that nothing could atone for it but his Blood.* The inhumanity and cruel Circumstances of it did

indeed in some Degree affect this Malefactor himself; but he seemed much more disturbed with the Apprehension of being hanged in Chains, a Thing which from the weakness of vulgar Minds terrifies more than death itself; and of which I confess I do not see the use, since it serves only to render the poor wretches uneasy in their last Moments, and instead of making suitable impressions on the Minds of the Spectators, affords a pretence for Servants, and other young Persons, to idle away their Time, in going to see the Body so exposed on a *Gibbet*.

At the place of Execution, *Clark* was extremely careful to inform the People, that he was so far from having any Malice against the Woman whom he Murdered, that he really had a Love for her. A Report too of his having designed to sell the young Girl he had brought out of the Country into *Virginia*, had weight enough with him to occasion his solemn denying of it at the Tree; though he acknowledged at the same time that he had resolved to leave her. He declared also, to prevent any Aspersions on some young Men who had been his Companions, that no Person was ever present with, or privy to any of the Robberies he had committed; and having thus far discharged his Conscience, he suffered on the 28th of *July*, 1721, in the 24th Year of his Age.





*The Life of JOHN WINSHIP, Highway-Man and
Foot-pad.*



HE Idleness in which Youths are suffered to Live in this Kingdom till they are grown to that size at which they are usually put Apprentice, (a space of Time in which they are much better employed in many other Countries of *Europe*) too often creates an inaptitude to Work, and allows them Opportunity of entering into paths which have a fatal Termination. *John Winship*, of whom we are now to treat, was born of Parents in tolerable Circumstances in the Parish of *St. Paul's, Covent-Garden*. They gave him an Education rather superior to his Condition, and treated him with an Indulgence by which his future Life became unhappy; At about Fourteen, they placed him as an Apprentice with a *Carpenter*, to which Trade he himself had a liking. His Master used him as well as he could have expected or wished, yet that Inclination which he had contracted while a Boy to Idleness and loitering, made him incapable of pursuing his Business with tolerable application, but the Particular accident by which he was determined to leave it, shall be the next point in our Relation.

It happened, that returning one Day from Work, he took notice of a young Woman standing at a Door in a Street, not far distant from that in which his Master lived. He was then about Seventeen, and imagining Love to be a very fine thing, thought fit

without farther enquiry to make this young Woman the object of his Affection. The next Evening he took occasion to speak to her, and this Acquaintance soon improving into frequent Appointments, naturally led *Winship* into much greater Expences than he was able to support. This had two Consequences equally fatal to this unhappy young Man, for in the first place he left his Master and his Trade, and took to driving of Coaches, and such like Methods, to get his Bread; but all the ways he could think of proving unable to supply his Expences, he went next upon the Road, and raised daily Contributions in as illegal a manner, as they were spent at Night in all the Excesses of Vice.

It is impossible to give either a particular or exact Account of the Robberies he committed, because he was always very reserved, even after Conviction, in speaking as to these Points. However he is said to have been concerned in robbing a *French* Man of Quality in the Road to *Hampstead*, who in a two horsed Chaise, with the Coachman on his Box, was attacked in the dusk of the Evening by three Highway Men. They exchanged several Pistols and continued the Fight, till the Ammunition on both Sides being exhausted, the Foreigner prepared to defend himself with his Sword, and the Rogues were almost out of all hopes of obtaining their Booty, when one of them getting behind the Chaise secretly cut a square hole in its back, and putting in both his Arms, seized the Gentleman so strongly about the Shoulders, that his Companions had an Opportunity of closing in with him, disarming him of his Sword, rifling and taking a Hundred and Twenty *Pistoles*. Not content with this, they ripped the Lace off his Clothes, and took

from the Coachman all the Money he had about him. *Winship* had been concerned in divers Gangs, and being a Fellow of uncommon Agility of Body, was mighty well received, and much caressed by them, as was also another Companion of his, whom they called *Tom*, but whose true Name was never known, being killed in a Duel at *Kilkenny* in *Ireland*. This last mentioned Person had been bred with an *Apothecary*, and sometimes travelled the Country in the high Capacity of a *Quack-Doctor*; at others, in the more humble Station of a *Merry Andrew*. Travelling once down into the *West*, with a little Chest of Medicines, which he intended to dispose of in this manner at *Westchester*, he overtook at an Inn about twenty Miles short of that City, a *London* Wholesale Dealer, who had been that way collecting Debts in. *Tom* made a shift to get into his Company over Night, and diverted him so much with his facetious Conversation, that he invited him to Breakfast with him the next Morning. *Tom* took occasion to put a strong Purge into the Ale and Toast which the *Londoner* was Drinking, he himself pretending never to take any Thing in the Morning but a Glass of Wine and Bitters. When the Stranger got on Horseback, *Tom* offered to accompany him, for (says he) I can easily walk as fast as your Horse will Trot. They had not got above two Miles, before at the Entrance of a Common, the Physic began to work. The Tradesman alighting to untruss a Point, *Tom* leaped at once into his Saddle, and galloped off both with his Horse and Portmanteau. He baited an Hour at a small Village three Miles beyond *Chester*, having avoided passing through that City, then continued his Journey to *Port-Patrick*, from whence he crossed to *Dublin*,

with about Fourscore Pounds in ready Money, a Gold Watch, which was put up in a Corner of a Cloak-bag, Linen, and other Things to a considerable Value besides. But to return to *Winship*.

His Robberies were so numerous, that he began to be very well-known, and much sought after by those who make it their Business for Reward to bring Men to Justice. There is some Reasons to believe that he had been once Condemned and received Mercy; however on the 25th of *May*, 1721, he stopped one Mr. *Lowther* in his Chariot, between *Pancras-Church* and the half-way-House, and Robbed him of his silver Watch and a Purse of ten Guineas; for which Robbery being quickly after Apprehended, he was at the *Old-Bailey* convicted, on the Evidence of the Prosecutor, and the voluntary Information of one of his Companions.

While he lay under Sentence, he could not help expressing a great impatiency at the miserable Condition to which his follies had reduced him, and that at the same Time to shew the most earnest desire of Life, though it were upon the Terms of Transportation for the whole continuance of it; though he frequently declared it did not arise so much from a willingness in himself to continue in this World, as at the grief he felt for the misfortunes of his Aged Mother, who was ready to run Distracted at her Son's unhappy Fate.

As he was a very personable young Man, Strangers, especially at Chapel, took particular notice of him, and were continually for enquiring his Adventures; but *Winship* not only constantly refused to give them any Satisfaction, but declared also to the *Ordinary*, that he did not think himself obliged to make any

Discoveries, which might affect the Lives of others; shewing also an extraordinary uneasiness whenever such questions were put to him, particularly when he was asked by the direction of a Person of some Rank, whether he did not rob a Person, dressed in such a manner, in a Chaise as he was Watering his Horse before the Church Door, during the time of Divine Service. *Winship* replied, he supposed the Crime did not consist in the Time or Place; and as to whether he was guilty of it or no, he would tell nothing. In other respects, he appeared Penitent and Devout, suffering at the same Time, with the beforementioned *Matthew Clark*, in the 22nd year of his Age at *Tyburn*, leaving behind him a Wife, who died afterwards with Grief for his Execution.



The Life of JOHN MEFF, alias MERTH, a House-breaker, and Highway-Man, &c.

THE rigid Execution of Felons, who return from Transportation, has been found so necessary that few or none have escaped who have been tried for such an illegal Returning, though it is very hard to convince those who suffer for that Offence that there is any real crime in their evading their Sentence. It was this which brought *John Meff*, alias *Merth*, of whom we are now to Speak, to an ignominious Death, after he had once before escaped it in a very extraordinary manner, as in the Process of his Story shall be related.

This unhappy Man was born in *London*, of *French*

Parents, who retired into *England* for the sake of their Religion, when *Lewis* the XIV. began his furious Persecution against the Protestants in his Dominions. This *John Meff* was educated with great care, especially as to the principles of Religion, by a Father who had very just notions of that Faith, for which in Banishment he Suffered. When his Son *John* grew up, he put him out Apprentice to a Weaver, whom he served with great Fidelity, and after he came out of his Time, Married ; but finding himself incapable by his Labour to maintain his Family, he unfortunately addicted himself to ill courses, in which he was yet more unlucky ; for having almost at his first setting out, broke open a House, he was discovered, apprehended, tried, convicted, and in the Cart, in order to go to Execution within the Fortnight ; but the Hangman being Arrested as he was going to *Tyburn*, he and the rest, who were to have Suffered with him, were transported through the Clemency of the Government.

On this narrow Escape from Death, *Meff* was full of many penitent Resolutions, and determined with himself to follow for the future an honest course of Life, however hard and laborious, as Persons are generally inclined to believe all Works in the Plantations are ; yet no sooner was he at liberty, that is, on board the transport Vessel, where he found means to make the Master his Friend, but much of these honest intentions were dissolved and laid aside, to which perhaps the Behaviour of his Companions, and of the Seamen on board the Ship, did not a little contribute. At first their Passage was easy, the Wind fair and Prosperous ; they began to comfort one another with the hopes of living easily in the Plantations, greedily

enquiring of the Seamen how Persons in their unhappy Condition were treated by their Masters, and whether all the terrible Relations they had had in *England* were really Facts, or invented only to terrify those who were to undergo that Punishment.

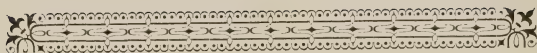
But while these unhappy Persons were thus amusing themselves, a new and unlooked for Misfortune fell upon them, for in the neighbourhood of the *Bermudas* they were surprised by two Pirate Sloops, who though they found no considerable Booty on board, were very well satisfied by the great Addition they made to their Force, from most of those Felons joining with them in their Piratical undertakings. *Meff*, however, and eight others, absolutely refusing to sign the Paper, which contained the Pirates' engagement, and Articles for better pursuing their Designs, these Nine were, according to the barbarous practice of those kind of People, *Marooned*, that is, set on Shore on an uninhabited *Island*. They, according to the custom of People in such distress, were obliged to rub two dry Sticks together till they took Fire, and with great difficulty, gathered as many other Sticks as made a Fire large enough to yield them some Relief from the inclemency of the Weather. They caught with Springs made of an Horse-hair Wig some Fowls, which were very tough and of a fishy taste, but after three or four Days, they became acquainted with the Springs, and were never afterwards to be taken by that means. Their next Resource for Food was an Animal which burrowed in the Ground like our Rabbits, but the Flesh of these proving unwholesome, threw them in such dangerous Fluxes, that Five out of the Nine were scarce able to go; they

then were forced to take up with such Fish as they were able to catch, and even these were not only very rank and unpleasant, but very small also, and no great plenty of them neither. At last, when they almost despaired of ever getting off that inhospitable Island, they espied early one Morning an *Indian* Canoe come on Shore with seven Persons. They hid themselves behind the Rocks as carefully as they could, and the *Indians* being gone up into the heart of the *Island*, they went down, and finding much salt Provisions in the Boat, trusted themselves to the mercy of the Waves.

By the providence of God, they were driven in two Days into an *English* Settlement, where *Meff* instead of betaking himself to any settled Course, resolved to turn Sailor, and in that Capacity, made several Voyages, not only to *Barbadoes*, *Jamaica*, and the rest of the *British Islands*, but also to *New England*, *Virginia*, *South Carolina*, and other Plantations. In the main, there is no doubt but he led a Life of no great satisfaction in this Occupation, which probably was the Reason he resolved to return home to *England* at all hazards. He did so, and had hardly been a Month in this Kingdom before he fell to his old Practices, in which he was attended with the same ill Fortune as formerly; that is to say, was apprehended for one of his first Facts and committed to *Newgate*, out of which Prison he escaped by the Assistance of a certain *Bricklayer*, and went down to *Hatfield* in *Hertfordshire*, to remain private; but as he affirmed and was generally believed, being betrayed by the same *Bricklayer*, he was retaken, conveyed again to *Newgate*, and confined with the utmost Severity.

At his Trial there arose a doubt whether the Fact he had committed was not pardoned by the Act of Indemnity then lately granted. However, the record of his former Conviction being produced, the Court, ordered he should be indicted for returning without lawful Cause ; on which Indictment he was convicted upon full proof, condemned, and shortly after ordered for Execution. During the space he lay under Sentence, he expressed much penitence for his former ill-spent Life ; and together with *James Reading*, who was in the same unhappy State with himself, read and prayed with the rest of the Prisoners. This *Reading* had been concerned in abundance of Robberies, and as he owned in some which were attended with Murder. He acknowledged he knew of the killing Mr. *Philpot*, the Surveyor of the Window-lights, at the perpetration of which Fact, *Reading* said there were three Persons present, two of whom he knew, but as to the third could say nothing. This Malefactor, though but 35 years of Age, was a very old Offender, and had in his Lifetime been concerned with most of the notorious Gangs that at that Time were in *England*, some of whom he had impeached and hanged for his own Preservation ; but was at last convicted for robbing in Company with two others, *George Brownsworth* of a Watch and other things of considerable Value, between *Islington* and the Turnpike, and for it was executed at *Tyburn*, the 11th of *September*, 1721, together with *John Meff* aforesaid, then in the 40th Year of his Age.





The Life of JOHN WIGLEY, a Highwayman.



THIS is an observation which must be obvious to all my Readers, that few who addict themselves to robbing and stealing, ever continue long in the Practice of these Crimes, but they are overtaken by Justice, not seldom as soon as they set out. He had been bred a *Plasterer*, but seems to have fallen very early into ill Courses and felonious Methods of getting Money; in which horrid Practice he spent his Years; till taking up with an old Woman, who sold Brandy upon *Finchley-Common*, she sometimes persuaded him of late Years to work at his Trade.

There has been great Suspicions that he murdered the old Man, who was Husband to this Woman, and was found dead in a Barn or Out-house, not far from *Hornsey*; but *Wigley*, though he confessed an unlawful Correspondence with the Woman, yet constantly averred his Innocency of that Fact, and always asserted, that though the old Man's Death was sudden, yet it was natural, for which he used to Account by saying that the Deceased was a great Brandy Drinker, by which he had worn out his Constitution, and that being one Evening benighted in his return home from *London*, he crawled into that Barn where he was found dead the next Morning, and currently reported to be Murdered.

Though this Malefactor had committed a multitude of Robberies, yet he generally chose to go on such

Expeditions alone, having always great Aversion for those Confederacies in Villainy, which we call Gangs; in which he always affirmed there was little safety, notwithstanding any Oath by which they might bind themselves to Secrecy; for notwithstanding some Instances of their neglecting Rewards, when they were to be obtained by betraying their Companions, yet when Life came to be touched they hardly ever failed of betraying all they knew. Yet he once receded from the Resolution he had made of never robbing anybody in Company; and went out one Night with two others of the same Occupation towards *Islington*. There they met with one *Symbol Conyers*, whom they robbed of a Watch, a pair of silver Spurs, and four shillings in Money; at the same time treating him very ill, and terrifying him with their Pistols.

For this Fact, soon after it was done, *Wigley* was apprehended, and at the ensuing Sessions Convicted. When all hopes of Life were lost, he seemed disposed to suffer that Death, to which the Law had doomed him, with cheerfulness and resignation. He said in, the midst of his Afflictions, *it was some comfort to him, that he had no Children who might be exposed by his Death to the wide World; not only in a helpless and desolate Condition, but also liable to the Reflections incident from his Crimes*. He also observed that the immediate Hand of Providence, seemed to dissipate whatever wicked Persons got by Rapine and Plunder so as not only to prevent their acquiring a Subsistence, which might set them above the necessity of continuing in such Courses, but that they even wanted Bread to support them, when overtaken by Justice. He was near Forty Years of Age at the

time of his Death, which happened on the same Day with the Malefactors last mentioned.



The Life of WILLIAM CASEY, a Robber.



WILLIAM CASEY, whose Life is the Subject of our present Discourse, was a Son of one of the same Name, a Soldier, who had served his Majesty long, and with good Reputation. As is usual amongst that sort of People, the Education he gave his Son was such as might fit him for the same course of Life, though he at the same time took care to provide him with a tolerable competency of Learning, that is, as to Writing, and reading *English*. When he was about sixteen years of Age, his Father caused him to be enlisted in the same Company in which he served for some small Time, before my Lord *Cobham's* Expedition into *Spain*, in which he accompanied him. That Expedition being over, *Casey* returned into *England*, and did Duty as usual in the Guards.

One Night he with some others crossing the *Park*, a Fray happened between them and one *John Stone*, which as *Casey* affirmed at his Death was occasioned by the Prosecutor *Stone's* offering very great Indecencies to him ; upon which, they in a Fury beat and abused him, from the abhorrence they pretended to have for that Beastly and unnatural Sin of *Sodomy*. Whether this was really the Case or no, is hard to determine, all who were concerned in it with *Casey* being Indicted (though not apprehended). However

that matter was, *Stone* the Prosecutor told a dreadful Story on *Casey's* Trial : he said the four Men attacked him crossing the *Park*, who Beat, and cruelly trod upon, and wounded him ; taking from him at the same time his Hat, Wig, Neckcloth, and five shillings in Money ; and that upon his rising, and endeavouring to follow them, they turned back, stamped upon him, broke one of his Ribs, and told him, *that if he attempted to stir, they would seize him and Swear Sodomy upon him.* On this Indictment *Casey* was Convicted, and ordered for Execution, notwithstanding all the Intercession his Friends could make.

He complained heavily while under Sentence of the pains a certain Corporal had taken in preparing and pressing the Evidence against him. He said, *his Diligence proceeded not from any desire of doing Justice, or his being any way convinced of his (Casey's) Guilt, but from an old grudge he owed their Family, from Casey's Father threatening to Prosecute him for a Rape committed on his Daughter, then very Young, and attended with very cruel Circumstances ; and which even the Corporal himself had in part owned in a Letter he had wrote to the said Casey's Father.* However, while he lay in *Newgate*, he seemed heartily affected with Sorrow for his mispent Life, which he said, *was consumed, as is too frequent among Soldiers, either in Idleness or Vice.* He added, that in *Spain* he had made serious Resolutions with himself of Amendment, but was hindered from performing them by his Companions, who were continually seducing him into his old Courses. When he found that all hopes of Life were lost, he disposed himself to submit with Decency to his Fate, which Disposition he preserved to the last.

At the Place of Execution he behaved with great Composure, and said, *That as he had heard he was accused in the World of having robbed and murdered a Woman in Hyde-Park, he judged it proper to discharge his Conscience, by declaring that he knew nothing of the Murder, but said nothing as to the Robbery.* He was at the time of his Death, which was on the 11th of *September, 1721*, about twenty Years of Age, and according to the Character his Officers gave him a very quiet and orderly young Man. He left behind him a Paper to be Published to the World, which, as he was a dying Man he averred to be Truth.

A Copy of a Paper left by WILLIAM CASEY.

GOOD PEOPLE,

I am now brought to this Place, to Suffer a shameful and ignominious Death ; and of all such unhappy Persons, it is expected by the World they should either say something at their Death, or leave some Account behind them ; and having that which more nearly concerns me, viz. the care of my immortal Soul, I chose rather to leave these Lines behind me, than to waste my few precious Moments in talking to the Multitude. First, I declare I die a Member, though a very unworthy One, of the Church of England as by Law established, the Principles of which my now unhappy Father took an early care to instruct me in. And next for the Robbery of Mr. Stone, for which I am now brought to this fatal Place ; I solemnly do declare to God and the World, that I never had the value of one Halfpenny from him ; and that the occasion of his being so ill used, was, that he offered to me that detestable and crying Sin of Sodomy.

I take this Opportunity, with almost my last Breath, to give my hearty thanks to the honourable Col. Pitts, and Col. Pagitt, for their Endeavours to save my Life; and indeed I had some small hopes that his Majesty in consideration of the Services of my whole Family having all been faithful Soldiers and Servants to the Crown of England, would have extended one Branch of his Mercy to me, and have sent me to have served him in another Country; but welcome be the Grace of God, I am resigned to his Will, and die in Charity with all Men, forgiving, hoping to be forgiven myself, through the Merits of my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. I hope, and make it my earnest Request, that no Body will be so little Christian as to reflect on my aged Parents, Wife, Brother, or Sisters, for my untimely end. And I pray God, into whose Hands I commend my Spirit, that the great Number of Sodomites in and about this City and Suburbs, may not bring down the same Judgment from Heaven, as fell on Sodom and Gomorrah.

WILLIAM CASEY.



The Life of JOHN DYKES, a private Thief and Highwayman.

IT is a Reflection almost too common to be repeated, that of all the Vices to which young People are addicted, nothing is so dangerous as a habit and inclination to gaming. To explain this would be to swell a Volume: instances which are so numerous, do it much better than perhaps this unhappy Person, *John Dykes*, whose case is as strong a one as is any where to be

met with. His Parents were Persons in middling Circumstances ; but he being their Eldest Child, they treated him with great Indulgence, and to the Detriment of their own Fortune, afforded him a necessary Education. When he grew up, and his Friends thought of placing him out Apprentice, he always found some excuse or other to avoid it, which arose only from his great Indolence of Temper, and his continual Itching after Gaming. When he had Money, he went to the Gaming Tables about Town ; and when reduced by Losses sustained there, would put on an old ragged Coat and get out to play at Chuck, and Span-Farthing, amongst the Boys in the Street, by which sometimes he got Money enough to go to his old Companions again ; but this being a very uncertain resource, he made use more frequently of picking of Pockets, for which being several times apprehended, and committed to *Bridewell*, his Friends, especially his poor Father, would often demonstrate to him the ignominious End which such Practices would necessarily bring on, entreating him while there was yet time to reflect and to leave them off, promising to do their utmost for him, notwithstanding all that was past. The Youth in the Course of this unhappy Life, had acquired an extraordinary share of Cunning, and an unusual capacity of Dissembling, and employed it more than once to deceive his Family into a belief of his having made a thorough resolution of Amendment.

Once after having suffered the usual Discipline of the Horse-pond, *Dykes* was carried before a *Justice* of the *Peace*, and committed to *Tothil-Fields-Bridewell*. Here he became acquainted with one *Jedediah West*, a *Quaker's* Son, who had fallen into the like

Practices, and for them shared the same Punishment with himself. They were pretty much of a Temper, but *Jeddediah* was the Elder, and much the more subtle of the two, and in this unhappy Place they contracted a strict and intimate Friendship. *Jeddediah*, out of Shame, forbore for two or three Days to acquaint his Relations, and during that Time for the most part subsisted out of what *Dykes* got from home; but at last, *West* picked up courage enough to send to his Brother, a very eminent Man in Business, and by telling a plausible Story, procured not only Pity and Relief, but even prevailed on him to believe that he was innocent of the Fact for which he was committed, and so well tutored his Friend *Dykes* that though he could not persuade his Parents into the same Degree of Credulity, yet his outward appearance of Penitence induced them not only to Pardon him, but to take him home, give him a new suit of Clothes, and promise him, if he continued to do well, whatever was in their Power to do for him.

Dykes and his Companion being in favour with their Friends, and having Money in their Pockets, continued their Correspondence and went often to the gaming Tables together. At first they had a considerable run of Luck, for about three Weeks, but Fortune then forsaking them, they were reduced to be down-right Penniless, without any hopes of Relief or Assistance from their Friends sufficient to carry on their Expences. *West* at last proposed an Expedient for raising Money, which lay altogether upon himself, and which he the next Day executed in the following Manner.

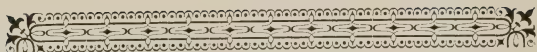
About the Time that he knew his Brother was to come home from the *Exchange* to Dinner, he went

to his House equipped in a Sailor's Pea-Jacket, his Hair cropped short to his Ears, his Eye-brows coloured black, and a Handkerchief about his Neck. His Brother as soon as he saw him in the Counting-house, started back, and cried, bless me! *Jeddediah*, how came you in this pickle? *He, with all the Signs of Grief and Confusion, threw himself at his Brother's Feet, and told him with a Flood of Tears, that two Coiners who had accidentally seen him in Bridewell, had Sworn (on their Apprehension) against him and three others in order on the merit thereof to be admitted Evidences to get off themselves; so that, Dear Brother (continued he) I have been obliged to take a Passage in a Vessel that goes down next Tide to Gravesend, for I have ran the hazard of my Life, to come and beg your Charitable Assistance.* The poor honest Man was so much amazed and concerned at this melancholy Tale, that bursting out into Tears, and hanging about his Brother's Neck, he begged him to take Coach, and be gone to *Billingsgate*, giving him Ten Guineas in Hand, and telling him that his Bills should not be protested, if he drew within the Compass of a hundred Pounds, from *Dieppe*, whither he said the Ship was Bound. *West* was no sooner out of the Street where his Brother Lived, but he ordered the Coach to drive to a certain Place, where he had appointed *Dykes* to meet him, and where they expressed a great deal of mutual Satisfaction at the Trick *West* had played his Brother. However the latter was no great gainer in the End; for Mr. *West, Senior*, soon finding out the Contrivance, for ever renounced him, and *Jeddediah* being quickly after Arrested for twelve Pounds due to his Tailor, was carried to Prison, and remained there without the least Assis-

tance from his Brother, until after his Friend *Dykes* was Hanged.

This last mentioned Malefactor, unmoved with all the tender Entreaties of his Friends, and the glaring prospect before him of his own Ruin, went still on at the old Rate; and whenever Gaming had brought him low in Cash, took up with the Road, or some such like honest method to Recruit it. At last he had the ill-luck to commit a Robbery in *Stepney* Parish, in the Road between *Mile-end* and *Bow*, upon one *Charles Wright*, to whose Bosom clapping a Pistol, he commanded him to deliver peaceably, or he would shoot him through the Body. The Booty he took was very inconsiderable, being only a Pen-knife, an ordinary Seal, and five shillings and eight-pence in Money, a poor Price for Life, since within two Days after he was Apprehended for this Robbery, committed to *Newgate*, and condemned the next Sessions.

His Behaviour under these unhappy Circumstances was very mean, and such as fully shewed what difference there is between the Courage and that Resolution which is necessary to support the Spirits, and calm our Apprehensions at the certain approach, especially of a violent Death. I forbear attempting any description of those unutterable Torments which the exterior Marks of a distracted Behaviour fully shewed that this poor wretch endured. And as I have nothing more to add of him, but that he Confessed his having been guilty of a multitude of ill Acts; he submitted at last with greater cheerfulness than he had ever shewn during his Confinement, to that shameful Death which the Law had ordained for his Crimes, on the 23rd of *October*, 1721, when he was about the 23rd year of his Age.



The Life of RICHARD JAMES, a Highwayman.



HE Misfortune of not having early a virtuous Education, is very often so great a One, as never to be retrieved; and it happens frequently (as far as human Capacity will give us leave to Judge) that those prove remarkably wicked and profligate for want of it, who if they had been so happy as to have received it, would probably have led an honest and industrious Life. I am led to this observation at present, by the Materials which lay before me, for the composition of this Life. *Richard James* was the Son of a Nobleman's Cook, but he knew little more of his Father, than that he left him while very Young to the wide World, and so about twelve years of Age he was sent to Sea; there he had the misfortune to be taken Prisoner by the *Spaniards*, who he acknowledged treated him with great Humanity; and a House Painter taking a great liking to him, received him into his house, taught him his Profession, and used him with the same Tenderness as if he had been his nearest Relation.

But fondness for his Country exciting in him a continual desire of seeing *England* again, he found at last a means to return before he was Seventeen; and after his being in *England* but a very small Time, he totally disoblged what few Friends he had left, by his silly Marriage to a poor Girl younger than himself, as is common enough in such mad

Adventures. The Woman's Friends were as much disobliged as his; and so not knowing how to subsist together, *Richard* was obliged to betake him to his old Profession of the Sea. The first Voyage he made was to the *West Indies*, where he had the Misfortune to be taken by the Pirates, and by them being set on Shore, was reduced almost to downright starving; however, begging his way to *Boston* in *New England*, he from thence found a Method of returning Home once again.

The first thing he did was to enquire for his Wife; but she, under the Pretence of having received Advices of his Death from *America*, had gotten another Husband; and though poor *James* was willing to pass by that, yet the Woman it seems knew better when she was well off; and under Pretence of Affection for two Children which she had by this last Husband, absolutely refused to leave him and return back to *Dick*, her first Spouse. However he did not seem to have taken this much to Heart, for in a short time he followed her Example and married another Wife; but however, finding no Method of procuring an honest Livelihood, he took to a short Method of living, *viz.*, to Thieving, after every Manner that came in his Way. He committed a vast Number of Robberies in a very short Space, chiefly upon Waggoners in the *Oxford Road*, and sometimes as if there were not Crime enough in bare Robbing them, he added to it by the cruel Manner in which he treated them. At this Rate he went on for a considerable Space, till being apprehended for a Robbery of a Man on *Hanwell Green*, from whom he took but ten Shillings, he was shortly after convicted, and having no Friends, from that time laid aside all hopes of Life.

During the space he had to prepare himself for Death, he appeared so far from being either terrified, or even unwilling to Die, that he looked upon it as a very happy Relief from a very troublesome and uneasy Life ; and declared with all outward appearance of Sincerity, that he would not even if it were in his Power procure a Reprieve, or avoid that Death which could alone prove a remedy for those Evils which had so long rendered Life a Burden. He was very earnest to be instructed in the Duties of Religion, and seemed to desire nothing else than to prepare himself, as well as Time and his melancholy Circumstances would allow him ; and never from the Time of his Conviction shewed any change in his Disposition, but continued still rather to wish for Death, than to fear it. He made a very ample Confession of all the Robberies he had ever done, and seemed sorrowful above all for the Inhumanity and Incivility with which he had sometimes treated People.

Amongst other particulars he said, *that once with his Companions having robbed a Lady in some other Company of a Whip and a tortoise-shell Snuff-box, with a silver Rim, she earnestly desired to have them returned, saying, That as to the Money they had taken, they were heartily welcome.* The other Thieves seemed inclined to grant her Request, but James absolutely declared *she should not have them.* However, as a very extraordinary Mark of his Generosity, he took the Snuff out of the Box, and putting it into a Paper, gave it her back again.

At the Place of Execution, he repeated what he had formerly said as to his readiness of Dying ; adding, that if the People pitied the Misfortune he

fell under of dying so ignominious a Death, he no less pitied them in the Dangers and Misfortunes they were sure to run through in this miserable World. He was at the Time of his Death, about 30 years of Age, and Suffered on the same Day with the Criminal last mentioned.



The Life of JAMES WRIGHT, a Highwayman.



JAMES WRIGHT, the Malefactor whose Life we are going to relate at present, was born at *Enfield*, of very honest Parents, who that he might get his Living honestly put him Apprentice to a *Peruke-Maker*, to which Trade, after having served his Time, he set up in the *Old-Bailey*, and lived there for some Time in good Credit; but being much given up to Women, and an idle habit of Life, his Expences quickly out went his Profits; and this in the Space of some Months reduced him to down-right want, which put him upon the illegal Ways he afterwards took to support himself in the enjoyment of those Pleasures, which even the Evils he had already felt could not make him Wise enough to Shun.

He was very far from being a hardened Criminal, hardly ever robbing a Passenger without Tears in his Eyes, and always framing Resolutions to himself of quitting that infamous manner of Life, as soon as ever it should be in his Power. He fancied that as the Rich could better spare it than the Poor, there was less Crime in taking it from them; and thereupon valued himself not a little that he had never injured

any poor Man, but always singled out those who from their Equipage were likeliest to yield him a good Booty, and at the same time not be much the worse for it themselves. He had gone on for a considerable space in the Commission of Villanies with impunity; but at last being apprehended for a Robbery by him committed in the County of *Surrey*, he was indicted and tried at the ensuing Assizes at *Kingston*, and by some means or other, was so lucky as to be acquitted, no doubt to his very great joy; and on this Deliverance he again renewed his Vows of Amendment.

A Friend of his, after this acquittal, was so kind as to take him down to his House in the Country, in hopes of keeping out of harm's way; and indeed 'tis highly probable that he had totally given over all evil intentions of that Sort, when he was unfortunately impeached by *Hawkins*, one of his old Companions, and on his, and the Evidence of the Prosecutor whom he found out, *Wright* was taken up, Tried and Convicted at the *Old-Bailey*. When he perceived there was no hopes of Life, he applied himself to the great Business of his Soul, and behaved with the greatest Composure imaginable. He declared himself a *Roman-Catholic*, yet frequented the Chapel all the time he was in *Newgate*, and seemed only studious how to make peace with God. When the fatal Day of Execution approached, he was far from seeming amazed, notwithstanding that after mature Deliberation he refused to declare his Associates, or how they might be found, saying that perhaps they might Repent, and he hoped some of them had done so, and he would not bring them to the same ignominious Death with himself. The Fact he died for, was

the Robbing Mr. *Towers*, with some Ladies in a Coach in *Marlborough-street*. He confessed also, that his Companion called out to him, What! do they resist? Shoot 'em. He Suffered with all the outward Signs of Penitence, on the 22nd of *December*, 1721, about 34 years of Age.



The Life of NATHANIEL HAWES, a Thief and Robber.

AMONGST many odd notions which are picked up by the common People, there is none more dangerous, both to themselves and to others, than the Idea they get of Courage, which with them consists either in a furious Madness, or an obstinate Perseverance, even in the worst Cause. *Nathaniel Hawes* was a very extraordinary Instance of this, as the following part of his Life will shew. He was, as he said himself, the Son of a very rich Grazier in *Norfolk*, who dying when he was but a year Old, he pretended that he was defrauded of a great part of his Father's Effects, which should have belonged to him; however, those who took care of his Education put him out Apprentice to an *Upholsterer*, with whom he served about four Years. He then fell into very expensive Company, which reduced him to such straits as obliged him to make bold with his Master's Cash, by which he injured him for some time with Impunity, but proceeding at last to the Commission of a downright Robbery, he was therein Detected, Tried and

Convicted ; but being then very young the Court had Pity on him, and he had the good luck to procure a Pardon.

Natt made the old use of Mercy, when extended to such sort of People, that is, when he returned to Liberty he returned to his old Practices. His Companions were several young Men of the same Stamp with himself, who placed all their delight in the Sensual and brutal Pleasures of Drinking, Gaming, Whoring, and Idling about, without betaking themselves to any Business. *Natt*, who was a young Fellow naturally sprightly and of good Parts, from thence became very acceptable to these sort of People, and committed abundance of Robberies in a very small space of Time. The natural Fire of his Temper made him behave with great boldness on such occasions, and gave him no small Reputation amongst the Gang. *Hawes* seeing himself extravagantly commended on such occasions, began to form to himself high notions of Heroism in that way, and from the warmth of a lively Imagination, became a downright *Don Quixote* in all their Adventures. He particularly affected the Company of *Richard James*, and with him robbed very much on the *Oxford Road*, whereon it was common for both these Persons not only to take away the Money from Passengers, but also to treat them with great Inhumanity, which for all I know might arise in a great Measure from *Hawes's* whimsical Notions.

This Fellow was so puffed up with the Reputation he had got amongst his Companions in the same miserable Occupation, that he fancied no Expedition impracticable in which he thought fit to engage; and indeed the boldness of his Attempts had so often

given him success, that there is no wonder a Fellow of his small Parts and Education should conceive so highly of himself. It was nothing for *Hawes* singly to rob a Coach full of Gentlemen, to stop two or three Persons on the Highway at a Time, or to rob the Waggons in a line as they came on the *Oxford Road* to *London*, nor was there any of the little *Prisons* or *Bridewells* that could hold him.

There was however an Adventure of *Natt's* of this kind that deserves a particular Relation. He had, it seems, been so unlucky as to be taken, and committed to *New-prison*, on suspicion of robbing two Gentlemen in a Chaise coming from *Hampstead*. *Hawes* viewed well the Place of his Confinement, but found it much too strong for any Attempts like those he was wont to make. In the same place with himself and another Man, there was a Woman very genteely dressed who had been committed for Shop-lifting. This Woman seemed even more ready to attempt something which might get her out of that Confinement than either *Hawes* or her other Companion; the latter said it was impracticable, and *Natt*, that though he had broke open many a Prison, yet he saw no probability of putting this in the Number. Well (said the Woman), have you courage enough to try, if I put you in the way? Yes (quoth *Hawes*), there's nothing I won't undertake for Liberty; and, said the other Fellow, if I once saw a likelihood of performing it, there's nobody has better Hands at such work than myself. In the first place, said this Politician in Petticoats, we must raise as much Money amongst us as will keep a very good Fire. Why truly (replied *Hawes*) a Fire would be convenient this cold Weather, but I can't for my Heart see how we should be nearer

our Liberty for it, unless you intend to set the Goal in Flames. Push! push! answered the Woman, follow but my Directions, and let's have some Faggots and Coals, and I warrant you by to Morrow Morning we shall be safe out of these Regions. The Woman spoke this with so much Assurance, that *Hawes* and the other Man complied, and reserving but one Shilling, laid out all their Money in Combustibles and Liquor. While the runners of the Prison were going to and fro upon this Occasion, the Woman seemed so dejected that she could scarce speak, and the two Men by her Directions sat with the same Air as if the Rope already had been about them at *Tyburn*. At last, as they were going to be locked up, pray (says the Woman), with a faint Voice, can't you give me something like a Poker? Why yes, says one of the Fellows belonging to the Goal, if you'll give me Twopence, I'll bring you one of the old Bars that was taken out of the Window, when these new ones were put up. The Woman gave him the Half-pence; he delivered the Bar, and the Keepers having locked them up, barred and bolted the Doors, left them till next Morning. As soon as ever the People of the Goal were gone, up starts Madam: now my Lads, says she, to work; and putting her Hands into her Pockets, and shaking her Petticoats, down drops two little bags of Tools. She pointed out to them a large Stone at the corner of the Roof which was morticed into two others, one above, and the other below. After they had picked all the Mortar from between them, she heated the Bar red hot in the Fire, and putting it to the Sockets into which the Irons that held the Stones were fastened with Lead, it quickly loosened them, and then making use of the Bar as of a Crow,

by Two o'Clock in the Morning, they had got them all three out, and opened a fair Passage into the Streets, only that it was a little too high. The Woman upon this made them fasten the Iron Bar strongly at the Angle where three Stones met, and then pulling off her Stays, she unrolled from the top of her Petticoats four yards of strong Cord, the noose of which being fastened on the Iron, the other end was to be thrown over the Wall, and so the Descent was rendered easy. The Men were equally pleased and surprized at their good Fortune, and in Gratitude to the Female Author of it, helped her to the top of the Wall, and let her get safe over, before they attempted to go out themselves.

It was not long after this, that *Hawes* committed a Robbery on *Finchley Common*, upon one *Richard Hall*, from whom he took about four Shillings in Money, and to make up the badness of the Booty, he took from him his Horse, in order to be the better equipped, to go in quest of another, which might make up the deficiency. For this Robbery, he being shortly after detected and apprehended, he was Convicted and received Sentence of Death. When first confined, he behaved himself with very great Levity, and declared, he would Merit a greater Reputation by the boldness of his Behaviour, than any Highwayman that had died these seven Years. Indeed this was the Style he always made use of, and the great Affectation of Intrepidity and Resolution, which he always put on, would have moved any Body, had it not been for his melancholy Condition, to have smiled at the Vanity of the Man.

At the Time he was taken up, he had it seems a good Suit of Clothes taken from him, which put him

so much out of humour, because he could not appear (as he said) like a Gentleman at the *Sessions House*, that when he was Arraigned, and should have put himself upon his Trial, he refused to Plead, unless they were re-delivered to him again ; but to this the Court answered, that it was not in their Power ; and on his persisting to remain Mute, after all the Exhortations which were made to him, the Court at last ordered that the Sentence of the Press should be read to him, as is customary on such Occasions ; after which, the *Judge* from the Bench spoke to him to this Effect :

NATHANIEL HAWES,

The Equity of the Law of England, more tender of the Lives of its Subjects than any other in the World, allows no Person to be put to Death, either unheard or without positive Proof against him of the Fact whereon he stands charged, and that Proof too must be such as shall satisfy twelve Men who are his Equals, and by whose Verdict he is to be tried ; and surely no method can be devised fuller than this is, as well of Compassion, as of Justice ; but then it is required that the Person so to be tried shall aver his Innocence by pleading not Guilty to his Indictment, which contains the Charge. You have heard that which the grand Jury have found against You ; you see here twelve honest Men ready to enquire impartially into the Evidence that shall be given against You. The Court, such is the Humanity of our Constitution, is Counsel for You, as you are a Prisoner ; what hinders then, that you should submit to so fair, so equal a Trial, and wherefore will you by a British obstinacy, draw upon You that heavy Judgment which

the Law has appointed for those who seem to have lost the Rational Faculties of Men.

To this *Hawes* impudently made answer : *That the Court was formerly a place of Justice, but now it was become a place of Injustice ; that he doubted not but that they would receive a severer Sentence than that which they had pronounced upon him, and that for his part, he made no question of dying with the same Resolution with which he had often beheld Death, and leave the World with the same Courage with which he had lived in it.*

Natt. thought this a most glorious Instance of his Courage, and when some of his Companions said, jestingly, that he chose pressing because the Court would not let him have a good suit of Clothes to be hanged in ; he replied with a great deal of warmth, that it was no such thing, but that as he had lived with the Character of the boldest Fellow of his profession he was resolved to die with it, and leave his memory to be admired by all the Gentlemen of the Road in succeeding Ages. This was a Rant which took up the poor Fellow's head, and induced him to bear 250 Pound Weight upon his Breast, for upwards of seven Minutes, and was much the same kind of Bravery with that which induced the French Lackey to *dance a Minuet* immediately before he Danced his last upon the *Wheel*, an action which made so much Noise in *France* that it was compared with the death of *Cato*.

Hawes indeed did not persist quite so long, but submitted to that Justice which he saw was unavoidable, after he had endured (as I have said before) so great a weight in the Press. The Bruises he received thereby on the Chest, pained him so

exceedingly during the short remainder of his Life, that he was hardly able to perform those Devotions which the near approach of Death made him desirous to offer up for so profligate a Life. He laid aside then, those wild Notions which had been so fatal to him through the whole Course of his Days, and so remarkably unfortunate to him in this last Age of his Life. He confessed frankly what Crimes he could remember, and seemed very desirous of acquitting some innocent Persons, who were at that time imprisoned or suspected for certain Villanies, which were committed by *Hawes*, and his Gang; particularly a *Footman*, then in the *Poultry Compter*, and a Man's Son at an Ale-house, who though *Hawes* declared he knew no harm of, yet at the place of Execution, he said as he desired his Death might be a warning to all in general, so he wished it might be particularly considered by him, though (as I have said) he was fully convinced of the Folly of those Notions which he had formerly entertained; yet he did not, as most of those *Bravos* do, go from one degree of Extravagance to the other, that is, from daring every thing to sinking into the meanest Cowardice; for *Hawes* went to his Death very composedly, as he had received the Sacrament the Day before, with all the outward marks of Devotion. He suffered on the 22nd day of *September*, 1721, at which time he was scarce Twenty years of Age.





The Life of JOHN JONES, a Pickpocket, &c.

THERE is not perhaps a greater misfortune to young People than that too great tenderness and Compassion, with which they are treated in their Youth; and those hopes of Amendment which their Relations flatter themselves with as they grow up, which if they would suffer themselves to be guided by experience, they would quickly find that flagitious Minds do but increase in wickedness, as they increase in Years. Timely Severities therefore, and proper Restraints, are the only Methods with which such Persons are to be treated; for minds disposed to such gross Impurities as those which lead to such wickednesses as are rendered Capital by our Law, are seldom to be prevailed on by gentleness, or Admonitions unseconded by harsher Means. I am very far from being an Advocate for great severities towards young People; but I confess in Cases like these, I think they are as necessary as Amputations, where the Distemper has spread so far, that no Cure is to be hoped for by any other means. If the Relations of *John Jones* had known and practised these Methods, it is highly probable he had escaped the Suffering and the Shame of that ignominious Death, to which after a long persisting in his Crimes he came.

This Malefactor was born in the Parish of *St. Andrews, Holborn*, of Parents in tolerable Circumstances, who, while a Boy indulged him in all his little

humours from a wise Expectation of their dropping him all at once when he grew up. But this Expectation not succeeding, as it must be owned there was no great probability it should, they were then for persuading him to settle in Business, which that he might do with less Reluctancy, they were so kind to him as to put him out upon liking to three or four Trades ; but it happening unluckily that there was work to be done in all of them, *Jones* could not be brought to go Apprentice to any, but idled on amongst his Companions without ever thinking of applying to any Business whatever. His Relations sent him to Sea, another odd Academy to learn honesty at, and on his Return from thence, and refusing to go any more, his Relations refused to support him any longer.

Jack was very melancholy on this Score, and having but eighteen Pence in the World, when he received the comfortable Message of his never having to expect a Farthing more from his Friends, he went out to take a Walk to divert his Melancholy in *Hyde-Park*, when he ruminated on what he was to do next for a Livelihood. In the midst of these Reflections, he espied an old *School Fellow* of his, who used to have the same Inclinations with himself, and therefore there had been a great Intimacy between them, It was quickly renewed, and *Jack Jones* unburdened to him the whole Budget of his Sorrows. *And is this all, says the young Fellow ? why I will put you in a Way to ease this in a Minute, if you will step along with me to a House hard by, where I am to meet with some of my Acquaintance.* *Jones* readily consented, and to a little blind Ale-house in a dark Lane they went. The Woman of the House received them very kindly, and as soon as *Jack's* Companion had informed her

that he was a new Comer, she conducted him into a little Room, where she entertained him with a good Dinner, and a Bowl of Punch after it. *Jack* was mightily taken with the Courtesy of his Landlady, who promised him he should never want such Usage, and his Friend would teach him in the Evening how to earn it.

Evening came, and out walked the two young Men. *Jack* was put upon nothing at that time, but to observe how his Companion managed. He was a very dexterous Youth; and at seven o'Clock Prayers picked up in half an hour's time, three good Handkerchiefs, and a silver Snuff-box. Having thus readily shewn him the Practice, he was no less courteous in acquainting *Jones* with the Theory of his Profession, and two or three Nights' work made *Jones* a very complete Workman in their Way. He lived at this Rate for some Months, until going with his Instructor through King-street, Westminster, and passing by a Woman pretty well dressed, says the other Fellow to *Jones*, *now mind Jack, and while I jostle her against the Wall, do you whip off her Pocket.* *Jones* performed tolerably well, though the Woman screamed out, and People were thick in the Street. He gave the Pocket as soon as he had plucked it off to his Comrade, but having felt it very weighty, would trust him no farther than the first By-Alley before they stepped in to examine its Contents. They had scarce found their Prize consisted of no more than a small Prayer Book, a needle Case, and a silver Thimble, when the Woman, with the Mob at her Heels, bolted upon them and seized them. *Jones* had the Pocket in his hand when they laid hold of him, and his Associate no sooner perceived

the Danger, but he clapped hold of him by the Collar and cried out as loud as any of the Mob, ay, ay, *this is he, good Woman; is not this your Pocket?* By this stratagem he escaped, and *Jones* was left to feel the whole weight of the punishment which was ready to fall upon them. He was immediately committed to Prison, and the Offence being capital in its Nature, he was at the next Sessions condemned, and though he always buoyed himself up with hopes of the contrary, was ordered for Execution. He was dreadfully amazed at Death, as being indeed very unfit to die. However, when he found it was inevitable, he began to prepare for it as well as he was able. His Relations afforded him now some little Relief, and after having made as ample a Confession as he was able, he suffered at *Tyburn* with the two above mentioned Malefactors, *Harves* and *Wright*, being then but a little above 19 years of Age.



The Life of JOHN SMITH, a Murderer.



VS Idleness is fatal to youth, so it and ill Company, become not seldom so, even to Persons in years. *John Smith*, of whose Extraction I say nothing, had served with very good Character in a Regiment of Foot, during *Queen Anne's Wars* in *Flanders*; his Captain took a particular liking to him, from his Boldness and fierce Courage, to which he himself was also greatly inclined. They did abundance of odd Actions during the War, some of which it may not be

unentertaining to the Reader if I mention. The Army lying encamped almost over against that of the *French* King, Foraging was become very dangerous, and hardly a Party went out without a Skirmish. *John's* Master, the Captain, having been out with a Party, and being overpowered by the *French*, were obliged to leave their Trusses behind them. When they returned to the Camp, *Smith* was ordered to lead his Master's Horse out into the Fields between the two Camps, that the poor Creature might be able to pick up a little Pasture. *John* had not attended his Horse long before at the distance of about half a Mile, he saw a boy leading two others at the foot of a Hill, which joined to the *French* Fortification. As *John's* Livery was yellow, and he spoke *Walloon* bad enough to be taken for a *Frenchman*, he ventured to stake the Captain's Horse down where it was feeding, and without the least Apprehension of the Risk he run, went across to the Fellow who was feeding his Horses under the *French Lines*. He proceeded with so much Caution, that he was within a Stone's throw of the Boy, before he perceived him. The Lad, from the colour of his Clothes, and the Place where they were, immediately under the *French Camp*, took him for one of their own People, and therefore answered him very civilly when he asked him what o'Clock it was, and whom he belonged to? But *John* no sooner observed from the Boy's turning his Horses, that the Hill lay again between them and the *French Soldiers* in sight, but clapping his Hand suddenly upon the Boy's Throat, and tripping up his Heels he clapped a Gag in his Mouth, which he had cut for that purpose, and leaving him with his Hands tied behind him upon the Ground, he

rode clear off with the best of the Horses, notwithstanding the Boy had alarmed the *French Camp*, and he had some hundred Shot sent after him.

The Captain and *Smith* being out one Day a Foraging, and one of the Officers of their Party who was known to have a hundred Pistoles about him, being killed in a Skirmish, neither Party daring to bring off the Body, for fear of the Other, and it being just dark, each expected a Reinforcement from the Camp. *Smith* told his Captain, that if he'd give him one half of the Gold for fetching, he would venture ; and his offer being gladly accepted, he accordingly crept two hundred yards upon his Belly, picked the Purse out of the dead Man's Pocket, and returned without being either seen or suspected.

When the Army was disbanded, *Smith* betook himself to the Sea, and served under Admiral *Byng*, in the Fight at *Messina* ; but on the Return of that Fleet from the *Mediterranean*, being discharged, he came up to *London*, where having squandered his Money, he had done some petty Thefts to get more, to which he was induced chiefly by the Company of one *Woolford* who was executed ; and at whose Execution *Smith* was present, and soon after cohabited with his Wife. But not long after this, *Smith* meeting with one *Sarah Thompson*, an old Acquaintance of his, who had it seems left him to live with another Fellow, he took it in his head thereupon to use her very roughly, and clapping a Pistol to her Breast, threatened with abundance of ill Language to shoot her. This occasioned a great Fray at the Place where it happened, which was near the *Hermitage* towards *Wapping* ; and several Persons running to take the Woman away, and to seize him, in order to

prevent Murder, *Smith* fired his Pistol, and unhappily killed one *Matthew Walden*, who was amongst the Number. The Mob immediately crowded upon him and seized him, and the Fact appearing very clear on his Trial, he was convicted at the next Sessions at the *Old Bailey*.

He behaved himself with great Resolution, professed himself extremely sorry, as well for the many Vices he had been guilty of, as for that last bloody Act, which brought him to his shameful End. He especially recommended it to all who spoke to him, to avoid the Snares and Delusions of lewd Women; and at the Place of Execution delivered the following Paper; he being about Forty Years of Age when he died, being the 8th Day of *February*, 1722, at *Tyburn*.

The Paper delivered by JOHN SMITH at the Place
of *Execution*.

I was born of honest Parents, bred to the Sea, and lived honest, until I was led aside by lewd Women. I then robbed on Ships, and never robbed on Shore. I had no Design to kill the Woman who jilted me, and left me for another Man, but only to terrify her, for I could have Shot her when the loaded Pistol was at her Breast, but I curbed my Passion, and only threw a Candlestick at her. I confess my Cruelty towards my Wife, who is a Woman too good for me; but I was at first forced to forsake her for Debt, and go to Sea. I hope in God none will reflect on her, or my poor innocent Children, who could not help my sad Passion, and more sad Death. Written by me,

JOHN SMITH.



The Life of JAMES SHAW, *alias* SMITH, *a Highwayman and Murderer.*



JAMES SHAW, otherwise *Smith*, for by both these Names he went, nor am I able to say which was his true one, was the Son of Parents, both of Circumstances and Inclination to have given him a very good Education if he would have received it ; the unsettledness of his Temper, being heightened by that Indulgence, with which he was treated by his Relations, who permitted him to make Trial of several Trades, though he could not be brought to like any : indeed he staid so long with a Forger of Gun Locks, as to learn something of his Art, which sometimes he practised and thereby got Money, but generally speaking he chose rather to acquire it by easier Means.

I cannot take upon me to say at what time he began to rob upon the Road, or take to any other Villainy of that sort ; 'tis certain that if he himself were to be believed, it was in a great measure owing to a bad Wife, for when he by his Labour got nine Shillings a Week, and used to return home very weary in the Evening, he generally found nobody there to receive him, or to get ready his Supper, but every thing in the greatest Confusion, without any Person to take care of what little he had. This, as he would have had it believed, was the source of his Misfortunes and Necessities ; as it was also the Occasion of his taking such fatal Methods to relieve them.

The *Hampstead Road* was that on which he chiefly robbed, and he could not be persuaded, that there was any great Crime in taking away superfluous Cash of those who lavish it in Vanity and Luxury ; or from those who procure it by Cheating and Gaming ; and under these two Classes, *Shaw* pretended to rank all who frequented the *Wells* or *Bell-Size* ; and it is to be much feared, that in this Respect he was not very far out. Amongst the many Adventures which befell him in his Expeditions on the Road, there is one or two which it may be not improper to take Notice of. One Evening as he was patrolling there about, he came up to a Chariot, in which there was a certain famous *Justice*, who happened to have won about four Hundred Pounds at play, and Count *Ui——n*, a famous Foreign *Gamester*, that has made many different Figures about this Town. No sooner was the Coach stopped by *Shaw* and another Person on Horseback, but the Squire slipped the Money he had won behind the Seat of the Coach, and the *Count* having little to lose, seemed not very uneasy at the Accident. The Highwaymen no sooner had demanded their Money, but the *Count* gave them two or three Pieces of Foreign Gold, and the Gentleman in hopes by this means of getting rid of them, presented them with twenty Guineas. *Why really, Sir,* said *Shaw*, on Receipt of the Gold, *this were an handsome Compliment from another Person ; but methinks you might have spared a little more out of the long bag you brought from the Gaming Table.* Come, Gentlemen, get out, get out, we must examine the Nest a little. I fancy the *Gold Finches* are not yet flown. Upon this, they both got out of the Chariot ; and *Shaw* shaking the Cushion that covered the seat

hastily, the long bag fell out with its Mouth open, and all the bright Contents were scattered on the Ground. The two Knights of the Road began to pick them up as fast as they could ; and while the *Justice* cursed this unlucky Accident, which had nick'd him, after he had nick'd all the Gamesters at the *Wells*, the *Count*, who thought swearing an unprofitable Exercise, began to gather as fast as they ; and a good deal of Company coming in sight, just as they had finished, and were calling upon the *Count* to refund, they were glad to Gallop away ; but returning to *London* were taken, and about three Hours after committing the Fact, they, together with the Witnesses against them, were brought before a *Middlesex* Magistrate, who committed them. But pray, Sir, says *Shaw*, before he was taken out of the Room, *why should not that French Fellow suffer as well as we ; he shared the Booty, an please your Worship, and 'tis but reasonable he should share the Punishment.* Well, what say you, sir ? *Quoth the Justice to his Brother Magistrate.* What is this Outlandish-Man they talk of ? *He is a Count, Sir* (replied he) *returned from Naples, whither he went on some Affairs of Importance. He makes a very good Figure here sometimes, though I do not know what his Income is. I do not apprehend your Worship has any thing to do with that, since I do not complain.* However (replied this Dispenser of Justice) *I have had a very sorry Account of you, yet as you are in Company with my Brother here, I shall take no further Notice of what these Men say.*

Shaw being after this got out of Prison, and having no Money to purchase a Horse, endeavoured to carry on his old Profession of a *Foot-pad*. In this

Shape he robbed also several Coaches and Single Passengers, and that with very great Inhumanity, which was natural, he said, from that Method of Attacking, for it was impossible for a *Foot-pad* to get off, unless he either maimed the Man, or wounded his Horse, and he pretended what they did was merely for fear of being taken.

Meeting by Chance as he was walking across *Hampstead Road*, an old grave looking Man, he thought there was no Danger in making up to him, and seizing him, since himself was well armed. The old Gentleman immediately begged that he would be civil, and told him that if he would be so, he would give him an old pair of Breeches, which were filled with money and Effects worth Money, and as he said, lay buried by such a Tree, pointing at the same Time to it with his Hand. *Shaw* went thither directly, in hopes of gaining the Miser's great Prize, for the old Fellow made him believe he had buried it out of Covetousness, and came there to brood over it. But no sooner were they come to the Place, and *Shaw* stooping down, began to look for three pieces of Tobacco Pipe, which the old Man pretended to have stuck where they were buried, but the Gentleman whipped out his Sword, and made two or three passes at *Shaw*, wounding him in the Neck, Side, and Breast.

As the Number of his Robberies were very great, so it is not to be expected that we should have a very exact Account of them; yet as *Shaw* was not shy of discovering any Circumstance that related to them, we may not perhaps have been as particular in the relation of his Crimes as our Readers would desire, and therefore it will be necessary to mention some other of his Expeditions.

At his usual Time and Place, viz., *Hampstead Road*, in the Evening he overtook a dapper Fellow, who was formerly a *Peruke Maker*, but now a *Gamester*. This man taking *Shaw* for a Bubble, began to talk of Play, and mentioned *all Fours* and *Cribbage*, and asked him whether he would play a Game for a Bottle or so at the *Flask*. *Shaw* pretended to be very willing, but said he had made a terrible Oath against playing for anything in any House ; but if to avoid it, the Gentleman would tie his Horse to a Tree, and had any Cards in his Pocket, he'd sit down on the green Bank in yonder Close, and hazard a Shilling or two. The Gamester who always carried his Implements in his Pocket, readily accepted of the Offer, and tying their Horses to the Post of a little Ale-house on the Road, over they whipped into the Fields ; but no sooner were they set down, and the Sharper began to shuffle the Cards, but *Shaw* starting up, caught him by the Throat, and after shaking out three Guineas and a half from his Breeches Pocket, broke to pieces two *Peep Boxes*, split as many *Pair of false Dice*, and kicked the Cards all about the Ground : he left him tied Hand and Foot to consider Ways and Means to recruit his Stock, by Methods just as honest as those by which he lost it.

The Soldiers that at that Time were placed on the Road, passed for a great Security amongst People in Town, but those who had occasion to pass that Way, found no great Benefit from their Protection ; for Robberies were as frequent as ever, and the ill Usage of Persons when Robbed more so, because the Rogues thought themselves in greater danger of being taken, and therefore bound or disabled those they plundered, for fear of their pursuing them.

For a Fact of this kind it was, that *Shaw* came to his Death; for one *Philip Pots*, being robbed on Horseback by several Footpads, and knocked off his Horse near the *Tile-Kilns* by *Pancras*, and wounded in several Places of his Body with his own Sword, which one of the Villains had taken from him; some Persons who passed by soon after took him up, and carried him to the *Pinder* of *Wakefield*, where on the *Monday* following, (this Accident happening on the *Saturday* Night), he in great Agonies expired. For this Murder and another Robbery between *Highgate* and *Kentish Town*, *Shaw* was taken up and soon after convicted. He denied at first all knowledge of the Murder, but when his Death grew near, he did acknowledge being privy to it, though he persisted in saying he had no hand in its Commission.

At the same time he was under Condemnation, the aforementioned *John Smith*, *William Colthouse*, and *Jonah Burges* were in the same Condition, they formed a Conspiracy for breaking out of the Place where they were confined, and to force an Escape against all who should oppose them. For this purpose they had procured Pistols, but their plot being discovered, *Burges* in great Rage, cut his own Throat, and pretended that *Shaw* designed to have despatched himself with one of the Pistols; but *Shaw* himself absolutely denied this, and affirmed on the Contrary, that when *Burges* said his Enemies should never have the Satisfaction, as they had bragged they would have, of placing themselves upon *Holborn Bridge*, to see him go by to *Tyburn*, he (*Shaw*) exhorted him never to think of Self-Murder, and by that means give his enemies a double Revenge in destroying both Soul and Body.

As *Shaw* had formerly declared his Wife's ill Conduct had been the first Occasion of his falling into these Courses, which had proved so fatal to him, he still retained so great an Antipathy to her on that Account, as not to be able to Pardon her, even in the last Moments of his Life; in which he would neither confess, nor positively deny the Murder for which he died. He was then about 28 years of Age, and died the same Day with the last mentioned Malefactor, *Smith*.



The Life of WILLIAM COLTHOUSE, a Thief and Highwayman.



WILLIAM COLTHOUSE, was born in *Yorkshire*, had a very good Education for a Person of his Rank, and especially with regard to religious Principles, in which he retained a knowledge seldom to be met with among the Lower Class of People, but he was so unhappy as to imbibe in his Youth strange Notions in regard to civil Government, *Hereditary Right* having been much magnified in the latter End of the late *Queen's* Reign. *William*, amongst others, was violently attached thereto, and fancied it was a very meritorious Thing to profess his Sentiments, notwithstanding, they were directly opposite to those Persons then in Power. Some Declarations of this Sort occasioned his being confined in *Newgate*, and prosecuted for speaking Seditious Words in the Beginning of King *George* the First Reign. His *Newgate* Acquaintance soon taught him their Arts of Living,

and he was no sooner at Liberty then he put them in Execution. He and his Brother lived like Gentlemen in their Expeditions on the Road, till unfortunately committing a Robbery on *Hounslow Heath* together, they were both closely pursued, the one taken, and *William* narrowly escaped, by creeping into an hollow Tree.

After the Execution of his Brother, *Colthouse* being terribly affected therewith, retired to *Oxford*, and there worked as a Journeyman Joiner, determining with himself to live honestly for the future, and not by a habit of ill Actions go the same way as one so nearly related to him had done before; but 'as his Brother's Death in time grew out of his Remembrance, so his evil inclinations again took Place, and he came up to *London* with a full purpose of getting Money at an easier rate than working.

His *Jacobite* Principles, soon after his arrival, brought him into a great Fray at an Ale-house in *Tothill-Fields, Westminster*, where some Soldiers were drinking, and who on some disrespectful Words said of the Prince, caught up *Colthouse* and threw him upon a red hot Gridiron, thereby making a Scar on his Cheek and under his left Eye, by which he came to be taken for a Person who murdered a Farmer's Son in *Philpot-Lane, in Hampshire*, with which when he was charged, he not only denied, but by abundance of Circumstances rendered it highly probable that he did not commit it, there being indeed no other Circumstance which occasioned that Suspicion but the Likeness of the Scar in his Face, which happened in the Manner I told you.

While he lay under Condemnation, a Report reached his Ear, that his two Brothers in the Country

were also said to be Highwaymen, and he complained grievously of the common practice that was made by idle People of raising Stories to increase the Sorrows of Families which were so unhappy as to have any who belonged to them come to such a Death as his was to be. As to his Brothers, he declared himself well satisfied that the Younger was a sober and religious Lad; and as for the Elder, though he might have been guilty of some Extravagancies, yet he hoped and believed they were not of the same Kind with those which had brought him to ruin. However, that he might do all the Good which his present sad Circumstance would allow, he wrote the following Letter to his Brethren in the Country :

DEAR BROTHERS,

Though the nearness of my approaching Death ought to shut out from my thoughts all Temporal Concerns, yet I could not compose my mind into that quietness with which I hope to pass from this sinful World into the Presence of the Almighty, before I had thus exhorted you to take particular Warning from my Death, which the Intent of the Law, to deter others from Wickedness, hath decreed to be in a public and ignominious Manner. Amidst the Terrors which the Frailty of Human Nature, shocked with the Prospect of so terrible an End, make my Afflicted Heart to feel, even these Sorrows are increased, and all my Woes doubled by a Story which is spread, I hope without the least grounds of Truth, that ye, as well as I, have lived by taking away by Force the Property of others.

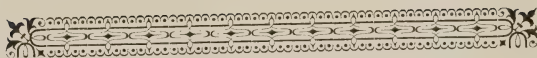
Let the said Examples of my poor Brother, who died by the Hand of Justice, and of me, who now

follow him in the same unhappy Course, deter you not only from those flagrant Offences, which have been so fatal unto us, but also from those foolish and sinful Pleasures in which it is but too frequent for young Persons to indulge. Remember that I tell you from a sad Experience, that the Wages of Sin, though in appearance they be sometimes large, and what may promise outward Pleasure, yet are they attended with such inward disquiet as renders it impossible for those who have received them to enjoy either Quiet or Ease. Work then hard at your Employments, and be assured that Sixpence got thereby, will afford you more solid Satisfaction than the largest Acquisitions at the expence of your Conscience. That God by his Grace may enable you to follow this my last Advice, and that he may bless your honest Labour with Plenty and Prosperity, is the earnest Prayer of your dying Brother,

WILLIAM COLTHOUSE.

He had till the Day of his Execution denied his being accessory to the intended Escape by forcing the Prison, but when he came to *Tyburn* he acknowledged that Assertion to be false, and owned that he had caused the two Pistols to be provided for that purpose. He was about thirty-four years of Age at the Time he suffered, which was on the 8th of *February*, 1722, with *Burgess*, *Shaw*, and *Smith*.





The Life of WILLIAM BURRIDGE, a Highwayman.



HAVE in the Course of these Lives more than once observed upon the vulgar false Notions of Courage, and that Applause which is given to it, by those who have false notions of it; and this it was in a great Measure which made *William Burridge* take to those fatal Practices which had the usual Determination of an ignominious Death. He was the Son of reputable People, who lived at *West-Haden*, in *Northamptonshire*, who after affording him a competent Education, thought proper to bind him to his Father's Trade of a *Carpenter*; but he having been pretty much indulged before that time, could not by any means be brought to relish Labour, or Working for his Bread.

Burrige being a well made Fellow, and of a handsome Person, as well as great Strength and Dexterity, which he had often exercised in Wrestling and Cudgel-playing, which gained him great Praise amongst the Country Fellows at Wakes and Fairs, where such Prizes are usually given, and he therefore giving himself almost wholly up to such Exercises, used frequently to run away from his Parents, and lie about the Country stealing Poultry, and what else he could lay his Hands on to support himself; his Father trying all Methods possible to reclaim him, and finding them fruitless, as his last Refuge turned him over to another Master, in hopes that having

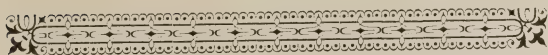
there no Mother to plead for him, a Course of continued Severities might perhaps reclaim him. But his hopes were all disappointed, for *William* instead of mending under his new Master, gave himself over to all Sorts of Vices, and more especially became addicted to Junquetting with Servant Wenches in the Neighbourhood, who especially on *Sundays*, when their Masters were out, were but too ready to receive and entertain him at their Expence.

But these Adventures making him very obnoxious to others, as well as his Master, who no longer able to bear his lying out of Nights, and other disorderly Practices, turned him off, and left him to shift for himself. He went home to his Friends, but going on still in the same Way, they frankly advised him to ship himself on Board a Man of War, in order to avoid that ill Fate which they then foresaw, and which afterwards overtook him. *William*, though not very apt to follow good Counsel, yet approved of this at last when he saw some of his Companions had already suffered for those profligate Courses to which they were addicted.

He Shipped himself therefore in a Squadron, then Sailing for *Spain*, under the command of Commodore *Cavendish*, on Board whose Ship he was, when an Engagement happened with the *Spaniards* in *Cales* Bay; the dispute was long and very Sharp, and *Burridge* behaved therein so as to meet with extraordinary Commendations; these had the worst effect upon him imaginable, for they so far puffed him up, that he thought himself worthier of Command than most of the Officers in the Ship, and therefore was not a little uneasy at being obliged to obey them; this hindered them from doing him any Kindness,

which they would otherwise perhaps have done, in Consideration of his gallant Behaviour against the Enemy. At his return into *England*, he was extremely Ambitious of living without the Toil of Business, and therefore went upon the Highway with great Diligence, in order to acquire a Fortune by it, which when he had done, he designed as he said to have left it off, and to have lived easily and honestly upon the Fruits of it; but alas! these were vain hopes and idle expectations, for instead of acquiring any Thing which might keep him hereafter, he could scarce procure a present livelihood at the Hazard both of his Neck and his Soul, for he was continually obliged to hide himself through Apprehension, and not seldom got into *Bridewell*, or some such Place for Brawls and Riots.

This *William Burridge* was the Person who with *Nat. Hawes* made their Escape out of *New-Prison*, by the Assistance of a Woman, as in the Life of that Malefactor is before related; and as he saved himself then from the same ignominious Death, which afterwards befell him, so he escaped it another time by becoming Evidence against one *Reading*, who died for the like Offences. As to *Burridge*, he still continued the same Trade, till being taken for stealing a Bay Gelding belonging to one Mr. *Wragg*, he was for that Offence finally condemned at the *Old-Bailey*. While under Sentence, as he had been much the greatest and oldest Offender of any that were under the same sad Fate, so he seemed to be by much the most affected and the most Penitent of them all, and with great Signs of Sorrow for the many Crimes he had committed. He suffered on the 14th of *March*, 1722, with five other Persons at *Tyburn*, being then about Thirty-four Years of Age.



The Life of JOHN THOMSON, a Thief & Highwayman.

JOHN THOMSON was Born at *Carlisle*, but was brought with his Friends to *London*. They it seems were Persons of no Substance, and took too little Care of their Son's Education, suffering him while a Lad to go often to such Houses as were frequented by ill People, and such as took dishonest Methods to get Money; they are seldom very close in their Discourses, when they meet and junket together, and *Thomson* then a Boy, was so much pleased with their jovial Manner of Life, Eating well and Drinking hard, that he had ever a Bias that Way, even when he was otherways employed, leading till he was fifteen Years old such an idle and debauched Life, that as he himself expressed it, he had never heard or read in a Bible or other good Book throughout all that Space.

A Friend of his was then so kind as to put him out Apprentice to a *Weaver*, and he might then have had some Chance of coming into the World in an honest and reputable Way; but he had not continued with his Master any long Time, but he enlisted himself in the Sea Service, during the Wars in the late Queen's Time, and served on Board a Squadron which was sent up the *Baltic* to join the *Danes*. This cold Country with other Hardships he endured, made him so out of humour with a Sailor's Life, that though he behaved himself tolerably well when on

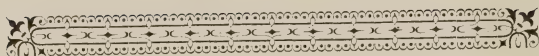
Board, yet he resolved never to engage in the same State, if once discharged and safe on Shore.

Upon his coming back to *England*, he went to work at his Trade of a *Weaver*, and being for a while very sensible of the Miseries he had run through on Board the Man of War, he became highly pleased with the quiet and easy Way in which he got his Bread by his Business, thinking however that there was no Way so proper to settle him, as by marrying, which accordingly he did; but was so unfortunate that though his Wife was a very honest Woman, yet the Money he got not being sufficient to maintain them, he was even obliged to take to the Sea again for a Subsistence, and continued on Board several Ships in the *Streights* and *Mediterranean* for a very considerable Space; during which he was so fortunate as to serve once on Board an Enterprising *Captain*, who in less than a Year's Space, took nineteen Prizes to a very considerable Value; and as they were returning from their Cruise, they took a *French East-India* Ship on the Coast of that Kingdom, whose Cargo was computed at no less than an Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling. *Thomson* might certainly if he would have saved Money enough to have put himself into a creditable Method of Life, as many of his Ship Mates had done, and so well did the Captain improve of his good Fortune, that he on his Return retired into the Country, where he purchased an Estate of Fifteen Hundred Pounds per Annum.

But *Thomson* being much altered from the usual Bent of his Temper, by his being long accustomed at Sea to Blood and Plunder, so when he returned home, instead of returning to an Honest Way of getting his Living, he endeavoured to procure Money

at the same Rate by Land, which he had done at Sea, and for that purpose, associated himself with Persons of a like Disposition, and in their Company did abundance of Mischief. At last he and one of his Associates passing over *Smithfield* between Twelve and One in the Morning on the second of *March*, they perceived one *George Currey* going across that Place very much in Drink ; him they attacked, though at first they pretended to lead him safe home, in order to draw him to a proper Place out of hearing of the Houses, where they took from him a Shirt, a Wig, and a Hat, in doing which they knocked him down, stamped upon his Breast, and in other Respects used him very cruelly ; being apprehended soon after this Fact, he was for it tried and convicted.

In the Space between that and his Death he behaved himself very penitently, and desired with great earnestness that his Wife would retire into the Country to her Friends, and learn by his unhappy Example, that nothing but an honest Industry could procure the Blessing of God, which he assiduously begged for her in his Prayers, imploring her at the same Time, that he gave her this Advice, to be careful of her young Son she had then at her Breast ; not only as to his Education, but also that he might never know his Father's unhappy End, for that would but damp his Spirits, and perhaps force him upon ill Courses when he grew up, from an Apprehension that People might distrust his Honesty and not employ him ; he professed himself much afflicted at the past Follies of his Life, and with an outward Appearance of true Penitence, died the Fourth of *May*, 1722, in the 33rd Year of his Age at *Tyburn*.



The Life of THOMAS REEVES, a notorious Highwayman and Foot-pad.



AS it is not to be denied, that it is a singular Blessing to a Nation, where no Persecution is raised against Persons for their Religion ; so I am confident the late *Free-Thinking* Principles (as they have been called) have by their being spread amongst the Vulgar, contributed greatly to the many Frauds and Villanies which have been so much complained of, within these thirty Years, and not a little to encouraging of Men in obtaining a Subsistence and the Gratification of their Pleasures, by Rapines committed upon Others, rather than live in a laborious State of Life, in which perhaps both their Birth and Circumstances concurred to fix them.

Thomas Reeves was a very remarkable as well as a very unfortunate Instance of that Depravity in Moral Principles, of which I have been speaking. He was bred by his Friends a *Tin-man*, his Father who was of that Profession, taking him as an Apprentice, but using him with the most indulgent Fondness, and never suffering him to want anything, which was in his Power to procure for him, flattering himself with the Hopes of his becoming a good and happy Man. It happened very unfortunately for *Reeves* that he fell when young into the Acquaintance of some Sceptical Persons, who made a Jest of all Religion, and treated both its Precepts and Mysteries, as Inventions subservient to Priestcraft. Such

Notions are too easily imbibed by those who are desirous to indulge their vicious Inclinations, and *Reeves* being of this Stamp, greedily listened to all Discourses of such a Nature.

Amongst some of these Companions who cheated him out of his Religion, he found some also inclined to Practice with the same Freedom they taught. Encouraged both by Precept and Example, *Tom* soon became the most Conspicuous of the Gang; his Boldness and Activity preferred him generally to be the Leader in their Adventures, and he had so good luck in several of his first Attempts, that he picked up as much as maintained him in that extravagant and superfluous manner of Life, in which he most of all Delighted. One *John Hartly* was his constant Companion in his Debauches, and generally speaking an Assistant in his Crimes. Both of them in the Evening, on the ninth of *March*, 1722, attacked one *Roger Worehington*, at *Anniseed Clear*, near *Shoreditch*, as he was going across the *Fields*, on some Business. *Hartly* gave him a Blow on the Head with his Pistol; after which *Reeves* bid him Stand, and whistling, four more of the Gang came up, seized him, and knocked him down, stripped him stark naked, and carried away all his Clothes, tying him Hand and Foot in a cruel Manner, and leaving him in a Ditch hard by. However he was relieved, and *Reeves* and *Hartly* being soon after taken, they were both tried and convicted for this Fact.

After the passing Sentence, *Reeves* behaved himself with much indifference; his own Principles stuck by him, and he had so far satisfied himself, by considering the necessity of dying, and a new coined Religion of his own, that he never believed the Soul

in any Danger, but had very extensive Notions of the Mercy of God, which he thought was too great to punish with Eternal Misery those Souls he had created. This Criminal indeed was of a very odd Temper, for sometimes he would both pray and read to the Rest of the Prisoners, and at other Times he would talk loosely and divert them from their Duty, often making Enquiries as to curious Points, and to be informed, *whether the Soul went immediately into Bliss or Torment, or whether, as some Christians taught, went through intermediate State?* All which he spoke of with an unconcernedness scarce to be conceived; and as it were rather out of Curiosity, that he thought himself in any Danger of eternal Punishment hereafter. *Hartly*, on the other Hand, was a Fellow of a much softer Disposition, and shewed very much Fear, and looked in great Confusion at the approach of Death. He got six Persons dressed in white to go to the Royal Chapel, and petition for a Pardon, he being to marry one of them in case it had been procured, but they failed in the Attempt, and he appeared less sensible than ever, when he found that Death was not to be evaded. At the Place of Execution, *Reeves* not only preserved that Resolution with which he had hitherto borne up against his Misfortunes, but when the Mob pushed one of the Horses down that drew the Cart, and it leaning side-ways, so that *Reeves* was thereby half hanged, he to ease himself of his Miseries, sprung over at once and finished the Execution.

Hartly wept and lamented exceedingly his miserable Condition, and the Populace much pitied him, as not being Twenty Years of Age at the time he died; but *Reeves* was about Twenty-eight Years

of Age when he suffered, which was at the same Time with *John Thompson*, before mentioned.



The Life of RICHARD WHITTINGHAM, a *Foot-Pad*,
and *Street-Robber*.

THOUGH there have been some Instances of Felons adhering so closely together, as not to give up one another to Justice, even for the sake of procuring Life; yet are such Instances very rare, and Examples of the contrary very common. *Richard Whittingham* was a young Man of very good natural Inclinations, had he not been of too easy a Temper, and ready to yield to the Inducements of ill Women. His Friends had placed him an Apprentice to a *Hot-Presser*, with whom he lived very honestly for some time, but at last, the idle Women with whom he conversed, continually pressing him for Money in return for their lewd Favours, he was by that means drawn in to run away from his Master, and subsist himself by picking of Pockets. In the Prosecution of his Trade, he contracted an infamous Friendship with *Jones*, *Applebee*, and *Lec*, three notorious Villains of the same Stamp, with whom he committed abundance of Robberies in the Streets, especially by cutting of Women's Pockets, and such other Exploits which he pretended they performed with great Address and Regularity; for he said, that after many Consultations, it was resolved to attack Persons only in broad Streets for the future, from whence they found it much less troublesome to escape, than when they committed them in Alleys.

and such like close Places, whereupon a Pursuit once begun, they seldom or never missed being taken. He added, that when they had determined to go out to Plunder, each had his different Post assigned him, and that while one laid his Leg before a Passenger, another gave him a Polt on the Shoulders, and as soon as he was down, a third came in to their Assistance, whereupon they immediately went to stripping and binding those who were so unlucky as to fall into their Hands. Upon *Applebee's* being apprehended, and himself Impeached, he withdrew to *Rochester* with an intent to have gone out of the Kingdom, but after all could not prevail with himself to quit his native Country.

On his return to *London*, he fled for Sanctuary to the House of his former Master, who treated him with great Kindness, supplied him with Work, sent up his Victuals privately, and did all in his Power to conceal him; but *Jones* and *Lee*, his former Companions, found means to discover him as they had already impeached him, and so on their Evidence, and that of the Prosecutor, he was convicted of robbing *William Garnat*, when *Applebee* knocked him down, and *Jones* and *Lee* held their Hands upon his Eyes, and crammed his own Neckcloth down his Throat, in the *Area of Red-Lion-Square*.

When he found he was to die, he was far from behaving himself obstinately, but as far as his Capacity would give him leave, endeavoured to pray and to fit himself for his approaching Dissolution. He had married a young Wife, for whom he expressed a very tender Affection, and seemed more cast down with the Thoughts of those Miseries to which she would by his Death be exposed, than he was at what

he himself was to suffer. During the Time he lay in the condemned Hole, he complained often of the great Interruptions those under Sentence of Death met with from some Prisoners, who were confined underneath, and who through the crevice endeavoured as usual, by talking to them lewdly and profanely to Disturb them even in their last Moments. At the Place of Execution he wept bitterly, and seemed to be much Affrighted at Death, and very sorry for his having committed those Crimes which brought him thither. He was but 19 Years old when he suffered, which was on the 21st of May, 1722.



The Life of JAMES BOOTY, a Ravisher.



UCH is the present Depravity of human Nature, that we have sometimes Instances of Infant Criminals, and Children meriting Death by their Crimes, before they know or can be expected to know how to do any thing to Live. Perhaps there was never a stronger Instance of this, than in *James Booty*, of whom we are now speaking. He was a Boy rather without Capacity than obstinate, and whose Inclinations one would have expected could hardly have attained to that pitch of Wickedness in Thought, which it appeared both by Evidence and his own Confessions, he had actually practiced. His Father was a *Peruke-Maker* in *Holborn*, and not in so bad Circumstances but that he could have afforded him a tolerable Education, if he had not been snatched away by Death. This his Son was left to the care of his Mother, who

put him to a *Cabinet Maker*, where he might have been bound Apprentice if the unhappy Accident, (for so indeed I think it may be called), had not intervened. It seems his Master had taken a Cousin of his, a Girl of about 15, or somewhat more for a Servant; this Girl went into the Workhouse where the Boy lay, under the pretence of mending his Coat, which he had torn by falling upon a hook, as he tumbled over the Well of the Stairs, but instead of Darning the Hole, she went to bed to the Boy, put out the Candle, and gave him the foul Distemper.

NOT knowing what was the Matter with him, but finding continual Pains in his Body, he made a shift at last to learn the Cause from some of the Workmen, not daring to trust even his Mother with what was the Matter with him; and instead of applying to a proper Person to be cured, listened as attentively as he could to all Discourses about that Distemper, which happened frequently enough amongst his Master's Journey-Men. There he heard some of the foolish Fellows say, *that lying with any Person who was sound, would cure those who were in such Condition.* The Extreme Anguish of Body he was in, Excited him to try the Experiment, and he injured no less than four or five Children, between four Years old and six, before he committed that Act for which he was executed.

He one Day carried his Master's Daughter *Anne Milton*, a Girl but of five Years and two Months old, to the Top of the House, and there with great violence abused her and gave her the *Foul Disease*. The parents were not long before they made the Discovery of it, and the Child telling them what *Booty* had done to her, they sent for a Surgeon who

examined him, and found him in a very sad Condition with the *Venercal Disease*. Upon this he was taken up and committed to *Newgate*, and at the next Sessions upon very full Evidence was convicted, and received Sentence of Death; from which time to the Day before he was Executed, he was afflicted with so violent a Fever, as to have little or no Sense; but then coming to himself, he expressed a confused Sense of Religion and Penitence; desired to be instructed how to go to Heaven, and shewed evident Marks of his Inclination to do any thing which might be for the Good of his Soul.

At the Place of Execution he wept and looked dejected, said his Mother had sought diligently for the Wench who did him the Injury, and was the Cause of his doing it to so many others; but that although the Girl was known to live in *Westminster* after she left his Master, yet his Mother was never able to find her; and thus was this young Creature removed from the World by an ignominious Death at *Tyburn*, on the 21st of May, 1722, being then somewhat above 15 Years old.



The Life of THOMAS BUTLOCK, *alias* BUTLOGE,
a Thief.



HE foolish Pride of wearing fine Clothes, and making a Figure has certainly undone many ordinary People, both by making them live beyond what their Labour or Trades would allow, and by inducing them to take illegal Methods to procure Money for that purpose.

Thomas Butlock, otherwise *Butloge*, which last was his true Name, was born in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, about Thirty Miles *East* of *Dublin*, whither his Parents had gone from *Cheshire*, which was their Native Country, with a Gentleman on whom they had a great Dependence, and who was settled in *Ireland*. Though their Circumstances were but indifferent, yet they found means to raise as much as to put their Son Apprentice to a *Vintner* in *Dublin*, and probably had he ever set up in that Business they would have done more; but he had not been long, 'ere what little Education he had was lost, and his Morals corrupted by the sight of such lewd Scenes as passed often at his Master's House. However the Man was very kind to him, and *Thomas* in Return had so great Esteem and Affection for his Master, that when he broke and came over to hide himself at *Chester*, *Butloge* frequently stole over to him with small Supplies of Money, and acquainted him with the Condition of his Family which he had left behind. In this precarious Manner of Life, he spent some Time, until finding it impossible for him to submit any longer by following his Master's broken Fortunes, he began to lay out for some new Employment to get his Bread; but after various Projects had proved unsuccessful when they came to be Executed, he was forced to return into *Ireland* again, where not long after he had the good Fortune to marry a substantial Man's Daughter, which retrieved his Circumstances once more.

But *Butloge* had always, as he expressed it, an aspiring Temper, which put him upon crossing the Seas again upon the Invitation of a Gentleman who he pretended was a Relation and belonged to the

Law, by whose Interest he was in hopes of getting into a Place ; accordingly, when he came to *London*, he took Lodgings, and lived as if he had been already in Possession of his Expectation, which bringing his Pocket low, he accepted the Service of Mr. *Claude Langley*, a Foreign Gentleman, who had lodged in the same House. It cannot be exactly determined how long he had been in his Service before he committed the Fact for which he died ; but as to the Manner it happened thus :

Mr. LANGLEY, as well as all the rest of the Family, being out at Church, Butloge was sitting by himself in his Master's Room, looking at the Drawers, and knowing that there was a good sum of Money therein, it came into his Head, what a Figure he might Cut if he had all that Money ; it occurred to him at the same Time, that his Master was scarce able to Speak any English, and was obliged to go over to France again in a Month's Time, so that he persuaded himself if he could keep out of the Way for that Month, all would be well, and he should be able to live upon the Spoil without any Apprehension of Danger. These Considerations took up his Mind for about half an Hour, and then he put his SCHEME into Execution, broke open the Drawers, and took from thence Twenty-Seven Guineas, Four Louis D'Ors, and some other French Pieces. As soon as he completed the Robbery, and was got safe out of Town, he went directly to Chester, that he might appear fine (as he himself said) at a Place where he was known. His Precaution being so little, there is no Wonder that he was taken, or that the Fact appearing Plain, he should be Convicted thereon.

After Sentence was passed, he laid aside all hopes of Life, and without flattering himself, as too many do, he prepared for his approaching End. Whatever follies he might have committed in his Life, yet he Suffered very composedly on the 22nd Day of *July*, 1722, being then about 23 Years of Age.



The Life of NATHANIEL JACKSON, *a Highwayman.*



HE various Dispositions of Men make frequent Differences in their Progress, either in Virtue or Vice ; some being disposed to cultivate this or that Branch of their Duty with peculiar Diligence ; and others again plunging themselves in Immoralities, have no Taste for, nay, and even a Detestation at such as they do not Practice. This unfortunate Criminal, *Nathaniel Jackson*, seemed to have swept all Impurities with a drag Net, and to have habituated himself to nothing but Wickedness from his Cradle. He was the Son of a Person of some Fortune at *Doncaster* in *Yorkshire*, who died when his Son *Nat.* was very young, but not however, till he had given him some Education. He was bound by a Friend, in whose Hands his Father left his Fortune, to a *Silk-Weaver* at *Norwich*, with whom he lived about three Years ; but his Master restraining his extravagances, and taking great Pains to keep him within the Bounds of Moderation, *Jackson* grew at last so uneasy that he ran away from his Master, and absconded for some time. But his Guardian at last hearing where he was,

wrote to him, and advised him to purchase some small Place with his Fortune, whereon he might live with Economy, since he perceived he would do no Good in Trade. *Jackson* despised this Advice, and instead of thinking of settling, got into the Army, and with a Regiment of Dragoons went over into *Ireland*.

There he indulged himself in all the Vices and Lusts to which he was prone, living in all those Debaucheries, to which the meanest and most licentious of the common Soldiers are addicted, but he more especially gave himself up to Lewdness and the Conversation of Women. This, as it led him into Abundance of Inconveniences, so at last it engaged him in a Quarrel with one of his Comrades, which ended in a Duel. *Jackson* had the Advantage of his Antagonist, and hacked and wounded him in a most cruel and inhuman Manner; for this, his Officers broke him, and he thereby lost the fifteen Guineas which he had given to be admitted into the Troop; and as Men are always apt to be angry with Punishment, however justly they receive it, so *Jackson* imputed his being cashiered to his Officers' Covetousness, what he had committed passing in his own Imagination for a very trivial Action.

Having from this Accident a new Employment to seek, he came over to his Guardian, and stayed with him awhile; but growing very soon weary of those restraints which were put upon him there, as he had done at those under his *Norwich* Master, he soon fell into his old Courses, got into an Acquaintance with lewd Women and drunken Fellows, with whom he often staid out all Night, at the most notorious Bawdy-houses, which making a great Noise, his Friends in the strongest Terms demonstrated to him

the Wrong he did himself ; but finding all their Persuasions ineffectual, they told him plainly he must remove, upon which he came up to *London*, not without receiving considerable Presents from his so much abused Friends.

The Town was an ill Place to amend a Man who came into it with Dispositions like his ; on the contrary, he found still more opportunities of gratifying his lustful Inclinations than he had at any time before, and these lewd Debaucheries having reduced him quickly to the last Extremity, he was in a fair way to be prevailed on to take any Method to gain Money. In these said Circumstances he was when he met accidentally with *John Morpew*, an old Companion of his in *Ireland*, and soon after as they were talking together, they fell upon one *Obrian*, in a Footman's Garb, their Acquaintance also in *Ireland*. He invited them both to go with him to the Camp in *Hyde-Park*, and at a *Sutler's* Tent there treated them with as much as they would drink, and when he had paid the Reckoning, turning about, *d'ye see Boys, says he, how full my Pockets are of Money ? come, I'll teach you to fill yours, if you are but Men of Courage.* Upon this out they walked towards *Hampstead*, between which Place and *Pancras*, they met one *Dennet*, whom they Robbed and Stripped, taking from him a Coat and Waistcoat, two Shirts, some Hair, thirteen pence in Money, and other Things. This did not make *Obrian's* promise good, all they got being but of an inconsiderable Value, but it cost poor *Jackson* his Life, though he and *Morpew* had saved *Dennet's*, when *Obrian* would have killed him to prevent Discoveries ; for *Jackson* being not long after apprehended was convicted of this Fact, but

Obrian having timely Notice of his Commitment, made his Escape into *Ireland*.

Jackson, as soon as Sentence was passed, thought of nothing but how to prepare himself for another World, there being no Probability that any Interest his Friends could make would save him. He made a very ingenuous Confession of all he knew, and seemed perfectly easy and resigned to that End which the Laws had appointed for those who, like him, had injured Society. He was about 30 Years old at the time of his Death, which was the 18th of *July*, 1722, at *Tyburn*.



The Life of JAMES, alias VALENTINE CARRICK, a Notorious Highway-Man and Street-Robber.



HOUGH it is become a very common and fashionable Opinion, that Honour may supply the place of Piety, and thereby preserve a Morality more beneficial to Society than Religion; yet if we would allow Experience to decide, it will be no very difficult Matter to prove that when Persons have once given way to certain Vices, which in the polite Style pass under the Denomination of Pleasures, they will quickly, rather than forego them, acquire what may put it in their Power to enjoy them, though obtained at the Rate of perpetrating the most ignominious Offences.

If there had not been too much Truth in this Observation, we should hardly find in the List of Criminals, Persons who like *James Carrick* have

had a liberal Education, and were not meanly descended, bringing themselves to the most miserable of all States, and reflecting Dishonour upon those from whom they were descended. This unfortunate Person was the Son of an Irish Gentleman, who lived not far from *Dublin*, and whom we must believe to have been a Man of tolerable Fortune, since he provided so well for all his Children as to make even this, who was his youngest, an Ensign. *James* was a perfect Boy, at the time when his Commission required him to quit *Ireland* to repair to *Spain*, whither a little before the Regiment wherein he was to serve had been commanded. The Father who, while he had performed his Duty towards all the Rest of his Children, was more than ordinarily fond of this his Youngest, whom therefore he equipped in a Manner rather beyond that Capacity in which he was to appear upon his Arrival at the Army. *James* was in his Person a very beautiful, well shaped young Man, of a middle Size, and something more than ordinarily genteel in his Appearance. As his Father had taken Care to supply him abundantly for his Expenses, so when he came into *Spain*, he spent his Money as freely as any Officer of twice his Pay; his Tent was the constant Rendezvous of all the Beaus, who were at that Time in the Camp; and whenever the Army were in Quarters, Nobody was handsomer, or made a better Figure than Mr. *Carrick's*. Though we are very often disposed to laugh at those Stories as Fictitious which carry in them anything very different from what we see in daily Experience, yet as the Materials I have for this unfortunate Man's Life happen both to be full and very exact, I shall not scruple mentioning some of

his Adventures, which I am persuaded will neither be unpleasant nor incapable of improving my Readers.

The Regiment in which *Carrick* served was quartered at *Barcelona*, after the taking of that Place by the *English* Troops, who supported the Title of the present Emperor to the Crown of *Spain*. The Inhabitants were not only Civil, but to the last degree Courteous to the *English*, for whom they always preserved a greater Esteem than for any other Nation. *Carrick* therefore had frequent Opportunities of making himself known, and getting into an Acquaintance with some of the *Spanish* Cavaliers, who were in the Interest of King *Charles*. Amongst these was *Don Raphael De Ponto*, a Man of Fortune and Family amongst the *Catalans*; but as is usual with the *Spaniards*, very Amorous, and continually employed in some intrigue or other. He was mightily pleased with *Carrick's* Humour, and conceived for him a Friendship, in which the *Spaniards* are perhaps more constant, and at the same Time more zealous than any other Nation in Europe. As *Carrick* had been bred a *Roman Catholic* and always continued so, notwithstanding his professing the Contrary to those in the Army, so he made no Scruple of going to Mass with his *Spanish* Friend, which passed with the *English* Officers only as a piece of Complaisance.

Vespers was generally the Time when *Don Raphael* and his *English* Companion used to make their Appointments with the Ladies, and therefore they were very punctual at those Devotions, from a Spirit which too often takes up young Minds. It happened one Evening, when after the *Spanish* Custom, they were thus gone forth in quest of

Adventures, a *Diuenna* slipped into *Don Raphael's* Hand a Note, by which he was appointed to come under such a Window near the *Convent*, in the Street of *St. Thomas*, when the Bell of the *Convent* rang in the Evening, and was desired to bring his Friend, if he were not afraid of a *Spanish Lady*. *Don Raphael* immediately acquainted his Friend, who you may be sure was ready enough to obey the Summons. When the Hour came, and the *Convent* Bell rang, our Sparks wrapped up in their Cloaks, slipped to their Posts under a Balcony. They did not wait long there, before the same Woman who delivered the Note to *Don Raphael*, made her Appearance at the Window, and throwing down another Billet exhorted them to be Patient a little, and they should not lose their Labour. The Lovers waited quiet enough for about a Quarter of an Hour, when the Old Woman slipped down, and opened a Door behind them, at which our Sparks entered with great Alacrity. The Old Woman conducted them into a very handsome Apartment above Stairs, where they were received by two young Ladies, as Beautiful as they could have wished them. Compliments are not much used on such occasions in *Spain*, and these Gentlemen therefore did not make many before they were for coming to the Point with the Ladies; when of a sudden they heard a great Noise upon the Stairs, and as such Adventures make all men cautious in *Spain*; they immediately left the Ladies, and retiring towards the Window, drew their *Spadas*; they had hardly clapped their Backs against it, before the Noise on the Stairs ceasing, they felt the Floor tremble under their Feet, and at last giving way,

they both fell into a dark Room underneath, where without any other Noise than their Fall had made, they were disarmed, gagged and bound by some Persons placed there for that Purpose. When the Rogues had finished their Search, and taken away everything that was valuable about them, even to their ripping the Gold Lace off *Carrick's* Clothes, they let them lie there for a considerable Time, and at last removed them in two open Chests to the middle of the great Market-place, where they left them to wait for better Fortune. They had not remained there above a Quarter of an Hour, before *Carrick's* Serjeant went the Rounds with a File of Musketeers. *Carrick* hearing his Voice, made as much Noise as he was able, and that bringing the Serjeant and his Men to the Place where they were set, their Limbs and their Mouths were immediately released from Bondage.

The Morning following as soon as *Carrick* was up, the *Spanish* Gentleman's *Major Domo* came to wait upon him, and said that his Master being extremely ill, had desired him to make his Compliments to his *English* Friend, in order to supply the Defects of the Letter he sent him, which by reason of his Indisposition was very short; having said this, the *Spaniard* presented him with a Letter and a little Parcel, and then withdrew. *Carrick* did not know what to make of all this, but as soon as the Stranger was withdrawn, opened his Packet in order to see what it contained. he found in it a Watch, a Diamond Ring, and a Note on a Merchant for two hundred pieces of Eight, which was the sum *Carrick* (to make himself look Great) said he had lost by the Accident; the Note at the same time informing him, that *Don Raphael De*

Ponto thought it but just to restore to him what he had lost by accompanying him in the former Night's Adventure.

Everybody knows that no Troops made a better Figure in the Army, than *Cunningham's* Dragoons in the *English* Service, and *Count Mahon's* in the Forces of King *Phillip*; both the Corps were for the most part *Irish*, and the Officers generally also of that Nation. *Carrick* was very intimate with those of *Cunningham's*, and having been once or twice sent into the *Spanish* Army with a Trumpet and Message, he had gained also some Knowledge of those who served under *Mahon*. Though *Carrick* was a Man of no great Solidity, yet he had Wit enough to propose an Advantage in this Acquaintance, and having acquainted his General Officer with a Possibility of his making great Discoveries as to the Motions and designs of the Enemy, he procured a very handsome Sum for that Piece of secret Service, which to say Truth, he performed with equal Address and Integrity. These helps enabled *James* to keep up that magnificent way of Living which he always affected, and to make that Figure in the Eyes of the Ladies, which seemed to be the Business of his Life, and the only Subject he favoured with his serious Attention.

After *Carrick* returned into *England*, though he had no longer his Commission, or indeed any other way of Living, yet he could not lay aside those Vices in which hitherto he had indulged himself when he had any Money: he entertained a numerous train of the most abandoned Women of the Town, and had also Intrigues at the same Time with some of the highest Rank of those Prostitutes. To the latter he

applied himself, when his Pocket first began to grow low, and they supplied him as long and as far as they were able ; but alas ! their Contributions went but a little way towards supporting his Expences ; and he happening about that Time to fall into an acquaintance with *Smith*, his Countryman, they after a serious Consultation on Ways and Means to support their manner of Living, came at last to a Resolution of taking a Purse on the Road ; and joined Company soon afterwards with *Butler* another *Irish* Robber, who was Executed some time before them, on the Evidence of this very *Carrick* ; of which when *Carrick's* elder Brother heard in *Ireland*, he wrote to him in the most moving Terms, beseeching him to consider the sad End to which he was running headlong, and the Shame and Ignomy with which he covered his Family and Friends ; exhorting him at the same Time not to cast away all hopes of doing well, but to think of returning to *Dublin*, where he assured him he would meet him, and provide handsomely for him, notwithstanding all that was Past.

But *Carrick* little regarded this good Advice, or the kind Overtures made him by his Brother. No sooner had he procured his Liberty, but he returned to his old Profession, and committed a Multitude of Robberies on *Finchley-Common*, *Hounslow*, and *Bag-shot Heaths*, spending all the Money he got on Women of the Town, at the Gaming Table, and in fine Clothes, which last was the Thing in which he seemed most to Delight. But Money not coming in very quick by these Methods, he with *Malony*, *Carrol*, and some others of his Countrymen, began to rob in the Streets, and by that Means got great Sums of Money. They continued this Practice for a long

Space of Time with Safety ; but being out one night in little *Queen-Street* by *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, they stopped between One and Two in the Morning, a Chair in which was the Hon. *William Young*, from whom they took a Gold Watch, valued at 50*l.*, a Sword, and Forty Guineas in Money. *Carrick* thrusting his Pistol into the Chair, *Carrol* watching at a Distance, while *Molony* perceiving the Gentleman hesitate a little in delivering, said with a stern Voice, *Your Money Sir, do you trifle ?* It was a very short Time after the Commission of this Robbery, that both he and his Companion *Molony* were taken, *Carrol* making a timely Escape to his native Kingdom. While *James Carrick* remained in *Newgate*, his Behaviour was equally singular and indecent ; for he affected to pass his Time with the same Gaiety in his last Moments as he had spent it in the former part of his Days.

Throngs of People, as it is but too much the Custom, came to see him in *Newgate*, to whom, as if he had intended that they should not lose their Curiosity, he told all the Adventures of his Life, with the same Air and Gaiety as if he had been relating them at some gaming Ordinaries. This being told about Town, still drew greater Heaps of Company upon him, which he received with the same pleasantness, by which means he daily increased them, and by that means the Gain of the Keepers at *Newgate*, who took Money to shew him : upon which he said to them merrily one day, *You pay, good Folks, for seeing me now, but if you had suspended your Curiosity until I went to Tyburn, you might have seen me for nothing.* This was the manner in which he talked and lived even to the last ; conversing until the time

of his Death with certain loose Women who had been his former Favourites, and whom no Persuasions could engage him to banish from his Presence, while he yet had Eyes, and could behold them in his Sight.

At the Place of Execution, where it often happens that the most daring Offenders drop that Resolution on which they foolishly value themselves, *Carrick* failed not in the least as to his; he gave himself genteel Airs, (as Mr. *Purney* the then Ordinary Phrases it) in placing the Rope about his Neck, smiled and bowed to everybody he knew round him, and continued playing an hundred little Tricks of the same odd Nature, until the very instant the Cart drove away, declaring himself to be a *Roman Catholic*, and that he was persuaded he had made his Peace with God in his own Way. In this Temper he finished his Life at *Tyburn*, on the 18th of *July*, 1722, being then about Twenty-seven Years of Age.



*The Life of JOHN MOLONY, a Highwayman,
and Street Robber.*

JOHN MOLONY, was an *Irishman* likewise, born at *Dublin*, and sent to Sea when very Young, with the Queen's Letter. He served in the Fleets, which during the late Queen's Reign, sailed into the Mediterranean; and happening to be on board a Ship which was lost, he with some other Sailors, was called to a very strict account for that Misfortune, upon some Presumption that they were accessory thereto. Afterwards he

sailed in a Vessel of War which was fitted out against the Pirates, and had therein so good Luck, that if his Inclinations had been honest, he might certainly have settled very handsomely in the World ; but that was far from his Intentions : he liked a Seamen's Pleasures, Drinking and Gaming, and when on shore lewd Women, the certain Methods of being brought to such ways of getting Money as end in a shameful Death.

When abroad, his Adventures were not many, because he had little Opportunity of going on Shore ; yet one happened in *Sicily*, which made a very great impression upon him, and which it may not therefore be improper to relate. There were two Merchants in *Palermo*, both young Men, and perfectly skilled in the Arts of Traffic ; they had a very liberal Education, and from that time had been constant Friends and Companions together. The Intimacy they had so long continued, was cemented by their marriage of two Sisters : they lived very happily for the space of about two Years, and in all probability might have continued to do so much longer, had not the *Duenna* who attended one of their Wives, died, and a new one put in her Place. Not knowing the young Ladies' Brothers, upon their speaking to them at Church, she gave notice of it to the Husband of her whom she attended ; and he immediately posting to his Neighbour, the Woman telling them both that their Wives, notwithstanding all she could say, were talking to two well dressed *Cavaliers* ; at which the *Duenna* who waited on the other, notwithstanding the Duties of her Post, saw without taking any notice ; this so exasperated the Jealousy of the *Sicilians*, that without more ado, they ran to the Church, and meeting with

their Spouses coming out from thence with an Air of Gaiety, they seized them and stabbed them dead with a little Dagger which for that purpose each had concealed under his Coat. Flying into the Church for Sanctuary, they there discovered their Mistake ; and one of them, seized with Fury at the loss of a Wife of whom he was extravagantly Fond, stabbed the other, though not mortally, and with many repeated Wounds, murdered the *Duenna*, whose rash Error had been the Occasion of spilling so much Blood.

Upon *Molony's* return into *England*, he was totally out of all Business, and minded nothing but haunting the Gaming Tables, living on the Charity of his fortunate Countrymen, when his Luck was bad, and relieving them also in his Turn, when he had a favourable Run at Dice. It was at one of these Houses that he became acquainted with *Carrick*, and the likeness of their Tempers creating a great intimacy, after a short knowledge of one another, they joined with *Carrol*, a Fellow as wicked as themselves, but much more cruel, and were all concerned in that Robbery for which *Carrick* and *Molony* died.

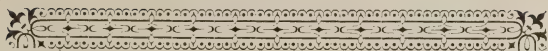
When these two Criminals came to be tried at the *Old-Bailey*, their Behaviour was equally Ludicrous, silly, and indecent, affecting to rally the Evidence that was produced against them, and to make the People smile at their premeditated Bulls. *Carrick* was a lean, fair Man, and stood at the left hand Corner of the Bar ; and *Molony* a larger built Man, and wore a browner Wig. *Carrick* took occasion to ask Mr. *Young*, when he stood up to give his Evidence, *which side of the Chair it was he stood on when he robbed him*. Mr. *Young* answered him, *that he*

stood on the right Side. Why now what a lie there is, returned Carrick ; you know, Molony, I stood on the left : and before the People recovered themselves from laughing at this, Molony asked him, what coloured Wig he took him to have on, at the Time the Robbery was committed. Being answered, it was much the same Colour with that he had on then ; there's another Story (quoth Molony) ; you know, Carrick, I changed Wigs with you that Morning, and wore it all the Day.

Yet after Sentence was passed, *Molony* laid aside all Airs of Gaiety, and seemed to be thoroughly convinced he had mistaken the true Path of Happiness. He did not care to see Company, treated the *Ordinary* civilly when he spoke to him, though he professed himself a Papist, and was visited by a Clergyman of that Church.

As he was going to the Place of Execution, he still looked graver and more concerned, though he did not fall into those Agonies of Sighing and Tears, as some do, but seemed to bear his miserable State with great composedness and Resignation, saying, *he had repented as well as he could in the short Time allowed him, suffering the same Day with the two last mentioned Malefactors.*





The Life of THOMAS WILSON, a notorious Foot-pad.



It happens so commonly in the World, that I am persuaded that none of my Readers but must have remarked, that there is a certain settled and stupid Obstinacy in some Tempers, which renders them capable of persevering in any Act, how wicked or villanous soever, without either Reluctancy at the Time of its Commission, or a Capacity of humbling themselves so far as to acknowledge and ask Pardon for their Offences, when detected or discovered. Of this rugged Disposition was the Criminal we are now to speak of. *Thomas Wilson* was born of Parents not in the worst of Circumstances, in the Neighbourhood of *London*. They educated him both in respect of Learning and other Things, as well as their Capacity would give them Leave; but *Thomas* far from making that use of it that they desired, addicted himself wholly to ill Practices, that is to Idleness, and those little Crimes of spoiling others, and depriving them of their Property, which an ill Custom has made pass for trivial Offences in *England*. But it seems the Parents of *Wilson* did not think so, but both reprimanded him and corrected him severely, whenever he robbed Orchards, or any other such like Feats as passed for Instances of a quick Spirit and Ingenuity in Children with less honest and Religious Parents.

But these Restraints grew quickly so grievous to *Thomas's* Temper, that he observing that his Parents

notwithstanding their Correction, were really fond of him, bethought himself of a Method of conquering their Dislike to his Recreations; and therefore stealing away from his Home, he rambled for a considerable Space in the Woods, subsisting himself wholly upon such Methods as he had before used for his Recreation; but this Project was so far from taking Effect, that his Parents finding him incorrigible, looked very coldly upon him, and instead of fondling him the more for this Act of his Disobedience, treated him as one whom they foresaw would be a Disgrace to their Family, and of whom they had now very little or no Hope. *Wilson* perceiving this, out of the natural Sourness of his Temper, resolved to abandon them totally, which he did, and went to Sea without their Consent or Notice; but Men of his Cast being very ill suited to that Employment, where the strictest Obedience is required towards those who are in Command, *Wilson* soon brought himself into very unhappy Circumstances by his Moroseness and ill Behaviour; for though he was but Thirteen when he went to Sea, and never made but one Voyage to the *Baltic*, yet in that Space he was fourteen Times whipped and pickled, and six Times hung by the Heels and lashed for the Villanies he committed in the Ship. Upon his Return into *England*, he was so thoroughly mortified by this Treatment, that he went home to his Friends, and as far as his surly Humours would give him leave, made his Submissions, and promised more Obedience, and better Behaviour for the future. They then took him in, and were in some Hopes that they should now reclaim him; accordingly they placed him with a *Sawyer* by *Fleet-Ditch*, which at his first Coming to

the Business seemed to him to be a much lighter Work than that he had endured in the Space of his being at Sea. He served Four Years honestly indeed, and with as much Content as a Person of his unsettled Mind could enjoy in any State. But at the End of that Space, good Usage had so far spoiled him, that he longed to be at Liberty again, though at the Expense of another Sea Voyage. Accordingly leaving his Master, he went away again, on board of a Merchant Man bound for the *Straights*. During the Time which the Ship lay in Port for her Loading, he contracted some Distempers from the Heat of the Country, and his immoderate Love to its Wine and the Fruits that grow there. These brought him very low, and he falling at the same time into Company of some ill Women, made an Addition to his former Ailments, by adding one of the worst and most painful of all Distempers to the Miseries he before endured.

In this miserable Condition, more like a Ghost than a Man, he shipped himself at last for *England* in a Vessel, the Captain of which, out of Charity, gave him his Passage Home. The Air of that Climate in which he was born recovered him to a Miracle. Soon after which, being (I suppose) cured also of those Maladies which had attended the *Spanish Women's Favours*, he fell in Love with a very honest industrious young Woman, and quickly prevailed with her to marry him; but her Friends soon discovering what a profligate Life he led, resolved she should not Share in the Misfortunes such Measures would be sure to draw upon him, and they took her away from him. How crabbed never this Malefactor might be towards others, yet

so affectionately fond was he of his Wife, that the taking of her away made him not only uneasy and melancholy, but drove him also into Distraction. To relieve his Grief at first, he betook himself to those Companies that afterwards led him to the Courses which brought on his Death, and in almost all the Villanies he committed afterwards, he was hardly ever sober, so much did the Loss of his Wife, and the Remorse of the Course of Life he led affect him whenever he allowed himself coolly to reflect thereon.

The Crew he had engaged himself in were the most notorious and most cruel Foot-pads which for many Years had infested the Road. The Robberies they committed were numerous and continual, and the manner in which they perpetrated them, base and inhuman; for they seldom going out with Pistols, the Sight of which serves often to terrify Passengers out of their Money, without offering them any other Injury than what arises from their own Apprehensions, these Villains had provided themselves with large Sticks, loaded at the End with Lead, with which from behind a Hedge they were able to knock down passengers as they walked along the Road, and then starting from their Covert, easily plunder and bind them if they thought proper. They had carried on this detestable Practice for a long Space, in almost all those Roads which lead to the Villages, whither People go for Pleasure from the Hurry and Noise of *London*. Amongst many other Robberies which they committed, it happened that on the Road to *Bow*, they met a Footman, whom without speaking to, they knocked down as soon as they had passed him. The Fellow was so stunned with the Fall, and so frightened with their Approach,

that he made not the least Resistance while they took away his Money and his Watch, stripped him of his Hat and Wig, his Waistcoat and a pair of Silver Buckles ; but when one of them perceiving a Ring of some Value upon his Finger, went to tear it off, he begged him in the most moving Terms to leave it, because it had been given him by his Lady, who would never forgive the Loss of it. However it happened, he who first went to take it off, seemed to relent at the Fellow's repeated Entreaties, but *Wilson* catching hold of the Fellow's Hand, dragged it off at once, saying at the same time, Sirrah, *I suppose you are your Lady's Stallion, and the Ring comes as honestly to us as it did to you.*

A few Days after this Adventure, *Wilson* being got very drunk, thought he would go out on the Road himself, in hopes of acquiring a considerable Booty without being obliged to share it with his Companions. He had not walked above half an Hour before he overtook a Man laden with several little glazed Pots and other things, which being tied up in a Cloth, he had hung upon the End of a Stick and carried on his Shoulder. *Wilson* coming behind him, with one of those Sticks loaded as I have mentioned, knocked him down by the Side of a Ditch, and immediately secured his Bundle ; but attempting to rifle him farther, his Foot slipped, being very full of Liquor, and he tumbled backwards himself into the Ditch. The poor man took that Opportunity to get up and run away ; and *Wilson*, so soon as he could recover himself, retreated to one of those ill Houses that entertain such People, in order to see what great Purchase he had got ; but upon opening the Cloth, was not a little out of Humour at finding four Pots,

each filled with a Pound of Rapee Snuff, and as many Galley-Pots of scented Pomatum.

Some Nights after this Expedition, he and one of his Companions went out on the like Errand, and had not been long in the Fields, before they perceived one Mr. *Cowell*, near *Islington*. *Wilson's* Companion immediately resolved to attack him; but *Wilson* himself was struck with such a Terror, that he begged him to desist, from an Apprehension that the Man knew him, but that not prevailing with his Associate, they robbed him of a Hat and Wig, and about a Shilling in Money. *Wilson* was quickly apprehended, but his Companion having notice thereof, saved himself by a Flight into *Holland*. At the ensuing Sessions *Wilson* was indicted, not only for this Fact, but for many others of a like Nature, to all of which he immediately pleaded guilty, declaring that as he had done few favours to Mankind, so he never could expect any.

After Sentence of Death was pronounced upon him, he laid aside much of his Stubbornness, and not only applied himself to the Duties of Religion, which are recommended to Persons in this unhappy Condition to practice; but also offered to make any Discoveries he was able, which might tend to satisfying the Justice of his Country, or the Benefit of Society. In pursuance of which he wrote a Paper, which he delivered with much Ceremony at the place of Execution, and which though penned in none of the best Styles, I have yet thought convenient to annex in his own Words.

Being questioned with respect to several of his Companions who are very well known, but whom notwithstanding all the search had been made after

them, no Discoveries could be made, so as they might be apprehended and brought to Justice, *Wilson* declared that for three of the most Notorious, they had made their escapes into *Holland* some time before he was apprehended, two others were there in *Newgate* for trivial Offences, and another whom he would not Name was retired into *Warwickshire*, and married there, and led a very honest and industrious Life. At the Place of Execution, he seemed less daunted than any of the Malefactors who suffered with him, shewed himself several times by standing up to the Spectators before the Rope was fastened about his Neck, and told them that he hoped they would give no Credit to any spurious Accounts which might be published of him, because whatever he thought might be necessary for them to know, he had digested in a Paper which he had delivered the *Sunday before* he died, in order to be communicated to the Public. He added, that since he had been in the Cart, he had been informed that one *Phelps* had been committed to *Newgate* for a Robbery mentioned by him in his Paper; he said, as he was a dying Man he knew nothing of *Phelps*, and that he was not in any manner whatsoever concerned in that Robbery for which he had been apprehended. He then put the Rope about his Neck, and submitted to his Death with great Resolution, being then about Twenty Years of Age, and the Day he suffered the 26th of *July*, 1722.

The Paper delivered by the above mentioned Criminal the Day before his Execution.

I THOMAS WILSON, desire it may be known, that I was in a Horse Way that lies between Highgate and

Hornsey, where meeting a Man and a Woman, they enquired the Way to Upper Holloway; we directed them across the Fields: mean time we drank two pints of Ale to hearten us, then followed them, and robbed them of Two Shillings and some half Pence, the Woman's Apron, her Hat and her coloured Handkerchief; we left them without misusing them, though there was Thoughts of doing it. My Companion that robbed with me is gone to Holland, upon hearing I was taken up, though I should not have impeached him, but his Friends lived in Holland. Another Robbery we committed was by a Barn in a Foot-path near Pancras Church, of a Hat and Tye-Wig, and Cane, and some goods he was carrying; but we heard he had a considerable Sum of Money about him, but he ran away and I ran after him; but I being Drunk he escaped, and I was glad to get off safe. We robbed two other Men near Copenhagen-House, of a Coat and Waistcoat. I committed many Street-Robberies about Lincoln's Inn. For these and all other Sins, I pray God and Man to Pardon me, especially for shooting the Pistol off before Justice Perry, at my Friend's Adversary, and am very glad I did not kill him.





*The Lives of ROBERT WILKINSON & JAMES LINCOLN,
Murderers and Foot-Pads.*

ROBERT WILKINSON, like abundance of other young Men, contracted in his Youth a liking to Idleness, and an aversion to all sort of Work and Labour, never applying himself for a Livelihood to any thing that was Honest, the only employment he ever pretended to, being that of a *Prize-Fighter* or *Boxer*, at *Hockley in the Hole*, where, as he was a Fellow of prodigious Dexterity, though he was low in Stature, and very small limbed, he was much taken notice of; and as is usual for Persons who have long addicted themselves to such a Way of Living, he had contracted an inhumanity of Temper, which made him little concerned at the greatest miseries he saw others Suffer, and even regardless of what might happen to himself. The set of Villains into whose Society he had joined himself, *viz.*: *Carrick* who was Executed, *Carrol* who made his Escape into *Ireland*, *Lincoln* of whom we shall speak afterwards, *Shaw* and *Burridge* before mentioned, and *William Lock*, perpetrated together a prodigious number of Villanies, often attended with cruel and bloody Acts.

Some of these Fellows it seems valued themselves much on the Ferocity of their Tempers, and the Vigour they exerted in the War they carried on against the rest of Mankind; amongst which *Wilkinson* might be justly reckoned, being ever ready to

second any bloody Proposal, and as unwilling to comply with any good natured One ; an Instance of which happened in the Case of two Gentlemen, whom with *Shaw* and *Burridge* he attacked near *Highgate*. Not contented with robbing them of about Forty Shillings in Money, their Watches, and whatever was about them valuable, *Wilkinson*, after they were dismounted, knocked one of them into a Ditch, where he would have strangled him with his Hand, if one of his Comrades had not hindered him ; the Man pleading all the while the other held him, that he was without Arms, incapable of making any Resistance, and that it was equally base and barbarous to injure him, who neither could, nor would, pursue him. Though this Fact was very fully proved, yet *Wilkinson* strongly denied it, as indeed he did almost everything, though Nothing was more notorious than that he had lived by these wicked Courses for a very considerable Time.

Having had occasion to mention this Gang with whom *Wilkinson* was concerned, it may not be improper to acquaint my Readers with an Adventure of one *Calhagan* and *Disney*, two *Irish* Robbers of the same Crew. One of them had persuaded a Gentleman's House-keeper of about Thirty-five, that he was extremely in Love with her, passing at the same Time for a Gentleman of Fortune, in the Kingdom of *Ireland* (the Brogue being too strong upon his Tongue for him to deny his Country). Having met her frequently, and made her not a few Visits, even at her Master's House, he took care all the while to keep up the greatest Form of Ceremony, as to a Person whom he designed to make his Wife. His Companion attending on him with

great respect as his Tutor or Gentleman ; appearing at first very much dissatisfied with his making his Addresses to a Woman so much beneath him, but pretending, as the Affairs went on, to be so much taken with her Wit, Prudence, and genteel Behaviour ; that he said his Master had made an excellent Choice and advised him to delay his Marriage no longer than till he had settled his Affairs with his Guardian, naming as such, a certain Noble Lord of unquestioned Character and Honour. These pretences prevailing on the Credulity of an *Old Maid*, who like most of her Species, was fond of the Company of young Fellows, and in Raptures at the Thoughts of a Lover, and who thought it a prodigious long while till these Accounts were made up, enquired wherever she went, when such a Lord would come to Town ? and hearing at last with great Satisfaction, that he would certainly come over from *Ireland* that Summer, the Family in which she lived, going out of Town as usual, left her in Charge of the House ; and there being nobody but herself and an under Maid, her Lover often visited her, and at last told her such a Day my Lord had appointed to settle his Affairs, and deliver up all his Trust. The Evening of this Day the Gentleman and his Tutor came, and brought with them a bundle of Papers and Parchments, which they pretended were the Instruments which had been signed on this Occasion. After making Merry with the *House-keeper* and the *Maid*, on a Supper, which they had sent for from the *Tavern*, the Elder of them at last pulls out his *Watch*, and said, *Come, 'tis time to do Business, 'tis almost one o'Clock*, upon which the other arose, seized the House-keeper, whom he had so long paid his Addresses to, and clapped an Ivory

Gag into her Mouth, while his Companion did the same thing by the other ; then putting out all the Candles, having first put one into a dark Lanthorn, they had brought on purpose, they led the poor creatures up and down the House, until they had shewn them the several Places where the Plate, Jewels, Linen, and other valuable Things belonging to the Family were laid. After having bundled up which, they threw them down upon the Floor, tied their Ancles to one another, and left them hanging one on one Side, and the other on the other Side of the Parlour Door, in which posture they were found the next Day at Noon, at the very point of expiring, their Blood having stagnated about their Necks, which put them into the greatest Danger.

But to return to *Wilkinson* : one Night, he with his Companions *Lincoln* and *William Lock*, came up with one *Peter Martin*, a poor Pensioner, of *Chelsea-College*, whom they stopped, *Wilkinson* holding him, and *Lincoln* knocked him down, on his crying out for help ; afterwards taking him up he would have led him along, and *Wilkinson* pricked him with his Sword in the Shoulders and Buttocks for some time, to make him Advance, till *William Lock* cried out to them, *how should ye expect the Man to go forward when he is Dead.* For this Murder and for a Robbery committed by them, with *Carrick* and *Carrol*, they were both capitally Convicted. *Wilkinson* behaved himself to the time of his Execution very Morosely, and when pressed at the Place of Execution to unburthen his Conscience as to the Crime for which he died, he answered peremptorily, he knew nothing of the Murder, nor of *Lincoln* who died with him, until they were apprehended ; adding, *that as to*

hanging in Chains, he did not value it, but he had no Business to tell Lies to make himself guilty of Things he never did. Three Days and three Nights before the Time of his Death he abstained totally from Meat and Drink, which rendered him so faint, that he had scarce Strength to speak at the Tree.

James Lincoln, who died with him, for the afore-said cruel Murder, was a Fellow of a more docile and gentle Temper than *Wilkinson*, owned abundance of the Offences he had been guilty of, and had designed (as he himself owned) to have robbed the *Duke of Newcastle* of his *Garter Ornaments*, as he returned from the Instalment. Notwithstanding these Confessions, he persisted as well as *Wilkinson*, in utterly denying that he knew anything of the Murder of the Pensioner, and saying, *That he forgave William Lock who had sworn himself and them into it.* *Wilkinson* at the time of his Execution was about thirty-five Years Old, and *James Lincoln* somewhat under; they died at the same time with the aforementioned Malefactor, *Wilson*, at *Tyburn*.



The Life of MATHIAS BRINDEN, a Murderer.



HOUGH all Offences against the Laws of God and the Law are highly criminal in themselves, as well as fatal in their Consequences, there are certainly some degrees of Guilt and petty Thieveries, and Crimes of a like Nature, which seem to fall very short in comparison with the atrocious Guilt of Murder, and the imbruing

one's Hands in Blood, more especially when a Crime of so deep a dye in itself is heightened by aggravating Circumstances. *Mathias Brinsden* who is to be the Subject of our present Narration, was a Man in tolerable Circumstances at the time the Misfortune happened to him for which he died. He had several Children by his Wife whom he murdered, and with whom he had lived in great Uneasiness for a long time. The deceased *Mrs. Brinsden* was a Woman of great Spirit, much addicted to Company and not a little to Drinking. This had occasioned many Quarrels between her and her Husband, on the score of those Extravagancies she was guilty of, *Mr. Brinsden* thinking it very hard that she should squander away his Money, when he had a large Family and scarce knew how to maintain it.

Their Quarrels frequently rose to such a Height as to alarm the Neighbourhood : the Man being of a cruel, and the Woman of an obstinate Temper, it seemed rather a Wonder that Murder had not ensued before, than that it happened when it did, they seldom falling out and fighting without drawing Blood, or some grievous Accident or other happening therefrom. Once he burnt her Arms with a red-hot Iron, and but a Week before her Death he ran a pair of Scissors into her Skull, which covered her with Blood, and made him and all who saw her think he had murdered her then ; but after bleeding prodigiously, she came a little to herself, and on the Application of proper Remedies, she recovered. *Brinsden* in the meanwhile took to fly, and was hardly prevailed with to return upon repeated Assurances that she was in no Danger, promising himself that if she escaped with Life then, he would never suffer himself to be

so far transported with Passion as to do her an Injury again.

The fatal Occasion of that Quarrel which produced the immediate Death of the Woman, warm with Liquor, and in the midst of Passion, and soon after brought on a shameful and ignominious End to the Man himself, happened by Mrs. *Brinsden's* drinking cheerfully with some Company at home, and after their going away, demanding of her Husband, *what she should have for Supper?* He answered, *Bread and Cheese*, to which the Deceased replied, *that she thought Bread and Cheese once a Day was enough, and as she had eat it for her Dinner she would not eat it for Supper.* Brinsden said, *she should have no better than the Rest of his Family, who were like to be contented with the same, except his Eldest Daughter, for whom he had provided a Pie*, and towards whom upon all Occasions he shewed a peculiar Affection, raised as he said, *from the Care she took of his other Children, and of his Affairs, though malicious and ill-natured People gave out, that it sprung from a much worse, and indeed the very basest of all Reasons.* On the Discourse I have mentioned between him and his Wife, Mrs. *Brinsden* in a violent Passion, declared, *She would go to the Geneva Shop and sup with her Friends who were gone from her but a little before.* He thereupon got between her and the Door, having the Knife in his Hand with which he cut the Bread and Cheese, and she still persisting with great violence in endeavouring to go out, he threw her down with one Hand, and stabbed her with the other. This is the Account of this bloody Action, as it was sworn against him at his Trial by his own Daughter; though he persisted in it, that what she called throw-

ing down was only gently laying her on the Bed after she received the Blow, which as he averred happened only by chance, and her own pressing hastily against him as the Knife was in his Hand : however that was, he sent for *Basilicon* and Sugar to dress the Wound, in hopes she might at least recover so far as to declare there was no Malice between them, but those endeavours were in vain, for she never spoke after. In the meanwhile *Brinsden* took occasion during the Bustle that this sad Accident occasioned, to fly to one Mr. *Keggs's* at *Shadwell-Dock*, where, though for some small space he continued safe, yet the Terrors and Apprehensions he was under, were more shocking and uneasy than all the Miseries he experienced after his being taken up. Such is the weight of Blood, and such the dreadful Condition of the Wicked.

At his Trial he put on an Air of Boldness and Intrepidity, saying, *That though the Clamour of the Town was very strong against him, yet he hoped it would not make any impression to his Disadvantage on the Jury, since the Death of his Wife happened with no premeditated Design.* The Surgeon who examined the Wound, having deposed that it was six inches deep, he objected to his Evidence, by observing that the Knife when produced in Court was not quite so long ; he pleaded also very strongly the insupportable Temper of his Wife ; and said, *she was of such a Disposition, that Nothing would do with her but Blows ;* but all this signifying little, the Evidence of his Daughter appearing also full and direct against him, the Jury shewed very small regard to his Excuses, and after short Reflection on the Evidence they found him Guilty.

Under Sentence he behaved himself very indolently and sottishly, doing nothing but eating his Victuals and Dosing in his Bed, thinking it at the same time a very great Indignity, that he should be obliged to take up with those Thieves and Robbers who were in the same State of Condemnation with himself, always behaving himself towards them very distantly, and as if it would have been a great Debasement to him if he had joined with them in Devotion. His *Daughter* who had borne Witness against him at his Trial, came to him at *Chapel* and begged his forgiveness, even for having testified the Truth. At first he turned away from her with much Indignation; the second Day she came, after great Intreaty and Persuasion of his Friends, he at last muttered out, *I forgive you.* But the Girl coming the third Day and earnestly desiring he would Kiss her, which at first he refused, but at last turning to her and weeping lamentably, he took her in his Arms, and said, *For Christ's Sake, my Child, forgive me; I have robbed you of your Mother, be a good Child, rather die than steal, never be in a Passion, but curb your Anger. Honour your Mistress, for she will be both a Father and a Mother to you, pray for your Father and think of him as well as you can.*

At the Place of Execution he composed himself to suffer with as much Patience as he could, and while the Rest threw Books and Handkerchiefs to their Friends, he seemed wrapped up in a profound Meditation, out of which he drew himself as soon as Prayers began, and assisted with much Cheerfulness and Attention. When they were ended, he stood up and desired the Ordinary to repeat after him, the following Speech, which he dictated Word for Word

as I have transcribed it, seeming most passionately affected with the Reflection the World had cast on himself and Daughter, as my Readers will perceive by the Speech itself. After the making which, he was immediately turned off, on the Sixteenth of July, 1722.

The last Speech of Mathias Brinsden.


I was born of kind Parents, who gave me a Learning, and went Apprentice to a fine Drawer. I had often jars, which might increase a natural Wasplishness in my Temper. I fell in love with Hannah my late Wife, and after much difficulty, won her, she having Five Suitors at the same Time. We had Ten Children (half of them dead) and I believe we loved each other dearly, but often quarrelled and fought. Pray good People mind, I had no Malice against her, nor thought to kill her two Minutes before the Deed ; but I designed only to make her obey me thoroughly, which the Scripture says all Wives should do ; this I thought I had done when I cut her Skull on Monday, but she was the same again by Tuesday.

Good People, I request you to observe, that though the World has spitefully given out that I carnally and incestuously lay with my eldest Daughter, I here solemnly declare, as I am entering into the Presence of God, I never knew whether she was Man or Woman since she was a Babe ; I have often took her in my Arms, often kissed her, sometimes given her a Cake or Pie, when she did any particular Service beyond what came to her Share ; but never lay with her, or carnally knew her, much less had a Child by her. But when a Man is in Calamities and is hated like me, the

Women will make Surmises be Certainties. Good Christians, Pray for me, I deserve Death, I am willing to die ; for though my Sins are great, God's Mercies are greater.



The Life of EDMUND NEAL, a Foot-pad.

F all the unhappy Wretches whose Ends, that their Examples may be of the 'more use to Mankind, I have recorded, there is none perhaps which be more useful, if well considered, than this of *Edmund Neal*. Though there be nothing in it very extraordinary, yet it contains a perfect Picture of low Pleasures, for which Men sacrifice Reputation and Happiness, and go on in a voluptuous Dream, until they awake to *Temporal*, and but for the Mercy of God to eternal, *Death*.

This *Edmund Neal* was the Son of a Father of the same Name, a *Blacksmith*, in a Market Town in *Warwickshire*. He was one of those Mechanics who from a particular Observance of the Foibles of human Nature, insinuate themselves into the good Graces of those who employ them ; and from being treated as something even beneath a Servant, grew up at last into a Confidence, to which it would not be improper to affix the Name of a *Friend*. This *Edmund Neal*, senior, had by this Method climbed by a little Skill he had in Horses, from pairing of their Hoofs, to directing of their Riders, until in short there was scarce a sporting Squire in the Neighbourhood but old *Edmund* was of his Privy Council. Yet though he got a vast deal of Money, he took very little Care

of the Education of his Son, whom he scarce afforded as much Learning as would enable him to read a *Chapter*; but notwithstanding this, he carried him about with him wherever he went, as if the Company of Gentlemen, though he was unable to converse with them, would have been sufficient to improve him.

The Scenes young *Neal* saw at the House whither his Father carried him, filled him with such a liking to Debauchery, and such a irreclaimable Passion for sensual Pleasures, as was the Source from whence his following Misfortunes flowed. For what, as he himself complained, first gave him Occasion to repine at his Condition, and filled him with wandering Inclinations of pursuing an idle and extravagant Life, was the forcing him to go Apprentice to a *Tailor*, a Trade for which he had always had the greatest Aversion and Contempt. No sooner therefore was he placed out Apprentice, but the young Fellows of that Occupation whom he had before derided and despised, now ridiculed him in their Turns, and laughed at the Uneasiness which they saw his new Employment caused him; however, he lived about Four Years with his Master, being especially induced thereto by the Company of a young Man who worked there, and who used to amuse him with Stories of his Intrigues in *London*, to which *Neal* listened with a very attentive Ear, and suffered his Tales to amuse that Grief he had conceived on being slighted by a Country Girl for being a *Tailor*. This *London* Companion more and more inclined him to Vice, and the History he gave him of his Living with a Woman who cheated her other Cullies to maintain him, and at last for the Sake of a new Sweetheart, stripped him one Night while he slept of all he had, and left

him so much in Debt, that he was obliged to fly into the Country. The Relation I say of these Adventures made such an Impression on young *Neal*, that he was never at rest until he fell into a Method of copying them ; and as ill Designs seldom wait long for an Opportunity, so the Death of his first Master, and his being turned over to a Second, much less careful and diligent in his Business, furnished *Neal* with that Occasion he wanted. This Master he both cheated of his Money and defrauded of his Goods ; letting in loose and disorderly Persons in the Night, and finding a Way for their going out again in the Morning before his Master was awake, and consequently without the least Suspicion.

These Practices quickly broke the Man with whom he lived, and his Breaking turned *Edmund* upon the wide World, equally destitute of Money, Friends, and Capacity. Not knowing what to do, and having but two Shillings in his Pocket, he took a solitary Walk to that End of the Town which went out upon the *London* Road, and there by Chance met with a Woman, who asked him to go with her to *London*. He not knowing what to do with himself, accepted of her Offer, and without any more Words to the Bargain they set out together. The Woman was very kind to him on the Road, and poor *Edmund* flattered himself, that Money was so plentiful in *London* as to render it impossible for him to remain without it, but he was miserably mistaken upon his Arrival there. He went to certain publick Houses of Persons whom he had known in the Country, who instead of using him civilly, in a Day or two's Time were for thrusting him out of Doors. Some common Women also who finding him to be a poor Country

Fellow, easily seduced him, and kept him amongst them, until between their Lust and their Diseases, they put him in a fair Road to the Grave.

Tired out with their Vices, which were even too gross for a Mind so corrupted as his was, he choose rather to go and live with a Brewer and carry out Drink ; but after living some time with two Masters of that Occupation, his Mind still roving after an easier and pleasanter Life, he endeavoured to get in at some public House, which at last he with much ado effected at *Sadler's Wells*. This appeared so great an Happiness, that he thought he should never be tired of a Life where there was so much Music and Dancing, to which he had been always addicted, and, as he phrased it himself, thought he was in another World when he got with a set of Men and Maids in a Barn, with a Fiddle among them. However, he at last grew tired of that also. Resolving now to betake himself to some more settled and honest Employment, he hired himself to a Man who kept Swine in *Wood's Close*, and there behaved himself both with Honesty and Diligence. But his Master breaking within a little Time after he had been with him, though as he affirmed without his wronging him in the least, he was reduced to look for some new Way of maintaining himself. This being about the time of the late Rebellion, and great Encouragement being then offered for those who would enter themselves in the late King's Service at Sea, *Neal* accepted thereof, and shipped himself on board the *Gosport* Man of War, which sailed to the *Western Islands* of *Scotland*. What between the Cold and hard Fare he suffered deeply, and never, as he said, tasted any Degree of Comfort, till he returned

to the *West of England*. The Rebellion being then over, *Neal* with very great Joy accepted of a Discharge from the Service, and once more in search of Business came up to *London*.

The Reputation he had acquired of an honest Servant, from the *Hog Merchant* he had formerly lived with, quickly procured him a Place with another of the same Trade. With him he lived too (as was said) very honestly, and having been trusted with twenty or thirty Pounds at a Time, was always found very trusty and faithful; but happening unluckily to work here with one *Pincher*, who in the Course of his Life had been as unhappy as himself, they thereupon grew very intimate together, and being a couple of Fellows of very odd Tempers, after having got half Drunk at the *Hampshire Hog*, they took it in their Heads, that there was not in the World two Fellows so unhappy as themselves. This Subject began when they were maudling, and as they grew quite drunk, they came to a Resolution to go out and beat every Body they met, for being happier than themselves. The first Persons they met in this Expedition, was a poor old Man whose Name was *Dormer*, and his Wife. The Woman they abused grossly, and the Man, *Pincher* knocked down, though very much in Years. *Neal* afterwards rolled him about, and either took or shook out of his pocket all the money he had, which was but three Pence Farthing. For this unaccountable Action they were both apprehended, tried, and convicted, with three other Persons in the *November Sessions*, 1722. But their inhuman behaviour to the old Man, made such an impression on the Court to their Disadvantage, that when the Death Warrant came down, they two only were

appointed for Execution. At the near approach of Death, *Neal* appeared excessively astonished, and what between Fear and Concern, his Senses grew disordered ; however at the Place of Execution, he seemed more composed than he had been, said *it was very fit he should die*, but added, *he suffered rather for being drunk, than any Design he had either to rob or use the Man cruelly*. As for *William Pincher*, his Companion both in the Robbery and in its Punishment, he seemed to be the counterpart of *Neal*, a down-right *Norfolk Clown*, born within six Miles of *Lynn*, and by the Kindness of a Master of good Fortune, taken into his House with an Intent to breed him up, on his Father's going for a Soldier. At first he behaved himself virtuously and diligently, and thereby got much into the favour of his Master ; but falling into loose Company, and addicting himself to sotting in Ale-houses, his once kind and indulgent Master, finding him incorrigible, dismissed him his Service, and having given him some small Matter by way of Encouragement he set out for *London*. Here he got into the Business before mentioned ; and said himself, that he might have lived very comfortably thereon, if he had been industrious and frugal, but that addicting himself to his old Custom of sitting continually in an Ale-house, had drawn him into very great Inconveniences. In order to draw himself out of which, he thought of following certain Courses, which as he had heard some Company where he used say, a young Man might get as much Money as he could spend, let him live as extravagantly as he would ; which occasioned his persuading *Neal* into that fatal Undertaking which cost them their Lives. His Behaviour under Sentence was irreproachable,

being always taken up either in reading, praying, or singing of Psalms, performing all things that so short a Space would give him leave to do, and shewing as evident Marks of true Repentance as perhaps any unhappy Person ever did in his Condition. Thus these two Companions in Misfortune suffered together on the last Day of the Year 1722, *Edmund Neal* being then about Thirty Years of Age, and *James Pincher* about Twenty Six.



The Life of CHARLES WEAVER, a Murderer.

HASTINESS of Temper and yielding to all the rash Dictates of Anger, as it is an Offence the most unworthy a rational Creature, so it is attended also with Consequences as fatal as any other Crime whatever. A wild Expression thrown out in the Heat of Passion, has often cost Men dearer than even a real Injury would have done, had it been offered to the same Person. A Blow intended for the Slightest has often taken away Life, and the sudden Anger of a Moment produced the Sorrow of Years, and has been after all irreparable in its Effect. *Charles Weaver*, of whom we are now speaking, was the Son of Parents in very good Circumstances in the City of *Gloucester*, who put him Apprentice to a *Goldsmith*. He served about four Years of his Time with his Master, and had in that Space run out into so much Lewdness and Extravagance, that his Friends refused any longer to supply or support him; he then thought fit

to go into the Service of the Queen, as a Soldier, and in that Capacity went over with those who were sent into *America* to quell the *Indians*. These People were at that time instigated by the *French* to attack our Plantations on the Main near which they lay. The greatest Part of these poor Creatures were without *European* Arms ; yet several amongst them had Fusees, Powder and Ball from the *French*, with which, being very good Marksmen, they did abundance of Mischief from their Ambuscades in the Woods. At the time that *Weaver* served against them, they were commanded by one *Ouranaquoy*, a Man of Bloody disposition, great Courage and greater Cunning. He had commanded his Nation in War against another *Indian* Nation, from whom he took about 40 Prisoners, who according to the *Indian* Custom were immediately destined to Death. Being prevailed on by the Presents of the *French* to turn his Arms against the *English*, on the Confines of whose Plantations he had gained his last Victory, *Ouranaquoy* sent for the Prisoners he had taken and told them, *if they would fall upon a Village about three Miles distant, in which there were seven English Families, he would not only give them their Liberty, but also a Reward for the Scalp of every English Man, Woman, or Child, they brought.* They readily agreed on these Terms, and immediately went and plundered the Village. The *English* Army lay but about seven Miles off, and no sooner heard of such an Outrage committed by such a Nation, but they immediately attacked the People to whom the Prisoners belonged, Marching their whole Army for that Purpose against the Village, which, if we may so call it, was the Capital of their

Country. *Ouranaquoy* by this Policy gained two Advantages ; for first he involved the *English* in a War with the People with whom they had entertained a Friendship for twenty Years, and in the next place, gained time, while the *English* Army were so employed, to enter twenty-five Miles within their Country, destroying Fourscore Whites and three Hundred *Indians* and Negroes ; but this insult did not remain long unrevenged, for the Troops in which *Weaver* served, arriving immediately after from *Europe*, the Army, who before they had done any considerable Mischief to the People against whom they marched, had learnt the Stratagem by which they had been deceived by *Ouranaquoy*, returned suddenly into his Country, and exercised such Severities upon the People thereof, that the Chiefs to appease and make Peace with the *English*, sent them the Scalps of *Ouranaquoy*, his three Brothers, and nine Sons.

On *Weaver's* Return into *England* from this Expedition, he shipped himself again as a Recruit for that Army, which was then commanded by the Earl of *Peterborough* in *Spain*. He served also under the Duke of *Ormond*, when his Grace took *Vigo*, and *Weaver* had the good luck to get some Hundred Pounds for his Share of the Booty ; but that Money which he in his Thoughts had designed for setting himself up in *England*, being insensibly squandered and decayed, he was obliged to enlist again, and so became a second time Spectator of the taking of *Vigo* under the Lord *Cobham*.

While he served in the Second Regiment of Foot Guards, he behaved himself so well as to engage his Officer to take him into his own House, where he

lived for a considerable space, and had been twice actually reviewed in order to his going into the Life-Guards, when he committed the Act for which he died; which according to the Evidence given at his Trial happened thus: *He was going into a Boat in Company with Eleanor Clark, Widow, and Edward Morris; after they were in the Boat, some Words arising, the Woman bid Weaver pay Morris what he owed him, upon which Weaver in a great Passion got up, and endeavoured to overturn the Boat with them all; but Thomas Watkins the Waterman preventing that, Weaver immediately drew his Sword, and swore he would Murder them all, making several passes at them as if he had firmly intended to be as good as his Word. The Men defended themselves so well as to escape hurt, and endeavoured all they could to have preserved the Woman, but Weaver making a pass, the Sword entered underneath her left Shoulder, and thereby gave her a wound seven Inches deep, after which she gave but one Groan, and immediately expired, For this bloody Fact Weaver was tried and convicted, and thereupon received Sentence of Death.*

During the space between the Passing and Execution, an Accident happened which added grievously to all his Misfortunes. His Wife big with Child, coming about a Fortnight before his Death to see him in *Newgate*, was ran over by a Dray and killed upon the Spot. *Weaver* himself, though in the Course of Life he had led, had totally forgot both Reading and Writing, yet came duly to Prayers, and gave all possible Marks of Sorrow and Repentance for his misspent Life; and he all along pretended that the Woman's Death happened by Accident, and that he had no intent to Murder her. He

suffered the 8th Day of *February*, 1722-3, being at that time about Thirty Years of Age.



*The Life of JOHN LEEVE, a Highwayman,
Foot-pad, &c.*



HERE is a certain busy Sprightliness in some young People, which, from I know not what Views Parents are apt to encourage, in hopes of its producing one day great Effects. I will not say that they are all disappointed in their Expectations, but I will venture to pronounce that where one bold Spirit has succeeded in the World, five have been ruined by a busy turbulent Temper. This was the case of the Criminal *John Levee*, who to cover the Disgrace his Family suffered in him, called himself *Junks*. His Father was a *French* Gentleman, who came over with King *Charles II.* at the Restoration, taught *French* to Persons of Distinction at Court, and particularly to some of that Prince's natural Children. For the convenience of his Scholars he kept a large Boarding School in *Pall-Mall*, whereby he acquired such a Fortune as enabled him to set up for a Wine Merchant, in which Capacity he dealt with *France* for many Years, to the amount of Thousands *per Annum*. His Children received the best Education that could be given them, and never stirred out of Doors but with a Footman to attend them. But Mr. *Levee* the Merchant falling into Misfortunes, by some of his Correspondents' Failures, he withdrew from his

Family into *Holland*, and this Son *John* being taken by the *French Society*, in order to be put out Apprentice and provided for, they being induced thereto by the Boy's natural Vivacity and warmth of Temper, in which he had been foolishly encouraged, sent him to Sea with a Captain of a Man of War, He was on board the *Essex* when Sir *George Byng*, now Viscount *Torrington*, engaged the *Spaniards* at *Messina*. He served afterwards on board the Squadron commanded by Sir *John Norris*, in the *Baltic*, and when they returned home, public Affairs being in a more quiet State, his Friends thought it better for him to learn Merchants' Accounts than go any more Voyages, where there was now little Prospect of Advantage. But Book-keeping was too quiet an Employment for one of *Levee's* warm Disposition, who far from being discouraged at the Hardships of the Sea, that he complained only of the ill Luck in not being in an Engagement; and so to amuse this martial Disposition, he with some Companions of a like Stamp, agreed to take a Purse upon the Road, which they practised for a very considerable Time, robbing in a very genteel Manner by putting a Hat into the Coach and desiring the Passengers to contribute as they thought proper, being always contented with what they gave them, though sometimes part of it was Farthings; nay, they were so civil, that *Blueskin* and this *Levee* once Robbing a single Gentlewoman in a Coach, she happening to have a Basket full of Buns and Cakes, *Levee* took some of them, but *Blueskin* proceeded to search her for Money, but found none; the Woman in the mean while scratching him, and calling him a thousand hard Names, giving him two or three sound Slaps in the

Face, at which they only laughed, as it was a Woman, and went away without farther ill Usage ; a Civility she would hardly have met with from any other Gentlemen of their Profession. In *October*, he and his great Companion *Blueskin*, met a Coach with two Ladies and a little Miss, riding between their Knees, coming from the *Gravel Pits* at *Kensington*. *Levee* stopped the Coach, and without more ado, ordered both the Coachman and Footman to jump the Ditch, or he would shoot them ; they then stripped the Ladies of their Necklaces, cut a Girdle Buckle from the side of the Child, and took away about ten Shillings in Money, with a little white Metal Image of a Man, which they thought had been solid Silver, but proved a mere trifle.

At a grand Consultation of the whole Gang, and a Report of a great Booty that was to be made with much safety upon *Black Heath*, they agreed to make some attempts there. Accordingly they set out, being six Horsemen well Armed and Mounted ; but after having continued about six Hours upon the *Heath*, and not meeting so much as one Person, and the same ill Luck being three or four times repeated, they left off going on that Road for the future. In *December* following he and another Person robbed a *Butcher* on Horse-back, on the Road coming from *Hampstead* ; he told them, *he had sold two Lambs there*. *Levee's* Companion said immediately, *then you have Eight and Twenty Shillings about you, for Lambs sold to Day at Fourteen Shillings a piece*. After some grumbling and hard Words, they made him deliver, and by way of Punishment for his sauciness (as they phrased it) they took away his great Coat into the Bargain, and had probably used

him worse, had not *Levee* seen a *Jew's* Coach coming that way, and been conscious to himself, that those within it knew him, whereupon he persuaded his Associates to go off without Robbing it.

Levee never used anybody Cruelly in any of his Adventures, excepting only one *Betts*, who foolishly struck him three or four blows on the Head, whereupon *Levee* with one Blow of his Pistol struck his Eye out. One Night upon the same Road, *Blake* and *Matthew Flood*, being in Company with this unhappy Youth, they stopped the Chariot of Mr. *Young* (the same Person who hanged *Molony* and *Carrick*), *Blake* calling out to lay hold, *Flood* stopping the Horses, *Levee* went into the Coach, and took from Mr. *Young* a Gold Watch and Chain. One *Richard Oakley* also assisted, who died likewise for this Fact. They Robbed also *Col. Cope* (who was in the same Chariot) of his Gold Watch, Chain, and Ring, and Twenty-two Shillings in Money. *Levee* said, *it would have been a very easy matter for the Gentlemen to have taken him ; he going into the Coach without Arms, and his Companions being on the other side of the Hedge ; but they gave him the things very readily, and it was hard to say who behaved themselves most civilly towards one another, the Gentlemen or he. One of them desired to have a Cornelian Ring returned, which Levee inclined to do, but his Companions would not permit him.*

As they were going Home after taking this Booty, they met a poor Man on Horseback, whom notwithstanding the considerable Sum they had taken just before, they turned out of the Road, carried him behind two Hay-cocks, because the Moon shined brightly, and finding that he had but two Shillings

the Rest of his Companions were for binding and beating him; but *Levee*, upon the Man's saying, *that he was very Sick, and begging earnestly that they would not abuse him*, prevailed with them not only to set him on his Horse again, but to restore him his Two Shillings, and lead him into the Road, where they left him. *Levee, Flood, and Oakey*, were soon apprehended, and Blake turning Evidence, they were convicted the next Sessions at the *Old Bailey*, and ordered for Execution. *Levee* behaved himself while under Condemnation very seriously and modestly, though before that time he had acted too much the Bravo, from the mistaken Opinion such people are apt to entertain of Courage and Resolution. But when Death approached near, he laid aside all this, and applied himself with great Seriousness and attention to Prayers and other Duties becoming a Person in his Condition.

At the Place of Execution, he fell into a strange Passion, at his hands being tied and his Cap pulled over his Face. Passion signifying nothing there, he was obliged to submit as the others did, being at the time of his Execution aged about 27.



*The Lives of RICHARD OAKEY & MATTHEW FLOOD,
Street-robbers and Foot-pads.*



HE first of these Criminals, *Richard Oakey*, had been put apprentice to a *Tailor*. In about two Years after his Master failed, and from thence to the Day of his unhappy Death, he continually followed Thieving in one way

or other. At first he wholly practised picking of Women's Pockets, which he said he did in a manner peculiar to himself; for being dressed pretty Genteelly, he passed by the Person he intended to Rob, took up their upper Petticoat and cut off the Pocket at once, tripping them down at the same time, then stepping softly on the other side of the Way, walked on and was never suspected. He said that while a Lad, he had committed above a hundred Robberies in this Way; but as he grew older, he made use of a Woman to assist him, by pushing the People against the Wall, while he took the Opportunity of cutting their Pockets; or at other times, this Woman came behind Folks as they were crossing the Way, and catching them by the Arm, cried out, *there's a Coach will run over ye*, while *Oakey* in the Moment of their Surprise, whipped off their Pocket.

This Woman who had followed the Trade for a considerable Time, happened one Night at a Bawdy-house to incense her Bully so far as to make him beat her. She thereupon gave him still more provoking Language, till at last he used her so cruelly, that she roared out Murder, and not without occasion, for she died of the Bruises, though the People of the House concealed it for fear of Trouble, and Buried her privately. *Oakey*, upon this, was obliged to go on his old Way by himself. The Robberies he committed being numerous and successful, he bethought himself of doing something, as he called it, in a higher way; upon which scraping acquaintance with two as abandoned Fellows as himself, they took to House-breaking, in which they were so unlucky as to be detected in their second Adventure, which was upon a House in *Southwark*, near the Mint, where they

stole Callimancos to the value of twenty Pounds and upwards. For this his two Associates were convicted at *Kingston Assizes*, he himself being the Witness against them, by which Method he at that time escaped ; and being cured of any Desires to go House-breaking again, he fell upon his old Trade of picking Pockets, until he got into the Acquaintance of another as bad as himself, whom they called *Will the Sailor*. This Fellow's Practice was to wear a long Sword, and then in jostling the Gentlemen in the Street whom it was designed to rob, first created a Quarrel, and while the Fray lasted, gave his Companion the Opportunity of running off with the Booty ; but whether *Will*. grew tired of his Companion, or of the dangerous Trade which he was engaged in, certain it is that he left it off, and got again out of *England* on Ship-board. *Oakey* then got acquainted with *Hawes, Milksop, Lincoln, Reading, Wilkinson*, and half a Dozen others with whom in one way or other he was continually concerned while they reigned in their Villanies ; and as they were in a short Space all executed, he became acquainted with *Levee, Flood, Blake*, and the Rest of that Gang, in whose Association he continued, until his Crimes and theirs brought them together to the Gallows. After Condemnation his Behaviour was such as became his Condition, getting up often in the Night to pray, and manifesting all the Signs of a sincere Repentance.

Matthew Flood was the Son of the Man who kept the Clink Prison in the Parish of *St. Mary Over's*, who had given him as good an Education as was in his Power, and bound him Apprentice to one *Mr. Williams*, a Lighterman, in which Occupation he might certainly have done well, if he had not fallen

into the Company of those lewd Persons who brought him to his Fate. He had been about three Months concerned with *Blake, Levee, &c.*, and had committed many Facts. His Behaviour while under Sentence was very penitent and modest, nor did he suffer the continual Hopes his Friends gave him of a Reprieve ever to make him neglect his Devotions. At the Place of Execution, he said *he was more particularly concerned for a Robbery he had committed on a Woman in Cornhill; not only because he took from her a good many Guineas which were in her Pocket, but at the same time had taken a Will, which he burnt, and which he feared would be much more to her Prejudice than the loss of her Money.* Oakey was about 25 Years of Age at the Time of his Death, and *Matthew Flood* somewhat younger. They suffered on the same Day with *Weaver*, and the last mentioned Malefactor *Levee*, at Tyburn.



The Life of WILLIAM BURK, a Foot-pad and Highwayman.

AS Indulgence is a very common Parent of Wickedness and Disobedience, so immoderate Correction and treating Children as if they were Stocks, is as likely a Method as the other to make them stubborn and obstinate, and perhaps even force them upon taking ill Methods to avoid Usage which they cannot bear. *William Burk*, the unfortunate Criminal, whose Enterprises are to be the Subject of our present Narration, was born towards *Wapping*, of Parents honest and willing to

give him an Education, though their Condition in the World rendered them not able ; he was thereupon put to the Charity School. The Master being of a morose Temper, and he a Boy of a very indifferent Disposition, the Discipline with which he was treated was so severe that it created in him an Aversion towards all Learning ; and one Day after a more severe Whipping than ordinary, he determined (though but eleven Years of Age) to run away. He sought out therefore for a Captain who might want a Boy, and that being no difficult Matter to find in their Neighbourhood, he went on board the *Salisbury*, Captain *Hosier*, then laying at the *Buoy at the Nore*, bound for *Jamaica* ; thither his poor Mother followed him in great Affliction, and endeavoured all she could to persuade him to return ; but her Arguments were all in vain, for he had contracted so great an Antipathy to School from his Master's Treatment, that instead of being glad to go back, he earnestly entreated the Captain to interpose his Authority and keep him on board. His Request was complied with, and the poor Woman was forced to depart without her Son.

It was the latter End of *Queen Anne's* War when they sailed to *Jamaica*, and during the time they were out, took two *Spanish* Galleons very richly laden. Their first Engagement was obstinate and bloody, he (though a Boy) being dangerously hurt as he bustled about as the Captain commanded him. The second *Prize* carried 74 Guns and 650 Men ; yet the *Salisbury*, but a 60-Gun Ship, took her without the Loss of a single Man ; only a Woman, who was the only one on board, going to peep at the Engagement, had her Head and Shoulders shot off.

Burk said, the prize Money of each Sailor came to but 15 Pounds, but some of the Officers shared so handsomely as never to be obliged to go to Sea again, being enabled to live on Shore. Three Years he continued in the *West Indies*, and there (especially in *Jamaica*) he learned so much Wickedness, that when he came Home, hardly any of the Gangs into which he entered were half so bad, though inured to plunder, as when he came amongst them a fresh Man. From this Voyage he went another to the Coast of *Guinea* in the Slave-Trade. Here he endured very great Hardships, especially when he had the Misfortune to be on board, where the Negroes rose upon the *English*, and had like to have overcome them ; but at last having vanquished them, and tied them down in a convenient Place, they used them with Severity enough. Upon his Return into *England* from this Voyage, he went into the *Baltic* in the *Worcester* Man of War, in which he suffered prodigious Hardships from the Coldness of the Climate, and other Difficulties he went through.

The many Miseries he had experienced in a Life at Sea, might have possibly induced him to the Resolution he made of never going on Ship-board anymore. How he came to take to Robbing does not clearly appear, further than that he was induced thereto by ill Women ; but however, he behaved with great Cruelty, for going over the first Field from *Stepney*, armed with a Hedging-Bill, he attacked one *William Fitzer*, and robbed him of his Jacket, Tobacco-box, Knife and Fork, &c. He robbed also one *James Westwood*, of a Coat and ten Shillings in Money ; and last of all attacking *John Andrews* and *Robert* his Son, coming over the Fields, he clove the

old Man down ; his Son, taking up the Stick, boldly attacked *Burk*, and a Neighbour, one *Perkinson*, coming in at the Noise, he was overpowered and apprehended. As the Fact was plainly proved, he was on a short Trial convicted, and the Barbarity of the Fact being so great, left no room for his being omitted in the Warrant for Execution.

As he lay a long time under Condemnation, and had no hopes of Life, he applied himself from the Moment of his Confinement, to make his peace with that Being whom he had so much offended by his profligate Course of Life. On all Occasions he expressed his Readiness to confess anything which might promote Justice, or the Public Good, and manifesting a thorough Sorrow and Penitence for the cruelty with which he had treated poor old *Andrews*. At the Tree he stood up in the Cart, beckoned for Silence, and then spoke to the Multitude in these Terms.

GOOD PEOPLE,

I never was concerned but in four Robberies in my Life. I desire all Men who see my fatal End to let my Death teach them to lead a sober and regular Life, and above all to shun the Company of ill Women, which has brought me to this shameful End and Place. I desire that nobody may reflect upon my Wife after my Decease, since she was so far from having any Knowledge of the Ills I committed, that she was continually exciting me to live a sober and honest Life. Wherefore I hope God will bless her, and I also pray he may do all of you. This Malefactor William Burk was in the 22nd Year of his Age when executed at Tyburn, April the 8th, 1723.



The Life of LUKE NUNNEY, a Murderer.

DRUNKENNESS, though a shocking and beastly Crime, yet in its Consequences it is also often so bloody and inhuman, that one would wonder that Persons of any Understanding should indulge themselves in a Sin at once so odious and so fatal both to Soul and Body; the Instances of Persons who have committed Murders when drunk, and those accompanied with Circumstances of such Barbarity as even those Persons themselves could not have heard without trembling, and so many are so well known to all, that I need not dwell longer than the bare Narration of this Malefactor's Misfortunes will detain me, to warn them against a Vice which makes them always Monsters and often Murderers. *Luke Nunney*, of whom we are to speak, was a young Fellow of some Parts, and of a tolerable Education, his Father at the time of his Death, being a *Shoe-maker* in tolerable Circumstances, and very careful in the bringing up of his Children. He was more particularly zealous in affording them due notions of Religion, and took abundance of Pains himself to inculcate them in their tender Years, which at first had so good an Effect upon this *Luke*, that his whole Thoughts ran upon finding out that Method of Worship in which he was most likely to please God. Sometimes (though his Parents were of the Church of *England*) he slipped to a *Presbyterian* Meeting-house, where he was so

much affected with the Preacher's Vehemence in Prayer, and his plain and pious Method of Preaching, that he often regretted his not being bred up in that Way, and the Loss his Parents sustained by their not having a relish for Religion ungraced with exterior Ornaments. These were his Thoughts, and his Practice was suitable to them, until the Misfortunes of his Father obliged him to break up House, and put *Luke* out to work at another Place.


The Men where *Nunney* went to Work, were lewd and profligate Fellows, and always talking Idly or Lewdly, relating Stories of what had passed in the Country, before they came up to Work in *London*, the Intrigues they had had with vicious Women, and such loose and unprofitable Discourses. This quickly destroyed the former good Inclinations of *Luke*, who first began to waver in Religion; and as he had quitted the Church of *England*, to turn to the *Dissenters*, so now he had some Thoughts of leaving them for the Quakers, but after going often to their Meetings, he professed he thought their Behaviour so ridiculous and absurd as not to deserve the Name either of *Religion* or *Divine Worship*. His instability of Mind pressed him also to go out into the World, for it appeared to him a great Evil, that while all the Rest of his Companions were continually discoursing of their Adventures, he should have none to mention of his own; some of them also slightly called him *Cockney*, and reproaching him with having never been above seven Miles from *London*. Remembering that his Father had some near Relations in the West of *England*, he took a sudden Resolution of going down thither to work at his Trade. Full of these Notions, he went over one Evening pretty late with

his Brother to *Southwark*: meeting there with an old Acquaintance, who would needs make him drink, they stayed pretty long at the House, inasmuch that *Luke* got very drunk, and being always quarrelsome when he had Liquor, insulted and abused everybody in the Room. As he was quarrelling particularly with one *James Young*, *William Bramston*, who stood by, came up and desired him to be quiet, advised him to go Home with his Company, and not stay and make a Disturbance where nobody had a mind to quarrel but himself. *Luke* without making any reply, struck him a Blow on the Face. *Bramston* thereupon held up his Fist as if he would have struck him, but did not; however, *Nunney* struck him again and pushed him forwards, upon which *Bramston* reeled, cried out he was stabbed and a dead Man, that *Nunney* was the Person who gave him the Wound, and *Luke* thereupon, drunk as he was, attempted to run away. Upon this he was apprehended, committed Prisoner to *Newgate*, and the next Sessions on the Evidence of such of his Companions as were present, he was convicted and received Sentence of Death. He behaved himself from that time as a Person who had as little Desire as Hopes of continuing in the World, enquired diligently both of the Ordinary and of the Man who was under Sentence with him, how he should prepare himself for his latter End, coming constantly to Chapel, and praying regularly at all times. Yet at the Place of Execution he declared himself a *Papist*, and added, that at the time the Murder was committed he had no Knife, nor could he imagine how it was done, being so drunk that he knew nothing what had happened in the Morning, when he found himself in

Custody. He was about Twenty Years of Age at the time of his Suffering on the 25th of May, 1723.



The Life of RICHARD TRANTHAM, a *Housebreaker.*

HOUGH Vices and Extravagancies are the common Causes which induce Men to fall into those illegal Practices which lead to a shameful Death, yet now and then it happens, we find Men of outward Gravity and serious Deportment, as wicked as those whose open Licentiousness render their committing Crimes of this Sort the less amazing. Of the number of these was *Richard Trantham*, a married Man, having a Wife and Child living at the Time of his Death, keeping also a tolerable House at *Mitcham* in *Surrey*. He had been apprehended on the Sale of some stolen Silk, and at the next Sessions following was convicted of having broken the House of *John Follwell* in the Night time two Years before, and taking thence a Silver Tankard, a Silver Salver, and fifty-four pounds of *Bolonia* Silk, valued at £74 and upwards. During the time which passed between the Sentence and Execution, he behaved in a Manner the most penitent and devout, not only making use of a considerable Number of Books, which the Charity of his Friends had furnished him with, but also reading to all those who were in the Condemned Hole with them.

The Morning he was to die, after having received the Sacrament, he was exhorted to make a Confession of those Crimes which he had committed, particularly

as to *Housebreaking*, in which he was thought to have been long concerned ; thereupon, he recollected himself a little, and repeated six or seven Houses which he had broke open, particularly *General Groves's*, near *St. James's* ; a *Stone-Cutter* in *Chiswell-street* ; and *Mr. Follwell's*, in *Spittle Fields*, for which he died. At the Place of Execution, whither he was conveyed in a Mourning Coach, he appeared perfectly composed and submissive to that Sentence which his own Misdeeds, and the Justice of the Law had brought upon him. Before the Halter was put about his Neck, he spoke to those who were assembled at the Gallows to see his Death, in the following Terms.

GOOD PEOPLE,

Those wicked and unlawful Methods, by which for a considerable Time I have supported myself, have justly drawn upon me the Anger of God, and the Sentence of the Law. As I have injured many, and the Substance I have is very small, I fear a Restitution would be hard to make, even if it should be divided. I therefore leave it all to my Wife for the Maintenance of her and my Child. I entreat you neither to reflect on her, nor on my Parents, and pray the Blessing of God upon you all. He was thirty Years old when he died, and was executed the same Day with the Malefactor before mentioned.





*The Lives of JOHN TYRRELL, a Horse-stealer, and
WILLIAM HAWKSWORTH, a Murderer.*

JOHN TYRRELL, the first of these Malefactors, was convicted for stealing two Horses in *Yorkshire*, but selling them in *Smithfield*, was tried at the *Old-Bailey*. It seems he had been an old Horse-stealer, as most People conjectured, though he himself denied it ; and as he pretended at his Trial to have bought those two for which he died, at *Northampton Fair*, so he continually endeavoured to infuse the same Notions into all Persons who spoke to him at the time of his Death. He had practised carrying over Horses into *Flanders* and *Germany*, and there selling them to Persons of the highest Rank, with whom he dealt always so justly and honourably, that it was said, *his Word would have gone there for any Sum whatsoever, that was to be laid out in Horse-flesh.*

He had been bred a *Dissenter*, and above all things affected the Character of a religious and sober Man, which, excepting the Instances for which he died, he never seemed to have forfeited, for whatever else was said against him, after he was condemned, arose merely from Conjectures, occasioned by the Number of Horses he had sold in foreign Parts. He professed himself that he had always led a most regular and devout Life, and in the frequent Voyages he made by Sea, exhorted the Sailors to leave that dissolute manner of Life which too generally they led ;

and during the whole time he lay under Sentence, he talked of nothing else but his own great Piety and Devotion, which though as he confessed had often been rewarded by many singular Deliverances through the Hand of Providence; yet since he was suffered to die this ignominious Death, and thereby disgrace his Family, and altogether overturn that Reputation of Sanctity which with so much pains he had been setting up, he inclined to atheistic Notions, and a wavering Belief as to the being of a God at all.

For the other Malefactor, *William Hawkesworth*, he was a *Yorkshire* Man by Birth, his Parents reputable People, who took a great deal of Care in his Reputation, and intended to breed him to some good Trade; but a Regiment of Soldiers happening to come into the Town, *Hawkesworth* imagining great things might be attained to in the Army would needs go with them, and accordingly enlisted himself; but having run through many Difficulties and much Hardships, finding also that he was like to meet with little else while he wore a Red coat, he took a great deal of Pains, and made much Interest to be discharged. At last he effected it, and a Gentleman kindly taking him to live with him as a Footman, he there recovered part of that Education which while in the Army he had lost. There also he addicted himself for some time to a sober and quiet Life; but soon after giving way to his old roving Disposition, he went away from his Master, and enlisted himself again in the Army in one of the Regiments of Guards.

His Behaviour the last Time of his being in the Service, was honest and Regular, his Officers giving him a very good Character. But happening to be

one Day commanded on a Party to mount the *Savoy* Guard, at the Admiralty Office by *Charing* Cross, they met a Man and a Woman. The Man's Name was *John Ransom*, and *Hawksworth* stepping up to the Woman and going to kiss her, *Ransom* interposed and pushed him off; upon which *Hawksworth* knocked him down with the butt End of his Piece, by which Blow about Nine o'Clock that Evening he died. The Prisoner insisted continually, that as he had no Design to kill the Man it was not wilful Murder. He and *Tyrrell* died with less Confusion and seeming Concern than most Malefactors do. *Tyrrell* was about thirty, and *Hawksworth* in the twenty-eighth year of his Age, on the 17th of *June*, 1723.



The Life of WILLIAM DUCE, a notorious Highway-man and Foot-pad.

HOWEVER hardened some men may appear during the Time they are acting their Crimes, and perhaps when they are first led to an Account for them, while Hopes of safety or Life remains; yet when these are totally lost, and Death attended with Ignominy and Reproach stares them in the Face, they seldom fail to lay aside their Obstinacy, or if they do not, it is through a stupid want of Consideration, either of themselves or of their Condition. *William Duce*, of whom we are now to speak, was one of the most cruel and abandoned Wretches that ever went on the Road; he was born at *Wolverhampton*, but of what Parents or

in what manner he lived until his coming up to *London*, I am not able to say. He had not been long here, before he got in Debt with one *Allom*, who arrested him and threw him into *Newgate*, where he remained a Prisoner upwards of 15 Months; here it was that he learnt those Principles of Villany which he afterwards put in Practice.

His Companions were *Dyer*, *Butler*, *Rice*, and some others whom I shall have Occasion to mention. The first of *December* 1722, he and one of his Associates crossing *Chelsea-Fields*, overtook a Gentleman well dressed, a tall strong-limbed Man, who having a Sword by his Side and a good Cane in his Hand, they were at first in some doubt whether they should attack him; at last one went on one Side and one on the other, and clapping at once fast hold of each Arm, thereby totally disabled him from making any Resistance. They took from him four Guineas, and tying his Wrists and Ancles together, left him bound behind the Hedge. Not long after *Duce* with two others, contrived to rob in *St. James's Park*. Accordingly they seized a Woman, who was walking on the Grass near the Wall towards *Petty-France*, and after they had robbed her, got over the Wall and made their Escape. About this Time his first Acquaintance began with *Dyer*, who was the great Occasion of this poor Fellow's Ruin, whom he continually plagued to go out Robbing, and sometimes threatened him if he did not. In *Tottenham Court-Road*, they two attacked a Gentleman, who, being intoxicated with Wine, either fell from his Horse or was thrown off by them, and from whom they took a Gold Watch only. Then *Butler* and *Dyer* being in his Company, they robbed Mr. *Holmes* of *Chelsea*,

of a Guinea and Twopence, the Fact for which he and *Butler* died. Thinking the Town dangerous after all these Robberies, and finding the Country too hot to hold them, they went into *Hampshire* and there committed not only several Robberies, but also attended with such Cruelties as have not for many Years been heard of in *England*; and though these Actions made a great Noise, yet it was some Weeks before any of them were apprehended.

It happened on the *Portsmouth* Road, they fell upon one Mr. *Bunch*, near a Wood Side, where they robbed and stripped him naked. Yet not thinking themselves secure, *Duce* turned and fired at his Head; he took his Aim so true, that the Bullet entered the Man's Cheek, upon which he fell with Agony of Pain, holding his Head downwards that the Bullet might drop out of his Mouth. *Butler* seeing that, turned back and began to charge his Pistol; the Man fell down on his Knees and humbly besought his Life. Perceiving the Villain was implacable, he took the Advantage before the Pistol was charged to take to his Heels, and being better acquainted with the Way than they, escaped to a neighbouring Village, which he raised, and soon after the whole Country, upon which they were apprehended, and *Mead*, *Wade*, and *Darking* were condemned at *Winchester Assizes*; but this Malefactor and *Butler* were removed by an *habeas corpus* to *Newgate*. *Duce*, while under Sentence of Death, laid aside all that Barbarity and Stubbornness with which he had formerly behaved, confessed all the Villanies he had been guilty of with great Frankness; and at the Place of Execution delivered the following Letter, for the Evidence *Dyer*, who as he said, *had often cheated them of their Shares*

of the Money they took from Passengers, had now sworn away their Lives.

The Letter from WILLIAM DUCE to JOHN DYER.

It is unnecessary for me to remember you of the many wicked and barbarous Actions, which in your Company, and mostly by your Advice, have been practised upon innocent Persons. Before you receive this, I shall have suffered all that the Law of Man can inflict for my Offences ; you will do well to reflect thereon, and make Use of that Mercy which you have purchased at the Expense of our Blood, to procure by a sincere Repentance the Pardon also of God, without which the lengthening of your Days will be but a Misfortune, and however late, your Crimes if you pursue them, will certainly bring you after us to this ignominious Place.

You ought especially to think of the Death of poor Rice, who fell in the midst of his Sins, without having so much time to say, Lord have Mercy upon me. God who has been so gracious as to permit it to you, will expect a severe Account of it ; and even this Warning if neglected, shall be remembered against you. Do not however think that I die in any Wrath or Anger with you, for what you swore at my Trial. I own myself guilty of that for which I suffer, and I as heartily and freely forgive you, as I hope Forgiveness for myself, from that infinitely merciful Being, to whose Goodness and Providence I recommend you.

WILLIAM DUCE.

He also wrote another Letter to one Mr. R. W. who had been guilty of some Offences of the like

Nature in his Company, but who for some time had retired and lived honestly and privately, as he said, *and was no longer addicted to such Courses, nor as he hoped would relapse into them again.* He was at the time of his Execution about 25 Years of Age, and suffered at *Tyburn*, on the 5th of *August*, 1723.



The Life of JAMES BUTLER, a notorious Highwayman, Foot-pad, &c.

JAMES BUTLER was the Son of a very honest Man in the Parish of *St. Ann's, Soho*, who gave him what Education it was in his Power to bestow, and strained his Circumstances to the utmost to put him Apprentice to a *Silversmith*, with whom *James* hardly had lived six Months, when his roving Inclination pushed him upon running away and going to Sea, which he did with one Captain *Dowglass* in a Man of War. Here he was better used than most young People are at first setting out in a Sailor's Life. The Captain being a Person of great Humanity and Consideration, he treated *James* with much Tenderness, taking him to wait on himself, and never omitting any Opportunity either to encourage or Reward him. But *Butler* could not even then avoid doing some little thieving Tricks, which very much grieved and provoked his kind Benefactor, who tried by all means fair and foul, to make him leave them off. One Day particularly, when he had been caught opening one of the Men's Chests, and a Complaint thereupon being made to the Captain, he was called into the

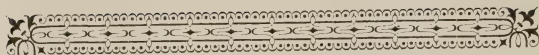
great Cabin, and everybody being withdrawn except Mr. *Dowglass* himself, the Captain, calling him to him, spoke in these Terms.

Butler, *I have always treated you with more Kindness and Indulgence than perhaps anybody in your Station has been used to on board any Ship. You do therefore very wrong by playing such Tricks as make the Men uneasy, and to put it out of my Power to do you any Good. We are now going home, where I must discharge you, for as I had never any Difference with the Crew since I commanded the Arundel, I am determined not to let you become the Occasion of it now.*

There is two Guineas for you, I will take care to have you sent safe to your Mother. The Captain performed all his Promises, but *Butler* continued still in the same Disposition, and though he made several Voyages in other Ships, yet continued still light fingered, and making many Quarrels and Disturbances on board, until at last he could find nobody who knew him that would hire him. The last Ship he served in was the *Mary*, Capt. *Vernon* Commander; from which Ship he was discharged and paid off at *Portsmouth*, in *August*, 1721.

Having got after this into the Gang, with *Dyer*, *Duce*, *Rice*, and others, they robbed almost always on the *King's Road*, between *Buckingham-House* and *Chelsea*. On the 27th of *April*, 1723, after having plundered two or three Persons on the aforesaid Road, they observed a Coach coming towards them, and a Footman on Horseback riding behind it. *Dyer* determined with himself as soon as they came in sight to attack them, and forced his Companions into the same Measures, by calling out to the Coachman to Stop, and presenting his Pistol; the Fellow persisted a

little, and *Dyer* was cocking his Pistol to discharge it at him, when the Ladies' Footman from behind the Coach, fired amongst them, and killed *Joseph Rice*, on the spot. This Accident made such an Impression upon *Butler*, that though he continued to rob with them a Day or two afterwards, yet as soon as he had an Opportunity he withdrew, and went to hard Labour with one *Cladins*, a very honest Man, at a Village called *Wandsworth* in *Surrey*. He had not wrought there long, before some of his Gang had been discovered; his Wife was seized and sent to *Bridewell*, in order to make her Discover where her Husband was, who had been impeached with the rest. This obliged him to leave his Place, and betake himself again to robbing. When going with his Companions, *Wade*, *Meads*, *Garns*, and *Spigget*, they went into the *Gravesend* Road, and there attacking four Gentlemen, *Meads* thought it would contribute to their safety to disable the Servant who rode behind, upon which he fired at him directly, and shot him through the Breast. Not long after they set upon another Man, whom *Meads* wounded in the same Place, and then setting him on his Horse, bid him ride to *Gravesend*; but the Man turning the Beast's Head the other way, *Meads* went back again, and shot him in the Face, of which wound he died. When *Butler* lay under Sentence of Death, he readily confessed whatever Crimes he had committed, but he as well as the before mentioned Criminal charged much of his Guilt upon the persuasions of the Evidence *Dyer*; he particularly owned the Fact of Shooting the Man at *Farnham*. He had always professed himself a *Papist*, and died in that Religion at the same Time with the aforementioned Criminal at *Tyburn*.



*The Life of Captain JOHN MASSEY, who died
for Piracy.*



THE Gentleman of whom we are now to speak, though he suffered for Piracy, was a Man of another turn of Mind than any of whom we have hitherto had occasion to mention. Captain *John Massey* was of a Family I need not dwell on, since he hath at present two Brothers living who make a considerable Figure in their Respective Professions. This unhappy Person had a natural Vivacity in his Temper, which sometimes rose to such a Height that his Relations took it for a Degree of Madness; they therefore hoping by a compliance with his Humours, to bring him to a better Sense of Things, they sent him into the Army, then in *Flanders*, under the Command of the Duke of *Marlbrough*, and there he assisted at the several Sieges, which were undertaken by the confederate Army after his Arrival, *viz. Mons, Dowsay, Bouchain*, and several others; yet though he was bold there even to Temerity, he never received so much as one Wound through the whole Course of the War, in which after the Siege of *Lisle*, he commanded as a Lieutenant; and that with great Reputation.

On his return into *England*, he at first wholly addicted himself to a religious sober Life; the several Accidents of the War having disposed him to a more serious Temper, by making him plainly perceive the Hand of Providence in protecting and destroying

according as its Wisdom seeth fit. But after a short stay in *London*, he unhappily fell into the Acquaintance of a lewd Woman, who so besotted him, that he really intended to marry her, if the Regiment's going to *Ireland* had not prevented it, though there the Case was not much mended, since Capt. *Massey* gave Way too much to the Debaucheries generally practised in that Nation.

On his coming back from thence, he was by the Recommendation of the Duke of *Chandois*, made by the *Royal African Company* a Lieutenant-Colonel in their Service, and an Engineer for erecting a Fort on the Coast of *Africa*. He promised himself great Advantages and a very honourable Support from this Employment ; but he and his Soldiers under his Command, being very ill used by the Person who commanded the Ship in which he went over, being denied their Proportion of Provisions, and in all other respects treated with much Indignity, it made a great impression on Capt. *Massey's* Mind, who could not bear to see Numbers of those poor Creatures perish, not only without temporal Necessaries, but wanting also the Assistance of a Divine in their last Moments, the Chaplain of the Ship remaining behind in the *Madeiras*, on a Foresight perhaps of the Miseries he should have suffered in the Voyage.

In this miserable Condition things were when the Captain and his Soldiers came into the River *Gambia*, where the designed Fort was to be built. Here the Water was so bad that the poor Wretches, already in the most dreadful Condition, were many of them deprived of Life in a few Days after they were on Shore. The Captain was excessively troubled at the Sight of their Misfortunes, and too easily in hopes of

relieving them gave way to the Persuasions of a Captain of a lighter Vessel than his own, who arrived in that Port, and persuaded him to turn Pirate rather than let his Men starve. After repeated Solicitations, Capt. *Massey* and his Men went on board his Ship, and having there tolerable good Provisions, soon picked up their Strength, and took some very considerable Prizes ; at the plundering of which, poor *Massey* was confused and amazed, not knowing well what to do ; for though he was glad to see his Men have Meat, yet it gave him great trouble when he reflected on the Methods by which they acquired it. In this disconsolate State, his Nights were often as troublesome to him as his Days ; for (as he himself said) *he seldom shut his Eyes, but he dreamt that he was sailing in a Ship to the Gallows, with several others round him.* After a considerable Space, the Ship putting into the Island of *Jamaica* for necessary supply of Water and Provision, he made his escape to the Governor, and gave him such Information, as he took several private Vessels thereby ; but not being easy there, he desired leave of Sir *Nicholas Laws* to return home. Sir *Nicholas* gave him Letters of Recommendation, but notwithstanding those he no sooner returned into *England*, but he was apprehended and committed for *Piracy* ; soon after which he was bailed, but the Persons who became Security growing uneasy, he surrendered in their Discharge ; soon after which he was tried, convicted, and condemned. During the Space he remained in Prison after Condemnation, he behaved with so much Gravity, Piety and Composedness, as surprised all who saw him, many of whom inclined to think his Case hard. However, no Mercy was to

be had, and as he did not expect it, so false hopes never troubled his Repose ; but as Death was to cut him off from the World, so he beforehand retired all his Affections from thence, and thought of nothing but that state whither he was going. In his Passage to Execution he pointed to the *African-House*, said, *they have used me severely, but I pray God prosper and bless them in all their Undertakings.* Mr. *Nicholson*, of *St. Sepulchre's* attended him in his last Moments. Just before he died he read the following Speech to the People.

Captain MASSEY'S Speech.

GOOD PEOPLE,

I beg of you to pray for my departing Soul ; I likewise pray God to forgive all the Evidences that swore against me, as I do them from my Heart. I challenge all the World to say, I ever did a dishonourable Act, or anything unlike a Gentleman, but what might be common to all young Fellows in this Age, and what the World can say of this, was surely a rash Action, but not designedly to turn Pirate. I am sorry for it, and I wish it was in my Power to make Amends to the honourable African Company for what they have lost by my Means. I likewise declare upon the Word of a dying Man, that I never once thought of molesting his Grace the Duke of Chandois, although it has been maliciously reported that I always went with two loaded Pistols to dispatch his Grace. As for the Duke, I was always while living devoted to his Service, for his good Offices done unto me : and I humbly beg Almighty God, that he would be pleased to pour down his Blessings upon his good Family. Good People,

once more I beg of you to pray for my departing Soul. I desire my dying Words to be printed; as for the Truth and Sincerity of it, I sign them as a Man departing this World.

JOHN MASSEY.

After he had pronounced these Words, he signified it as his last Request, that neither his Wife nor any of his Relations might see his Body after in the Coffin: then praying a few Moments to himself he submitted to his Fate, being at the time of his Death 28 Years old. He suffered at High Water Mark, at *Execution Dock*, on the 26th of *July*, 1723, his unhappy Death being universally pitied.



The Life of PHILIP ROCHE, a Pirate, &c.

AS in the former Life of Captain *Massey*, my Readers cannot but take Notice of those great Evils into which Men are brought by over Forwardness and Inconsideration, so in the Life of this Malefactor we are now to speak of, they will discern what a prodigious Pitch of Wickedness, Rapine, and Cruelty, human Nature is capable of reaching when Persons abandon themselves to a Desire of living after their own wicked Inclination, without considering the Injuries they do others while they gratify their own Lusts and sensual Pleasures.

Philip Roche was the Son of a Person of the same Name in *Ireland*. His Father gave him all the Education his narrow Circumstances would permit,

which extended however to Reading and Writing, after which he sent him to Sea. *Philip* was a Lad of ingenious Parts, and instead of forgetting, as many do, all they have learned on board, he, on the Contrary, took all imaginable Care to perfect himself in whatsoever he had but a slight Notion of before he went to Sea. He made Abundance of coasting Voyages about his native Island, went once or twice to *Barbadoes*, and being a saving industrious young Fellow, picked up Money enough to become first Mate in a trading Vessel to *Nantz* in *France*; by which being suffered to buy Goods himself, he got considerably, and was in a fair way of attaining as great a Fortune as he could reasonably expect; but this slow Method of getting Money did by no means satisfy *Roche*; he was resolved to grow rich at once, and not wait till much Labour and many Voyages had made him so.

When Men once form to themselves such Designs it is not long before they find Companions fit for their purpose. *Roche* soon met with one *Neal*, a *Fisherman*, of no Education, barbarous but very daring, a Fellow who had all the Qualities that conspire to make a dangerous Villain, and who had already inured himself by a Multitude of Facts to the Commission of whatever was black or bloody; not only without remorse, but without Reluctance. *Neal* recommended him to one *Pierce Cullen* as a proper Associate in those Designs they were contriving; for this *Cullen*, as *Neal* informed him was a Fellow of Principles and Qualifications, much like himself, but had somewhat a better Capacity in executing them, and with *Neal* had been concerned in sinking a Ship, after insuring her both at *London*

and *Amsterdam*, but Providence disappointed them in the Success of their wicked Design; for *Cullen* having been known, or at least suspected of doing such a thing before, those with whom they had insured at *London*, instead of their paying the Money, caused him to be seized and brought to a Trial, which demolished all their Schemes for cheating Insurance Offices. *Cullen* brought in his Brother to their Confederacy, and after abundance of Solicitation induced *Wise* to come in likewise. The Project they had formed was to seize some light Ship, and turn Pirates in her, conceiving it no difficult Matter afterwards to obtain a stronger Vessel, and one better fitted for their purpose. The Ship they pitched on to, to execute this their villainous Purpose, was that of *Peter Tartoe*, a *Frenchman*, of a very generous Disposition, who on *Roche* and his Companions telling him a melancholy Story, readily entertained them; and perceiving *Roche* was an experienced Sailor, entrusted him upon any Occasion with the Care and Command of the Ship. Having done so one Night, himself and the chief Mate, with the rest of the *French* who were on board, except a Man and a Boy, went to rest. *Roche* commanded these to go up and furl the Sails; he then called the rest of his *Irish* Associates to him upon Quarter-Deck; there *Roche* perceiving that *Francis Wise* began to relent, and fearing he should persuade others in the same Measures, he told them that if every *Irishman* on board did not assist in destroying the *French*, and put him and *Cullen* in a Capacity of retrieving the Losses they had had at Sea, they would treat whoever hesitated in obeying them with as little Mercy as they did the *Frenchmen*, but if they

would all assist, they should all fare alike, and have a Share in the Booty.

Upon this the Action began, and two of them running up after the *Frenchman* and Boy, one tossed the Lad by the Arm into the Water, and the other driving the Man down upon Deck, he there had his Brains dashed out by *Roche* and his Companions. They fell next upon those who were retired to their Rest, and some of them upon the Shrieks of the Man and Boy who were murdered, rising out of their Beds, and running up upon Deck to see what occasioned those dismal Noises, were murdered themselves before they well knew where they were. The Mate and the Captain were next brought up, and *Roche* went immediately to binding them together, in order to toss them over board, as he had been consulted upon. It was in vain for poor *Tartoe* to plead the Kindnesses he had done them all, and particularly *Roche*; they were deaf to all Sentiments, either of Gratitude or Piety; and though the poor Men entreated only so much Time as to say their Prayers and recommend themselves to God, yet the Villains, though they could be under no Apprehensions, having already murdered all the Rest of the Men out of the Way, would not even yield to this; but *Cullen* hastened *Roche* in binding them Back to Back, to toss them at once into the Sea, then hurrying down into the Cabin, they tapped a Barrel of Rum to make themselves good Cheer, and laughed at the Cries of the two poor drowned Men, whom they distinctly heard calling upon God, until their Voices and their Breaths were lost in the Waves. After having drank and eat with as much Mirth and Jollity, as if they had been at a Feast, they began to plunder the

Vessel, breaking open the Chests, and taking out of them what they thought proper. Then to drinking they went again, pleasing themselves with the barbarous Expedition which they resolved to undertake as soon as they could get a Ship proper to carry them into the *West Indies*, intending there to follow the Examples the *Buccaneers* had set them, and rob and plunder all who fell into their Hands. From these Villanies in Intention, the present State of their Affairs called upon them to make some provision for their immediate Safety ; they returned therefore into the Channel, and putting the Ship into *Portsmouth*, got her there new painted and then sailed for *Amsterdam* ; *Roche* being unanimously recognised their Captain, and all of them promising faithfully to submit to him through the Course of their future Expeditions.

On their arrival in *Holland*, they had the Ship a second time new painted, and thinking themselves now safe from all Discovery, began to sell off Captain *Tartoe's* Cargo as fast as they could ; no sooner had they completed this, but getting one Mr. *Annesly* to freight them with Goods to *England* (himself also going a Passenger) they resolved with themselves to make a Prize of him and his Effects, as they had also done of the *French* Captain's. Mr. *Annesly*, poor Man, little dreaming of their Design came on board as soon as the Wind served, and the next Night a brisk Gale blowing they tore him suddenly out of his Bed and tossed him over. *Roche* and *Cullen* being with others in the great Cabin. He swam round and round the Ship, called out to them, and told them: they should freely have all his Goods, if they would take him in and save his Life, for he

had Friends and Fortune enough in *England* to make up that Loss ; but his Intreaties were all in vain to a Set of Wretches who had long ago abandoned all Sentiments of Humanity and Mercy ; they therefore caroused as usual, and after sharing the Booty, steered the Vessel for *England*. Some Information of their Villanies had by that time reached thither ; so that upon a Letter being stopped at the Post-Office, which *Roche* as soon as they had landed wrote to his Wife, a Messenger was immediately sent down, who brought *Philip* up in Custody, who being brought to the Council-Table, and there examined, absolutely denied either that himself was *Philip Roche*, or that he knew any one of that Name ; but his Letters under his own Hand to his Wife being produced, he was not able any longer to stand in that Falsehood. Yet those in Authority, knowing that there was legal Proof sufficient to bring these abominable Men to Justice, offered *Roche* his Life, provided he gave such Information where they might be able to apprehend and convict any three of his Companions more wicked than himself ; but he was so far from complying therewith, that he suffered those of his Crew who were taken to perish in Custody rather than become an Evidence against them. This was the Fate of *Neal*, who perished for want in the *Marshalsea*, having in vain petitioned for a Trunk in which was a large Quantity of ready Money, Clothes and other Things to a considerable Value, which had been seized in *Ireland*, by Virtue of a Warrant from the Lords Justices of that Kingdom ; on account of the Detention of which, while he perished for want of Necessaries and Clothes *Neal* most heavily complained, forgetting that these very things

were the Plunder of those unhappy Persons whom they had so barbarously murdered, after having received so much Kindness and Civility from them.

Roche in the mean while being confined in *Newgate*, went constantly to the Chapel, and appeared of so obliging a Temper, that many persuaded themselves he could not be guilty of the bloody Crimes laid to his charge; and taking Advantage of these kind Thoughts of theirs, he framed a new Story in Defence of himself; he said *that there happened a Quarrel on board the Ship between an Irishman and a Frenchman, and that Tartuoe taking part with his own Nation, threatened to lash the Irishman severely, though he was not any way in the Wrong; this he pretended begat a general Quarrel between the two Nations; and the Irish being the Stronger, they overpowered and threw the French overboard in the Heat of their Anger, without considering what they did.* Throughout the whole Time he lay in *Newgate*, he very much delighted himself with the Exercise of his Pen, continually writing upon one Subject or other, often assisting his Fellow Prisoners in writing Letters or whatever else they wanted in that way. When he was told that *Neal* who died in the *Marshalsea* gushed out at all parts of his Body with Blood, so that before he expired he was as if he had been dipped in Gore, *Roche* replied, *it was a just Judgment that he who had always lived in blood, should die covered with it.* Sometime afterward being told that one of his Companions had poisoned himself, he said, *alas! that so evil an End should follow so evil a Life; for his part he would suffer Providence to take its Course with him, and rather die the most ignominious Death, than to his other Crimes add that of Self-*

murder. The Rest who had been apprehended dying one by one in the same dreadful Condition with *Neal*, that is, with the Blood gushing from every part of their Body, which looked so much like a Judgment, that all who saw it were amazed. He (*Roche*) began to think himself perfectly safe after the Death of his Companions, supposing that now there was nobody to bear any Testimony against him ; and therefore, instead of appearing any way dismayed, he most earnestly desired the speedy Approach of an *Admiralty Sessions*. It was not long before it took place, and when he found what Evidence would be produced against him, he appeared much less solicitous about his Trial, than anybody in his Condition would have been expected to be ; but he very well knew it was impossible for them to prove him Guilty of the Murders, and as impossible for him to be acquitted of the Piracy.

After receiving Sentence of Death, he declared himself a *Papist*, and that he could no longer comply with the Service of the Church of *England*, and come to the Chapel ; he did not however think that he was in any Danger of Death, but supposed that the Promises which had been made him on his first Examination, would now take place and prevent the Execution of his Sentence. When therefore the Messenger returned from *Hanover*, and brought an express Order that he should die, he appeared exceedingly moved thereat, and without reflecting at all on the horrid and barbarous Treatment with which he had used others, he could not forbear complaining of the great Hardship he suffered in being put into the Death Warrant, after a Promise had been made him of Life, though nothing is more

certain than that he never performed any part of those Conditions upon which it was to have taken place.

At the Place of Execution he was so faint, confused, and in such Consternation, that he could not speak either to the People, or to those who were nearer at hand, dying with the greatest Marks of Dejection and Confusion that could possibly be seen in any Criminal whatever. He was about 30 Years of Age at the Time of his Execution, which was at High Water Mark, *Execution Dock*, on the 14th of *August*, 1723.



*The Life of HUMPHRY ANGIER, an Highwayman
and Foot-pad.*



EXT to the Life of *Roche*, the Course of those Papers from which I extract these Accounts, lead me to mention this Criminal, that the Deaths of Malefactors may not only terrify those who behold them dying, but also Posterity, who by hearing their Crimes, and the Event which they brought on, may avoid falling into the one, for fear of feeling the other. *Humphry Angier* was by Birth of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, his Father being a Man of humble Circumstances in a little Town a few Miles distant from *Dublin*. As soon as this Son was able to do anything, he sent him to the City of *Cork*, and there bound him Apprentice to a *Cooper*. His Behaviour while an Apprentice was so bad, that his Master utterly despaired to do any good with him, and therefore was not sorry that

he ran away from him ; however he found a way to vex him sufficiently; for he got into a Crew of loose Fellows, which so far frightened the old *Cooper*, that he was at a considerable Expence to hire Persons to watch his House for the four Years that *Angier* loitered about that City. At last his Father even took him from thence, and brought him over into *England*, where he left him at full Liberty to do what he thought fit, resolving with himself, that if his Son would take to ill Courses, it should be where the Shame of his Villanies might not reflect upon him and his Family.

He was now near Eighteen Years of Age, and being in some Fear that some Persons whom he had wronged might bring him into Danger, he listed himself in the King's Service, and went down with a new raised Regiment into *Scotland*, where he hoped to make something by plundering the Inhabitants, it being in the Time of Rebellion. But he did not succeed very well there, and on his Return fell into the Company of *William Duce*, whom we have before mentioned ; his Conversation soon seduced him to follow the same Course of Life, and that their Intimacy might be the more strongly knit, he married *Duce's* Sister ; then engaging himself with all that Gang, he committed abundance of Robberies in their Company ; but he was far from falling into that barbarous Manner of Beating the Passengers, which was grown Customary and habitual to *Mead*, *Butler*, and some others of his and *Duce's* Companions.

Angier told a particular Story of them, which made a very great Impression upon him, and cannot but give my Readers an Idea of that horrible Spirit which inspired those Wretches. *Mead* and *Butler*

came one Evening to him very full of their Exploits, and the good luck they had had, when *Mead* particularly having related every Circumstance which had happened since their last parting, said, *that amongst others whom they had robbed, they met a smooth faced Shoe-maker, who said he was just married and was going home to his Friends; they persuaded him to turn out of the Road to look in the Hedge for a Bird's Nest, whither he was no sooner got, but they bound, gagged, and robbed him, and afterwards turning back, barbarously clapped a Pistol to his Head and shot out his Brains.* After this *Angier* declared he would never drink in the Company of *Mead*, and when *Butler* sometimes talked after the same Manner, he used to Reprove him, by telling him, *that Cruelty was no Courage*; at which *Butler* and some of his Companions sometimes laughed, and told him, *he had singular Notions of Courage.* After this, he and his Wife (*Duce's* Sister) set up a little *Ale-house* by *Charing-Cross*, which soon against his Will, though not without his Consent, became a Bawdy-house, a Receptacle for Thieves, &c. This sort of Company soon rendered his House so Suspicious and so Obnoxious to the Magistrates for the City of *Westminster* that he quickly found the necessity of moving from thence; he then went and set up a *Brandy-shop*, where the same People came, though as he pretended much to his Dissatisfaction. While he kept the *Ale-house*, there was two odd Accidents befell him, which brought him for the first time to *Newgate*. It happened that while he was out one Day, a *Dutch* Woman picked up a Gentleman and brought him to *Angier's* House, where while he was asleep, she picked his Pocket and left him. For this *Angier*

and his Maid was taken up, and tried for it and acquitted at the *Old-Bailey*; he was also at the same time tried for another Offence, *viz.* an *Irishwoman* coming to his House and drinking pretty hard there he at last carried her up Stairs, and throwing her upon a Bed, pretended a great Affection for her Person; but his Wife coming in and pretending to be jealous of the Woman, pulled her off the Bed, and in doing so picked her Pocket of four Guineas. But of this there being no direct Evidence against him, he was also acquitted. However, it ruined his House and Credit, and drove him upon that which was too much his Inclination, the taking Money by Force upon the Road.

He now got into Acquaintance with *Carrick, Carroll, Lock, Kelly*, and many others of that Stamp, with whom he committed several Villanies, but always pretended to be above picking of Pockets, which he said was practised by none of their Crew but *Hugh Kelly*, who was a very dexterous Fellow in his Way. However, when *Angier* was in Custody, Abundance of People applied to him, to help them to their Gold-Watches, Snuff-boxes, &c. But as he told them, so he persisted in it always, that he knew nothing of the Matter, and *Kelly* being gone over into *America* and there settled, there was no hopes of getting any of them again.

One Evening he and *Milksop*, one of his Companions being upon the Road to St. *Alban's*, a little on this Side of it, met a Gentleman's Coach, and in it a young Man and two Ladies. They immediately called to the Coachman to stop, but he neglecting to obey their Summons, they knocked him off from the Box, having first disabled him to whip off, by shoot-

ing one of his Horses ; they then dragged him under the Coach, which running over him hurt him exceedingly, and even endangered his Life. Then they robbed the young Gentleman and the Ladies of whatever they had about them valuable, using them rudely, and stripping things off them in a very harsh and cruel way ; *Angier* excused this, by saying at the Time he did it, he was much in Liquor. In the beginning of the Year 1720, *Angier* who had so long escaped Punishment for the Offences which he had committed, was very near suffering for one in which he had not the least hand ; for a Person of Quality's Coachman being robbed of a Watch and some Money, a Woman of the Town, whom *Angier* and one of his Companions had much abused, was thereupon taken up, having attempted to pawn the Fellow's Watch, after he had advertised it. She played the Hypocrite very dexterously upon her Apprehension, and said that the Robbery was not committed by her ; but *Angier*, *Armstrong*, and another young Man, were the Persons who took it, and by her help they were seized and committed to *Newgate*, and at the ensuing Sessions, the Woman swore roundly against them ; but the Fellow being more tender, and some Circumstances of their Innocence plainly appearing, they were acquitted by the Jury, and that very justly in this Case, in which they had no Hand.

During the Time he lay under Sentence, he behaved himself with much Penitence for another Offence, always calling earnestly to God for his Assistance and Grace to Comfort him under those heavy Sorrows which his Follies and Crimes had so justly brought upon him. At the Place of Execution

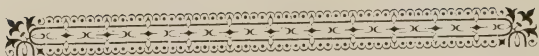
he did not appear at all terrified at Death, but submitted with the same Resignation which for a long space he had professed, since his being under Confinement. Immediately before he suffered he collected his Spirits, and spoke in the following Terms, to that Crowd which always attends on such melancholy Occasions.

GOOD PEOPLE,

I see many of you here Assembled to behold my wretched End. I hope it will induce you to avoid those Evils which have brought me hither. Sometime before my being last taken up, I had formed within myself most steady purposes of Amendment, which it is a great Comfort to me, even here, that I never broke them, having lived at Henley upon Thames both with a good Reputation, and in a manner which deserved it. I heartily forgive, and I hope God will do the same, Dyer, whose Evidence hath taken away my Life. I hope he will make a good Use of that Time which the Price of my Blood and that of others has procured him. I heartily desire Pardon of all whom I have Injured, and declare that in the several Robberies I have committed I have been always careful to avoid committing any Murder.

After this he adjusted the Rope about his own Neck, and submitted to that Sentence which the Law directed. He suffered on the 9th September, 1723, being at the time about 29 Years of Age.





The Life of Captain STANLEY, a Murderer.

THERE cannot be a greater Misfortune than to want Education, except it be this, having a bad one. The Minds of young Persons are generally compared to Paper, on which we may write whatever we think fit ; but if it be once blurred and blotted with improper Characters, it becomes then much harder to impress proper Sentiments thereon, because those which were first there must be totally Erased. This seems to have been too much the Case with the unhappy Person of whom the thread of these Narrations requires that I should speak, *viz.*, Captain Stanley. *This unhappy young Gentleman was the Son of an Officer in the Army ; he married the Sister of Mr. Palmer, of Duce-Hall, in Essex, where she was brought to Bed of this unfortunate Son John, in the Year 1698. The first Rudiments he received were those of Cruelty and Blood, when five Years old his Father often parrying and thrusting with him a Sword, and pricking him himself, and encouraging other Officers to play with him in the same manner, that his Boy (as old Stanley phrased it) might never be afraid of a Point, a wretched Method of bringing up a Child, and which was highly likely to produce the sad End he came to.*

He served afterwards in the Army with his Father in *Spain* and *Portugal*, where he suffered Hardships enough, but they did not very much affect him. He acquired by his hopeful Education so Savage a

Temper, as to delight in nothing so much as trampling on the dead Carcasses in the Field after an Engagement. Returning into *England* with his Father, old *Stanley* had the Misfortune to stab a near Relation of my Lord *Newbury's* in the *Tilt Yard*, for which he was committed Prisoner to *Newgate*; afterwards being released and commanded into *Ireland*, he carried with him this Son *John*, and procured for him an Ensign's Commission in a Regiment there. Poor young *Stanley's* sprightly Temper gained him abundance of Acquaintance—and if it be not to prophane the Name—Friends, amongst the young Rakes in *Ireland*, some of whom were Persons of great Quality, and had such an Affection for him as to continue their visits, and relieve his Necessities when under his last misfortunes in *Newgate*. But such Company involving him at that time in Expenses he was in no way able to support, he was obliged shortly to part with his Ensign's Commission for ready Money, which gave his Father great Pain and Uneasiness. Not long after he came again into *England* and to *London*, where he pursued the same methods, though his Father importuned him to apply to General *Stanhope*, as a person he was sure would assist him, having been always a friend to their Family, and particularly to old *Stanley* himself. But *Jack* was become a Favourite with the Ladies, and had taken an easier road to what he accounted Happiness, living either upon the Benevolence of Friends, the Fortune of the Dice, or the Favours of the Sex. A continual round of sensual Delights employed his time, and he was so far from endeavouring to attain any other Commission or Employment in order to support him, that there was nothing he so much

feared as his being obliged to quit that Life he loved; for old *Stanley* was continually soliciting for him, and as he had very good Interest, nothing but his Son's notorious Misbehaviour made him not prevail. *Jack* in the Course of his Extravagancies often fixed himself upon young Men coming into the World, and under pretence of being their Tutor in the fashionable Vices of the Town, shared in their Pleasures, and help them to squander their Estates.

Of this Stamp was a gay young *Yorkshire* Squire, who by the Death of an Uncle was come into the Possession of a large Estate, and by the Loss of his Father while a Boy, had had so little Education as not to know how to use it. Him *Stanley* got hold of, and persuaded him that nothing was so advantageous to a young Gentleman as Travel, and drew him in to make a Tour of *Flanders* and *Holland* in his Company. *Stanley* though a very wild young Fellow, gave a tolerable account of the Places, especially the Fortifications which he had seen, and sufficiently demonstrated how capable he might have been of making an exalted Figure in the World, if due care had been taken to furnish him with any Principles in his Youth; but the Neglect of that undid him, and every Opportunity which he afterwards had of acquiring any thing, instead of making him an accomplished Gentleman, did him Mischief. Thus his Journey to *Paris* in Company with the before-mentioned Gentleman, helped him to an Opportunity of Learning to Fence to the greatest Perfection, and the Skill he was sensible he had in the Sword made him ever ready to quarrel and seek Occasions to use it.

Amongst the Multitude of his Amours he became

acquainted and passionately fond of one Mrs. *Maycock*, whose Husband was once an eminent Tradesman upon *Ludgate-Hill*; by her he had a Child of which also he was very fond. This Woman was the Source of the far greater Part of his Misfortunes; for when his Father had procured him a handsome Commission in the Service of the *African* Company, and he had received a considerable Sum of Money for his Voyage, appearing perfectly satisfied himself, and behaving in so grave and decent a manner as filled his Family and Relations with very agreeable Hopes, they were all blasted by Mrs. *Maycock's* coming to *Portsmouth* with her Child, where he was to embark. She so far prevailed upon his Inclinations as to get him to give her one Half of the Company's Money, and to return to Town with the other half himself. On his coming up to *London* he avoided going to his Father's, who no sooner heard how dishonourably his Son had behaved, but laying it more to Heart than all the rest of his Misfortunes, Grief in a short time put an End to them all by his Death. When the News of it came to young *Stanley*, he fell into transports of Grief and Passion, which as many of his intimate Companions said, so disturbed his Brain, that he never afterwards was in a right Temper, as indeed appeared by several Accidents, some of which were afterwards sworn at his Trial; particularly that while he lodged in the House of Mr. *Underhill*, somebody having quoted a Sentence of *Latin* in his Company, he was so disturbed at the Thoughts of his having had such Opportunities of acquiring the Knowledge of that Language, and yet continuing ignorant thereof, through his Negligence and Debauchery, that it made at that time so strong

an Impression on his Spirits, that starting up, he drew a Pen-Knife and attempted to stab himself, without any other Cause of Passion. At other times he would fall into sudden and grievous Rages, either at Trifles, or at nothing at all, abuse his best Friends, and endeavour to injure himself, and then coming to a better Temper, begged them to forgive him, for he did not know what he did. During the latter part of his Life, his Circumstances were so bad, that he was reduced to doing many dirty Actions, which I am persuaded otherwise would not have happened; such as going into Gentlemen's select Companies at Taverns, and without any other Ceremony, than telling them his Impudence must make him welcome to a Dinner with them; after which instead of thanking them for their Kindness, he would often pick a Quarrel with them, though Strangers, and be for drawing his Sword and fighting before he left the Room. Such Behaviour made him obnoxious to all who were not downright Debauchees like himself, and hindered Persons of any Rank conversing with him as they were wont.

In the meantime his Favourite, Mrs. *Maycock*, whom he had some time lived with as a Wife, and even prevailed with his Mother to visit her as such, being no longer able to live at his Rate, or bear with his Temper, frequented a House in the *Old-Bailey*, where it was supposed, and perhaps with Truth, that she received other Company. This made *Stanley* very uneasy, who like most young Rakes thought himself at Liberty to pursue as many Women as he pleased, but could not forgive any Liberties taken by a Woman whom he forsooth had honoured with his Affections. One Night therefore, seeing her in

Fleet-street with a Man and a Woman, he came up to her, and gently tapped her on the Shoulder, she turning, cried, *what my dear Captain!* and so on they went talking till they came to this House in the *Old-Bailey*; there some Words happened about the mutual Misfortunes they had brought upon one another. Mrs. *Maycock* reproached him with seducing her, and bringing on all the Miseries she had ever felt. *Stanley* again reflected on her for hindering his Voyage to *Cape Coast*, the extravagant Sums he had spent upon her, and her now conversing with other Men, though she had had three or four Children by him. At last they grew very high, and Mrs. *Maycock* who was naturally a very sweet tempered Woman, was so far provoked (as *Stanley* said) *that she threw a Cup with Beer at him*; upon which some ill Names passing between them, *Stanley* drew his Sword and stabbed her between the Breast eight Inches deep, immediately upon which he stopped his Handkerchief into the Wound. He was quickly secured and committed for the present to *Wood-street* Compter. There he expressed very little Concern at what had happened, laughing and giving himself abundance of Airs, such as by no means became a Man in his Condition. On his Commitment to *Newgate*, he seemed not to abate the least of that Vivacity which was natural to his Temper, and as he had too much mistaken Vice for the Characteristic of a fine Gentleman, so now nothing appeared to him so great a Testimony of Gallantry and Courage as behaving intrepidly while Death was so near in its Approach. He therefore entertained all who conversed with him in the Prison, and all who visited him from without, with the History of his Amours,

and the Favours that had been bestowed on him by a Multitude of fine Ladies ; nay, his Vanity and Impudence was so great as to mention some of their Names, and especially to asperse two Ladies, who lived near *Cheapside Conduit*. But there is great Reason to believe, that part of this was put on to make his Madness more probable at his Trial. On which he behaved very oddly, and when he received Sentence of Death, took Snuff at the Bar, and put on abundance of Airs, that were even ridiculous anywhere, and shocking and scandalous upon so melancholy an Occasion.

After Sentence his Carriage under his Confinement altered not so much as one would have expected ; he offering to lay Wagers that he should never be hanged, notwithstanding his Sentence, for he was resolved not to die like a Dog in a String, when he had it in his Power always to go out of the World a nobler way, by which he meant either a Knife or Opium, by one of which he resolved to prevent his Fate. But when he found that all his Pretences of Madness were like to produce nothing, and that he was in Danger of dying in every Respect like a Brute, he laid aside much of his ill-timed Gaiety, and began to think of preparing for Death after another manner. These Gentleman who assisted him while in *Newgate*, were so kind as to offer the making up of a considerable Sum of Money, if it could have been of any Use ; but finding that neither that, nor their Interest could do any thing to save him, they frankly acquainted him therewith, and begged him not to delude himself with false Hopes. All the while he was in *Newgate*, a little Boy whom he had by Mrs. *Maycock* continued with him, and lay constantly in his

Bosom. He manifested the utmost Tenderness and Concern for that poor Child, who had been deprived by his Rashness of his Mother, and whom the Law would by its just Sentence, now likewise deprive of its Father. Being told that Mr. *Bryan*, Mrs. *Maycock's* Brother, of *Tower-Hill*, was dead, merely through concern at his Sister's Misfortunes, and the deplorable End that followed them, *Stanley* clapped his Hands together, and cried, *what more Death still? sure I am the most unfortunate Wretch that was ever born.*

Some few Days before his Execution, talking to one of his Friends, he said, *I am perfectly convinced that it is false Courage to avoid the just Sentence of the Law, by executing the rash Dictates of one's Rage by one's own Hand. I am heartily sorry for the rash Expressions I have been Guilty of, of that sort, and am determined to let the World see my Courage fails me no more in my Death, than it has done in my Life; and my dear Friend* (added he) *I never felt so much Ease, Quiet, and Satisfaction in all my Life, as I have experienced since my coming to this Resolution.*

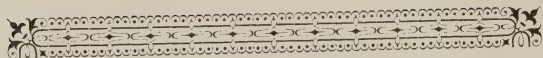
But though he sometimes expressed himself in a serious and religious Manner; yet Passion would sometimes break in upon him to the last, and make him burst out into frightful and horrid Speeches; then again he would grow calm and cool, and speak with great seeming Sense of God's Providence in his Afflictions. He was particularly affected with two Accidents which happened to him not long before his Death, and which struck him with great Concern at the time they happened; the first of these was a Fall from his Horse under *Tyburn*, in which he was so stunned, that he could not recover

Strength enough to remount, but was helped on his Horse again by the Assistance of two Friends ; not long after which, he had as bad an Accident of the same kind under *Newgate*, which he said, *made such an Impression on him, that he did not go abroad for many Mornings afterwards, without recommending himself in the most serious Manner to the Divine Protection.*

Another Story he also told with many Marks of real Thankfulness for the narrow Escape he then made from Death, which happened thus : he fell out at a Cider Cellar in *Covent Garden*, with one *Captain Chickley*, and challenging him to fight in a dark Room, they were then shut up together for some Space ; but a Constable being sent for by the People of the House, and breaking the Door open, delivered him from being sent altogether unprepared out of the World. *Chickley* being much too hard for him, and having given him a Wound quite through the Body, himself escaping with only a slight Cut or two. As the Day of Execution drew near, Mr. *Stanley* appeared more serious and much more attentive to his Devotions than hitherto he had been ; yet could he not wholly contain himself even then ; for the *Sunday* before he died, after Sermon, at which he had behaved himself decently and modestly, he broke out into this wild Expression : *that he was only sorry he had not fired the whole House where he killed Mrs. Maycock.* When he was reprov'd for these things, he would look ashamed, and say, *it was true, they were very unbecoming, but they were what he could not help,* arising from certain Starts in his Imagination, that hurried him into a short Madness, for which he was very sorry as soon as he came to himself.

At the Place of Execution, to which he was conveyed in a Mourning Coach, he turned pale, seemed uneasy, and complained that he was very sick, entreating a Gentleman by him to support him with his Hand. He desired to be unbound that he might be at Liberty to pray kneeling, which with some Difficulty was granted; he then applied himself to his Devotions with much Fervency, and then submitted to his Fate, but when the Cap was drawn over his Eyes he seemed to shed Tears abundantly. Immediately before he was turned off, he said, *his Friends had provided a Hearse to carry away his Body, and he hoped nobody would be so cruel as to deny his Relations his dead Limbs to be interred, adding, that unless he were assured of this, he could not die in Peace.* Such was the End of a young Man, in Person and Capacity every way fitted to have made a reputable Figure in the World, if either his natural Principles or his Education had laid any Restraint upon his Vices; but as his Passions hurried him beyond all Bounds, so they brought a just End upon themselves, by finishing a Life spent in sensual Pleasures with an ignominious Death, which happened in the 25th Year of his Age, on the 23rd of *December*, 1723, at *Tyburn*.





The Life of STEPHEN GARDINER, *an Highwayman
and House-breaker.*



STEPHEN GARDINER was the Son of Parents of middling Circumstances, living at the Time of his Birth in *Moor-Fields*, which perhaps was the immediate Cause of his Ruin, since he learnt there while a Boy to idle away his Time and to look on nothing as so great a Pleasure, as Gaming and Cudgel-playing, which took up equally his Time and his Thoughts, till he grew up to about Fourteen Years old, when his Friends placed him out an Apprentice to a *Weaver*. While he was with this Master, he did so many unlucky Tricks as occasioned not only severe Usage at home, but incurred also the Dislike and Hatred of all the Neighbours, so that instead of interposing to preserve him from his Master's Correction, they were continually complaining and getting him beat; nay, sometimes when his Master was not ready enough to do it, would beat him themselves. *Stephen* was so wearied out with this kind of Treatment, notwithstanding it arose solely from his own Fault, that he determined in order to redress it, to run away for Good and all, thinking it would be no difficult Matter for him to maintain himself, considering that Dexterity with which he played at Nine-pins, Skittles, &c., but Experience quickly convinced him of the Contrary; being so much reduced in one Month after his betaking himself to this Life, by those Misfortunes

which were evident enough, though his Passion for Liberty and Idleness hindered him from foreseeing them, that he had not so much as Bread to eat, and in this distressed Condition was glad to return home again to his Friends, imploring their Charity, and that, forgetting what was passed, they would be so kind as to relieve him and put him in some Method for providing for himself. Natural Affection pleading for him, notwithstanding all his Failings, they took him home again, and soon after put him as a Boy on board a Corn Vessel, which traded to *Holland* and *France*; but the Swearing, Quarrelling, and Fighting of the Sailors so frightened him, being then very young, and unable to cope with them, that on his Return he again implored the Tenderness of his Relations to permit his staying in *England* upon any Terms, promising to live in the most sober and regular manner, provided he might get his Bread by hard Labour at home, and not be exposed to the Injuries of Wind and Weather, and the Abuses of Seamen, more boisterous than both. They again complied, and put him to another Trade, but Work it seems was a Thing nothing could reconcile to him, and so he run away from thence too, and once more put himself for a Livelihood upon the Contrivance of his own Brain.

He went immediately to his old Employment and old Haunt, *Moor Fields*, where as long as he had any Money he played at Cards, Skittles, &c., with the Chiefs of those villainous Gangs that Haunt that Place, and when reduced to the Want both of Money and Clothes, he attempted to pick pockets, or played with Lads for Farthings to recruit himself. But Pocket-picking was a Trade in which he had very ill

Luck ; for taking a Wig out of a Gentleman's Pocket at the Drawing of the *State Lottery*, the Man suffered him totally to take it out, then seizing him, cried out, a Pickpocket. The Boy immediately dropped it, and giving it a little Kick with his Foot protested his Innocence, which induced a good natured Person there present to stand so far his Friend, that he suffered no further that Bout. But a Month after, being taken in the same Manner, and delivered over to the Mob, they handled him with such Cruelty as scarce to leave him Life ; though he often upon his Knees begged them to carry him before a Justice, and let him be committed to *Newgate* ; but the Mob were not so to be prevailed on, and this Severity (as he said) *cured him effectually of that Method of Thieving.*

But in the Course of his Rambling Life, becoming acquainted with two young Fellows, whose Names were *Garraway* and *Sly*, they invited him to go with them upon some of their Expeditions in the Night ; but he absolutely refused to do anything of that Kind for a long time. But one Evening having been so unlucky as to loose not only all his Money, but all his Clothes off his Back, he went then in search of *Sly* and *Garraway*, who received him with open Arms, and immediately carried him with them, upon those Exploits by which they got their Living. *Garraway* proposed robbing of his Brother for their first Attempt, which succeeded so far as to their getting into the House, but they found nothing there but a little Clothes of his Brother and Sister, which they took away, but *Garraway* bid them not to be discouraged at the Smallness of the Booty, for his Father's House was as well furnished as most Men, and their next Attack should be on that. To this

they agreed, and plundered it also, taking away some Spoons, Tankards, Salts, and several other Pieces of Plate of considerable Value; but a quick search being made, they were all three apprehended, and *Gardiner* being the Youngest, was admitted an Evidence against the other two, who were convicted.

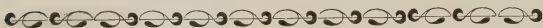
Some Weeks after *Gardiner* got his Liberty, but being unwarned, he went on still at the same rate. The first Robbery he committed afterwards was in the House of the Father of one of his Acquaintance on *Addle Hill*, where *Gardiner* stole softly up Stairs into the Garret, and stole from thence some Men's Apparel to a considerable Value. A while after this he became acquainted with Mr. *Richard Jones*, and went with him mounted upon a strong Horse into *Wales*, upon what in the canting Dialect is called, *the passing Lay*, which in plain *English* is thus: they get Country Men into an Ale-house, under Pretence of talking about the Sale of Cattle; then a Pack of Cards is found as if by Accident somewhere, and the two Sharpers fall to playing with one another, until one offering to lay a great Wager on the Game, staking the Money down, the other shews his Hand to the Countryman, and convinces him that it is impossible but he must win; offering to let him go Halves in the Wager. As soon as the Countryman lays down the Money, these Sharpers manage so as to pass off with it, which is the meaning of their Cant, and this Practice he was very successful in. The Country People in *Wales*, where they travelled, had not had Opportunity to become acquainted with such Bites, as those who live in the Counties near *London* have, where the Country Fellows are often as adroit as any of the Sharpers themselves.

It happened that the Person with whom *Stephen* travelled, had parted with his Wife, and at *Bristol* received a Gold Watch and Chain, laced Clothes, and several other things of Value. This immediately put it into *Gardiner's* head, that he might make a Fortune at once, by murdering him and possessing himself of his Goods, knowing that besides these valuable Things, he had near a Hundred Guineas about him. In order to effect this, he stole a large Brass Pestle, out of a Mortar at the next Inn, and carried it unperceived in his Boots, intending as he and his Companion rode through the Woods, to dash his Brains out with it. Twice for this purpose he drew it out, but his Heart relenting just when he was going to give the Stroke, he put it up again, at last it fell out of his Boot, and he had much ado to get it pulled up unperceived by his Companion. The next Day it dropped again, and *Gardiner* was so much afraid of *Jones's* perceiving it, and himself being thereupon killed from a Suspicion of his Design, that he thereupon laid aside all further Thoughts of that Matter ; but took Occasion in a Day or two after to part with him ; whereupon the other as *Stephen* was going away, called out to him, hark ye, you *Gardiner* ! I'll tell you somewhat, *Gardiner* thereupon turning back ; you are going up to *London* said *Jones*, yes, replied *Gardiner* ; then trust me, said the other, you're going up to be hanged. Between *Abergavenny* and *Monmouth*, *Gardiner* took notice of a little House, the Windows being shut up ; but the Hens and Cocks in the back Yard shewed that it was inhabited. *Gardiner* thereupon knocked at the Door several times, to see if anybody was at home, but perceiving none, he ventured to break open some wooden Bars that lay

across the Window, and getting in thereat found two Boxes full of Clothes, and Writings relating to an Estate. He took only one Gown, not daring to load himself with Clothes, for fear of being discovered on the Road, being then coming up to *London*. A very short Space after his Return, he committed that Fact for which he died, which was by breaking open the House of *Dorcas Roberts*, Widow, and stealing thence a great Quantity of Linen. He was soon after apprehended in Bed, with one of the fine Shirts on his Back, and the rest of the Linen stowed under the Bed. When carried before the Justice, he said one *Martin* brought the Linen to him, and gave him two fine Shirts to conceal it in his Brandy-shop ; but this Pretence being thought improbable both by the Magistrate who committed him, and by the Jury who tried him, he was convicted for that Offence, and being an old Offender, he had no hopes of Mercy.

He applied himself therefore, with all the Earnestness he was able, to prepare himself sufficiently for that Change he was about to make. He said that an Accident which happened about a Year before, gave him great Apprehension, and for some time prevented his continuing in that wicked Course of Life ; the Accident he mentioned was this ; being taken up for some trivial thing or other, and carried to St. *Sepulchre's* Watch-house, the Constable was so kind as to dismiss him, but the *Bellman* of the Parish happening to come in before he went out, the Constable said, *young Man, be careful, I am much afraid this Bellman will say his Verses over you ;* at which *Gardiner* was so much struck, he could scarcely speak. *Stephen* had very great notions of mortifying his Body, as some Atonement for the Crimes he

had committed ; he therefore fasted sometimes while under Sentence, and though the Weather was very cold, yet he went to Execution with no other Covering on him but his Shroud. At *Tyburn* he addressed himself to the People, and begged they would not reflect upon his Parents, who knew nothing of his Crimes. Seeing several of his old Companions in the Crowd, he called out to them, and desired them to take Notice of his Death, and by amending their Lives avoid following him thither. He died the 3rd of *February*, 1723-4.



The Lives of SAMUEL OGDEN, JOHN PUGH, WILLIAM FROST, RICHARD WOODMAN, and WILLIAM ELISHA, *Highway-men, Foot-pads, House-breakers, &c.*



SAMUEL OGDEN, was the Son of a Sailor in *Southwark*, who bred him to his own Employment, in which he wrought honestly for many Years, until he fell ill of a *Dropsy*, for the Cure of which he was carried to *St. Thomas's Hospital*. After his Recovery, he applied himself to selling Fish, instead of going again to Sea. How he came to be engaged in the Crimes he afterwards perpetrated, we cannot tell, and therefore shall not pretend to relate ; however, he associated himself with a very numerous Gang, such as *Mills, Pugh, Blunt, Bishop, Gutteridge*, and *Matthews*, who became the Evidence against him. He positively averred, that one of the Robberies for which he was convicted was the first he ever committed ; he expressed the

greatest Horror and Detestation for Murder imaginable, protesting he was no way guilty of that committed on *Bristow Causeway*. At the time of his Trial at *Kingston*, he behaved himself very insolently and audaciously; but when Sentence had been passed upon him, most of that unruly Temper was lost, and he began to think seriously of preparing for another World. He confessed that his Sins were many, and that the Judgment against him was just; meekly accepting his Death as the due Reward of his Deeds. He was an Example of Seriousness and Penitence to the other twelve Malefactors who suffered with him, being about 37 Years of Age at the Time of his Decease.

John Pugh, otherwise *Blueskin*, was born at *Morpeth*, near *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. His Father was a Carrier in tolerable Business and Circumstances, who put him to be Servant at a Silver Spinners in *Moorfields*, where he soon learnt all sorts of Wickedness, beginning with defrauding his Master, and doing any other little Tricks of that Kind, as Opportunity would give him leave; and we are told of him what can be hardly said of any other Criminal, who hath died in the same way for many Years past, that though he was but twenty-two years of Age, he had spent twelve of them in Cheating, Pilfering, and Robbing. At last he fell in with the Gang that brought him to his Death, for a Robbery committed by several of them in the County of *Surrey*. *Pugh*, though so young a Fellow, was so unaccountably and stupidly wicked, that though he made a large and particular Confession of his Guilt, yet it was done in such a Manner as plainly shewed his Crimes made no just impression upon his Heart; all he said, being

in the Language of the *Kingston Ordinary*, the Sleepy apprehensions of unawakened Ignorance, in which Condition he continued to the last.

William Frost, a Cripple, was the Son of a *Pin-maker* in *Christ-Church* Parish, *Southwark*; and as to his Education, my account says it was in hereditary Ignorance. He had wrought it seems while a Boy at his Father's Trade of *Pin* making, but since he was 13 or 14 he addicted himself to that preparative Trade to the Gallows, *Shoeblackening*. While he continued in this most honourable Profession, abundance of Opportunities offered for robbing in the Night Season, and we must do him the Justice to say, that they were not offered in vain; thus by Degrees he came on to robbing on the Road, and in the Streets, until he was apprehended, and upon the Evidence of his Companion was convicted. The *Sunday* after his Conviction, he with the rest of the Malefactors, was brought to the Parish Church, which was the first Time, as he declared, he had ever entered one, at least with an Intention to hear and observe what was said. There he made a blundering sort of Confession, and would perhaps have been more Penitent if he had known well what Penitence was, but he was a poor stupid doltish Wretch, scarce sensible even of the Misfortune of being hanged. He was however very attentive in the Cart to the Prayer of those who were a little better instructed than himself, and finished a wretched Life with an ignominious Death, at twenty-one Years of Age.

Richard Woodman was born in *Newington*, in *Surrey*. He got his Bread some Years by selling Milk about, but thinking Labour too great a Price for Victuals, he addicted himself to getting an easier

Livelihood by Thieving. In this Course he soon got in with a Gang who let him want no Instructions that were necessary to bring him to the Gallows. Amongst whom, the above mentioned *Lame Man* was his principal Tutor. The last Robbery but one that they ever committed was upon a poor Man, who had laid out his Money in the purchase of a Shoulder of Mutton to feast his Family ; but they disappointed him by taken it away, and with it a bundle of Clothes and other Necessaries, by which the unfortunate person who lost them, though their Value was not much, lost all he had. His Behaviour was pretty much of a Piece with the Rest of his Companions, that is, he was like them, so unaffected either with the Shamefulness of the Death, or the danger of their Souls, that perhaps never any Creatures went to Death in a more odd manner than these did ; whose Behaviour cannot for all that be charged with any Rudeness or want of Decency, but Religion and Repentance were Things so wholly New to them, and so unsuited to their Comprehension, that there needed a much greater length of Time than they had, to have given them any true Sense of their Duty, to which it cannot be said that they were so averse, as they were ignorant and incapable.

William Elisha was another of these Wretches, but he seemed to have had a better Education than most of them, though he made as ill a Use of it as any. Having been once an Evidence at *Croyden* Assizes, where he convicted two of his Companions, the Sight of their Execution, and the Consciousness of having preserved his own Life, merely by taking theirs, did not in the least contribute to his Amendment ; for he was no sooner at Liberty but he was

engaged in new Crimes, until at last with those Malefactors before mentioned, and with eight others, he was executed at *Kingston*, in the twenty-fourth Year of his Age, *April 4, 1724.*



The Life of THOMAS BURDEN, *a Robber.*



THOMAS BURDEN was born in *Dorsetshire*, of Parents in tolerable Circumstances, who being Persons getting their Livelihood by Seamen, they bred up their Son to that Profession, and sent him very young to Sea. It does not appear that he ever liked that Employment, but rather that he was hurried into it by the Choice of his Parents when he was very young, and therefore in no Condition to choose better for himself. He was up in the *Straights* several Years, and while there in an abundance of Fights, at which time he had so much Religion as to apply himself diligently to God in Prayer for his Protection, and made Abundance of Vows and Resolutions of Amendment, if it pleased the Providence of God to preserve his Life; but no sooner was the Danger over, but all these Promises were forgotten until the next Time he was in *Jeopardy*. At this Rate he went on until the War was over; and notwithstanding the Aversion he always had to a Military kind of Life, yet such was his unconquerable Aversion to Labour, that he rather enlisted himself in the Land Service than submit thereto. Going over one Day to *Hounslow*, to the House of one of the Staff Officers of his

Regiment, and not finding him at home, but a Corporal only, whom the Officer had left at the house to give Answers, with this Corporal he sat, chattering and talking until Night, so that being obliged to stay there until the next Morning, a Discourse some how or other happened between him and the Person who entertained him, about *William Zouch*, an old Man who lived alone upon the Common, and *Burden* having been drinking, it came into his Head, how easily he might rob such an old Man; upon which he immediately went to his House, and finding him sitting on the Bench at his Door, he began to talk with and ask him Questions. The old Man answered him with great Mildness, until at last *Burden* drew an Iron Instrument out of his Cane, threatening him with Death, if he did not discover where his Money was. *Zouch* thereupon brought it him in a Pint Pot, being but one and thirty Shillings, and then tying the old Man in his Chair left him. But it seems he did not tie him so fast but that he easily got loose, and alarming the Town, *Burden* was quickly taken, having fled along the Common, which was open to the Eye for a long way, instead of taking into the Town or the Woods, which, if he had, in all probability he might have escaped. When *Whittington* and *Greenbury* apprehended him, he did not deny the Fact, but on the Contrary offered them Money to let him go. After his Conviction he manifested vast Uneasiness at the Thoughts of Death; appearing wonderfully moved, that he who lived so long in the World with the Reputation of an honest Man, should now die with that of a Thief, and in the manner of a Dog; but as Death drew nearer, and he saw there was no Remedy, he began to be a little

more Penitent and resigned, especially when he was comforting himself with the Hopes that his temporal Punishment here might preserve him from feeling everlasting Misery. With these Thoughts having somewhat composed himself, he approached the Place where he was to suffer, with tolerable Temper and Constancy, entreating the People who were there in very great Numbers to pray for him, and begging that all by his Example would learn to stifle the first Motions to Wickedness and Sin, since such was the Depravity of human Nature that no Man knew how soon he might fall. Yet at the same Place he delivered a Paper in which he much extenuated the Crime for which he suffered, and from whence he would fain have insinuated that it was a rash Action committed when in Drink, and which he should certainly have set right again when he was sober. In this Frame of Mind he suffered, on the 29th of *April*, 1724, being then about fifty Years of Age.



The Life of FREDERICK SCHMIDT, *an Alterer of*
Bank-notes.



WHEN Persons sin out of Ignorance, there is Room for Pity, and when Persons suddenly become guilty of Evil through a precipitate yielding to the Violence of their Passions, there is still room for Extenuation. But when People sin not only against Knowledge but deliberately, and without the Incitement of any violent Pas-

sion, such as Anger or Lust ; as nothing can be said in Alleviation, so there is little or no Room left for Compassion.

Frederick Schmidt was born of a very honourable and wealthy Family at *Breslaw*, the Capital of the Duchy of *Silesia*, in the North-East of *Germany*. They educated this their Son not only in such a Manner as might qualify him for the Occupation they designed him of a Merchant, but also gave him a most learned and liberal Knowledge, such as suited a Person of the highest Rank. He lived however at *Breslaw* as a Merchant for many Years, and at the Request of his Friends, when very young married a Lady of considerable Fortune ; but upon some Disgust at her Behaviour they parted, and had not lived together for many Years before his Death. He carried on a very considerable Correspondence to *Hamburg*, *Amsterdam* and other Places, and about a Year before had been over in *England* to transact some Affairs ; and thought it, it seems, so easy a Matter to live here by his Wits, that he returned hither with the Baron *Vanloden* and the Countess *Vanbostran*. It is very hard to say what these People really were, some People taking *Schmidt* for the Baron's Servant ; but he himself affirmed, and indeed it seems most likely, that they were Companions, and that both of them exerted their utmost Skill in defrauding others to maintain her. The Method they took here for that Purpose, was by altering Bank-notes, which they did so dexterously, as absolutely to prevent all Suspicion. They succeeded in paying away two of them, but the Fraud being discovered by the Check Book at the Bank, *Schmidt* was apprehended and brought to a Trial ; there it

was sworn that being possessed of a Bank-note of £25, he had turned it into one of £85, and with the Baron *Vanloden*, tendered it to one Monsieur *Mallorey*, who gave him Goods for it, and another Note of £20. It was deposed by the Baron *Vanloden* and *Eleonora Sophia*, Countess *Vanbostran*, that *Schmidt* took the last mentioned Note of £20 up Stairs, and soon after brought it down again, the Word Twenty being taken out, upon which they drew it through a Plate of gummed Water, and then smoothing it between several Papers with a Box Iron, the Words One Hundred were written in its Place; then he gave it to the Baron and the Interpreter to go out and buy Plate, which they did, to the Amount of £40. It appeared also by the same Witnesses, that *Schmidt* had owned to the Baron, that he could write twenty Hands, and that if he had but three or four Hundred Pounds, he could swell them to fifty Thousand. It was proved also by his own Confession, that he had written over to his Correspondent in *Holland*, to know whether *English* Bank-notes went currently there or not; upon which he was found guilty by a Party Jury, that singular Favour permitted to Foreigners by the equitable Lenity of the Law of *England*. Yet after this he could hardly be persuaded that his Life was in any Danger; nay, when he came into the condemned Hole, he told the unhappy Persons there, in as good *English* as he could speak, that he should not be hanged with them.

For the first two or three Days therefore that he was under Sentence, he refused to look so much as on a Book, or to say a Prayer, employing that time with unwearied Diligence, in writing a Multitude of Letters to Merchants, foreign Ministers, and *German*

Men of Quality, and such like, still holding fast his old Opinion, that his Life was not in the least in Danger; and when a *Lutheran* Minister was so kind as to visit him, he would hardly condescend to come down to speak with him. But when he had received a Letter from him who had all along buoyed him up with hopes of Safety, in which he informed him that all those Hopes were in vain, he then began to apply himself with a real Concern to the *Lutheran* Minister, whom he had before almost rejected; but he did not appear terrified or much affrighted thereat. However, quickly after he fell into a Fit of Sickness, and became so very weak as not to be able to stand; he confessed however, to the foreign Divine who attended him, that he was really guilty of that Crime for which he was to die, though it did not appear that he conceived it to be *Capital* at the time he did it, nor indeed was he easily convinced it was so, until within a few Days of his Execution.


A Report prevailed about the Town, that he had done something of the like Nature at *Paris*, for which he had to fly, but that he denied, and seemed to think the Story derived its Birth from the Baron, who he said was an Apothecary's Son, and from his Acquaintance with his Father's Trade, knew the Secret of expunging Waters; he added, that his Airs of Innocence were very unjust, he having been guilty of Abundance of such Tricks, and the Countess of many more than he. Thus, as is very common in such Cases, these unhappy People blackened one another; but indeed the Baron and the Countess had the Advantage, since by their Testimony poor *Schmidt* was dispatched out of the Way; and it is

probable their Credit at the Time of his Execution, was not in any great Danger of being hurt by his Character of them.

When he came to *Tyburn*, being attended in the Cart by the *Lutheran* Minister, whom I have so often mentioned, he was forced to be held up, being so weak as not to be able to stand alone. He joined with the Prayers at first, but could not carry on his Attention to the End; looking about him, and staring at the other Prisoners with a Curiosity that perhaps was never before observed in any other Prisoner in his Condition whatsoever, neither his Looks nor his Behaviour seeming to express so much Terror as was struck into others by the Sight of his Condition. So after recommending it to the Minister by Letter to inform his aged Mother in *Germany* of his unhappy Fate, he requested the Executioner to put him to Death as easily as he could. He then submitted to his Fate, on the 4th of *April*, 1724, being in the Forty-fifth Year of his Age.



The Life of PETER CURTIS, a House-breaker, &c.

ETER CURTIS, alias *Friend*, was born of honest but indigent Parents in the Country, at a very great Distance from *London*. They finding a Method to get him put Apprentice to a Ship-Carpenter, were very much pleased therewith, hoping that they had settled him in a Trade in which he might live well, and much beyond any thing they could have expected to have

done for him. But *Peter* himself was of a very different Opinion, who from the Hour he came to it greatly disliked his Profession, and though he went to Sea with his Master once or twice, yet he failed not to take hold of the first Opportunity to set himself at Liberty by running away from him. He from that time devoted himself to live a Life of Pleasure, having contracted an obstinate Aversion to Business, and to every thing which looked like Labour, though as he acknowledged the Hand of Providence hindered him from accomplishing his Wish, making this Life that he choose a greater Burthen and Hardship to him than that which he had relinquished.

He found Means to get into Gentlemen's Services, and lived in them with tolerable Reputation and Credit for the space of several Years. At last he resolved to go to Sea again, but had so unconquerable an Aversion to his own Trade, that he chose rather going in the Capacity of a Trumpeter, having learnt how to play on that Instrument, at one of his Services. He sailed on board the *Salisbury* in the Expedition Sir *George Byng* made at the Straights of *Messina*, when he attacked and destroyed the *Spanish* Fleet. There *Peter* had the good Luck to escape without any Hurt, though there were many killed and wounded. He afterwards served in a Regiment of Dragoons, where by prudent Management he saved no less than fourscore Pounds; with this he certainly had it in his Power to have put himself in some Way of doing well, but he omitted it, and falling into the Company of a lewd Woman, she persuaded him to take Lodgings with her, and they lived together for some space as Man and Wife. During this time, he

made a Shift to be bound for one of his Companions, for a very considerable Sum, which the other had the honesty to leave him to pay. The Creditor who upon Information that *Curtis* was packing up his Awls to go to Sea, resolved to secure him for his Debt, but not being able to catch him upon a Writ, pretended a felonious charge against him, and having thereupon got him committed to a *Poultry Compter*, as soon as the Justice had discharged him, he got him taken for Debt, and recommitted to the same Place. Here he was soon reduced to a melancholy Condition, having neither necessities of Life, nor any Prospect of a Release. The wretched Company with which such Prisons are always full, corrupted him as to his Honesty, and taught him first to think of making himself rich by taking away the Property of others. When he came out of Prison, upon an Agreement with his Creditor, he soon after got into Service with Mr. *Fluellen Aspley*, a very eminent China-man, by *Stocks Market*. When he was there, the ill Woman whom he still conversed with, was continually dunning his Ears with how easy it was for him to make himself and her rich and easy, by pilfering from his Master, telling him that she and her Friends in the Country could help him off with a Thousand Pounds worth of *China* if need were, she baiting him continually not to loose such an Opportunity of enriching them; but the Fellow himself was averse to such Practices, and nothing but her continual Teasing could have induced him ever to entertain a Design of so base a Nature. At last he condescended so far as to enquire how it might be done with safety. For that, replied the Woman, *trust to my Management; I'll put you in the*

Way to carry off the most valuable Things in the House, and yet get a good Character, be trusted, and valued by the Family for having robbed them. At that Curtis stared, and said, *If she would put him in such a Road he did not know but he might comply with her Request.* She thereupon opened the Scheme to him thus : *Here's my Son, you shall lift him into the House, and after you have given him Plate and what you think proper, and my Boy, who is a very dexterous Lad, is got off with them, you have nothing to do but to put an end of Candle under the Indian Cabinet in the Counting-house, and leave things to themselves ; the Neighbourhood will soon be alarmed by the Fire, and if you are apparently honest in what you take away publicly, there will be no suspicion upon you for what went before, which will be either thought to be destroyed in the Fire, or to be taken away by some other Means.* This appeared so shocking a Project to Curtis, that he absolutely refused to comply with the Burning, though with much ado he was brought to steal a large quantity of Plate, which he brought to this Woman, and she in attempting to sell it, was stopped and the Robbery discovered. However, there being no Evidence at first against Curtis, he was released from his Confinement on Suspicion, even by the Intercession of Mr. Aspley himself, but a little Time discovering the Mistake, and that he was really the Principal in the Robbery, he was thereupon again apprehended, and at the next Sessions tried and convicted.

While he lay under Sentence of Death, he behaved himself as if he had totally resigned all Thoughts of the World, or of continuing in it, praying with great Fervency and Devotion, making full and large Con-

fessions, and doing every Act which might induce Men to believe that he was a real Penitent, and sincerely sorry and affected for the Crime he had committed, But it seems this was all put on, for the true source of his Easiness and Resignation, was the Assurance he had in himself of escaping Death, either by Pardon or by an Escape, for which Purpose, he and those who were under Sentence with him, had provided all Necessaries, and loosened their Irons, and intended to have effected it at the Expense of the Lives of their Keepers. But their Design being discovered the *Saturday* before their Deaths, and *Curtis* perceiving that his hopes of Pardon were as ill founded, began to apply himself to Repenting in earnest; but as there was very little Time left for so great a Work, especially considering that nothing but the Necessity of the Thing inclined him thereto, and that he had spent that Respite allowed him by the Clemency of the Law to prepare for Death, in contriving to fly from Justice at the Expense of the Blood of others. How he performed this it is impossible for us to know, and must be left to be decided by the great Judge to whom the Secrets of all Hearts are open. However, at his Death he appeared tolerably composed and cheerful, and turning to the People, said, *you see they who contrived to burn the House and the People in it escaped, but I who never consented to any such thing, die as you see.* Some Discourse there was of his having buried a Portmanteau, and Fourteen Hundred Pounds; he was spoken to about it, and did not deny he had it; he said, he had it upon *Finchley Common*, and that by the Arms, which was the spread Eagle, he took to be an Ambassador's. As to the Diamond Ring he had been seen to wear, he did not affirm he

came very honestly by it, but would not give any direct Answer concerning it, and seemed uneasy that he should have such Questions put to him at the very Point of Death. He suffered the 15th of *June*, 1724, about thirty Years of Age.



The Life of LUMLEY DAVIS, a Highwayman.



UCH is the frailty of human Nature, that neither the best Examples, nor the most liberal Education, can warrant an honest Life, or secure to the most careful Parents, the certainty of their Children not becoming a Disgrace to them, either in their Lives or by their Deaths. This Malefactor, of whom the Course of our Memoirs now obliges us to make mention, was the Son of a Man of the same Name, viz: *Lumley Davis*, who was it seems in Circumstances good enough to procure his Son being brought up in one of the best Schools in *England*, where his Proficiency procured him an Election upon the Establishment, and he became respected as a Person whose Parts would do honour even to that remarkable Seminary of Learning where he had been bred; but unaccountably growing fond all on a sudden of going to some Trade or Employment, and absolutely refusing to continue any longer at his Studies, his Friends were obliged to comply with the Ardency of his Request, and accordingly put him Apprentice to an eminent *Vintner* at the *One-Tun-Tavern* in the *Strand*. He continued there but a little while, before he was as much dissatisfied

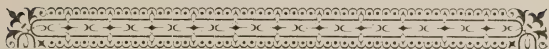
with that as he had been with Learning; so that leaving his Master, and leading an unsettled Kind of Life, he fell into great Debts, which, being unable to satisfy when demanded, he was arrested and thrown into the *Marshalsea*. Here for some time he continued in a very deplorable Condition, till by the Charitable assistance of a Friend, his Debt was Paid, and the Fees of the Prison discharged. After this he went into the *Mint*, where drinking accidentally at one of the *Tap-houses* in that infamous Place, and being very much out of Humour with the low and profligate Company he was obliged to converse with there, he took notice of a very genteel Man, who sat at the table by himself. He enquired of some of the Persons with whom he was Drinking who that Man was? They answered, that they could not tell themselves; he was lately come over for Shelter amongst them, he was a Gentleman, as Folks said, of much Learning; and though he never conversed with anybody, yet was kind enough to afford them his Assistance, either with his Pen, or by his Advice when they asked it. *Davis* on this Character, was very industrious to become his Acquaintance, and *Harman*, which was the other Man's Name, not having been able to meet with anybody there, with whom he could converse, readily embraced the Society of *Davis*, with whom comparing Notes, and finding their Case to be pretty much the same, they often condoled one another's Misfortunes, and as often projected between themselves how to gain some supply, without depending continually upon the Charity of their Friends. In the Meantime, *Davis* was so unfortunate as to fall ill of a languishing Distemper, which brought him so low as to oblige

him to apply for Relief to that Friend who had discharged him out of the *Marshalsea*. He was so good as to get him in *St. Thomas's Hospital*, and to supply him while there with whatever was necessary for his support. When he was so far recovered as to be able to go abroad, this kind and good Friend provided for him a Country habitation, where he might be able to live in Privacy and Comfort, and indulge himself in those Inclinations, which he began again to shew towards Learning. Some short time after he had been there, not being able to support longer that quiet kind of Life which before he did so earnestly desire, notwithstanding the entreaties of his Friends, he came up to *London* again, where falling into idle Company, he became addicted to those Vices of Drinking and following ill Women, things which before he had both detested and avoided. Not long after this, he again found out Mr. *Harman*, and renewed his Acquaintance with him. He enquired into his past Adventures, and how he had supported himself since they last had been together, and perceiving that they were far from being on the mending Hand with him, the fatal Proposal was at last made of going upon the Road, and there robbing such Persons as might seem best able to spare it, and at the same time furnish them with the largest Booty. The first Person they attacked was one *John Nichols*, Esq., from whom they took a Guinea and seventeen Shillings, with which they determined to make themselves easy a little, and not go that Week again upon such hazardous Exploits. But alas! their Resolutions had little Success, for that very Evening they were both apprehended, and on full Evidence at the next Sessions were convicted and received Sentence


of Death, within a very short Time after they had committed the Crime.

He all along flattered himself with the hopes of a Pardon or a Reprieve, and therefore was not perhaps so serious as he ought to have been, and as he would otherwise have been, not that those hopes made him either Licentious or Turbulent, but rather disturbed his Meditations, and hindered his getting over the Terrors which Death always brings to the unprepared. But when on his Name being in the Death Warrant, he found there was no longer any Hope, he then indeed applied himself without losing a Moment to the great concern of saving his Soul, now there was no hope of preserving his Body. However, neither his Education nor all the Assistance he could receive from those Divines that visited him, could bring him to bear the Approach of Death with any tolerable Patience. Even at the Place of Execution he endeavoured as much as he could to linger away the Time, spoke to the *Ordinary* to spin out the Prayers, and to the Executioner to forbear doing his Office as long as it was possible. However he spoke with great Kindness and Affection to his Companion, Mr. *Harman*, shook Hands with those who were his Companions in Death, and at last submitted to his Fate, being then about the 23rd year of his Age.





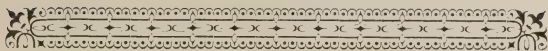
The Life of JAMES HARMAN, a Highwayman.

AMES HARMAN was the Son of a Merchant in the City of *London*, who took Care to furnish this his Son with such an Education as enabled him when about fourteen Years of Age, to be removed to the *University*. His Behaviour there, was like that of too many others, spent in Divertisements instead of Study, and in a progression of Vice, instead of improving in Learning. After having been there about three Years, and having run into such Debts as he saw no probability of Discharging, he was forced to leave it abruptly; and his Father, much grieved at this Behaviour, bought him an Ensign's Commission in the Army, where he continued in *Jones's* Regiment till it was disbanded. Then indeed being forced to live as he could, and the Assistance of Friends though large, yet no ways suited to his Expences, he became so plunged in Debt and other Misfortunes, that he was in necessity of going over to the *Mint*, where reflecting on his own Follies, he became very reserved and melancholy, and would probably have quite altered his Course of Life, if Opportunity had offered, or if he had not fallen into that Company, which, by a Similarity of Manners, induced him to fall into the Commission of such Crimes as would not probably otherwise have entered his Head. The Fact which he and the before mentioned *Davis* committed, was their first and last Attempt; but Mr.

Harman, all the Time he lay under Sentence without suffering himself to be amused by Expectations of Success from those Endeavours, which he knew his Friends used to save his Life, accustomed himself to the thoughts of Death, performing all the Duties requisite from a Person in his Condition, for atoning the Evils of a misspent Life, and making his Peace with that Being, from whom he had received so great a Capacity of doing well, and which he had so much abused.

Having spent the whole time of his Confinement after this Manner, he did not appear in any degree Shocked or Confounded, when his Name being in the Death Warrant, left him no room to doubt of what must be his Fate. At the Place of Execution, he appeared not only easy and serene, but with an Air of Satisfaction that could arise only from the Peace he enjoyed within. Being asked if he had anything to say to the People, he rose up, and turning towards them said, *I hope you will make that use of my being exposed to you as a Spectacle which the Law intends, and by the sight of my Death avoid such Acts, as may bring you hither with the same Justice as they do me.* He suffered about the 25th year of his Age, the 28th of *August*, 1724, at *Tyburn*.





The Life of JOHN LEWIS, alias LAURENCE, a Private Thief, Highwayman, &c.

ONE great Cause of that Degeneracy we observe amongst the lower Part of the human Species, arises from a Mistake which has generally prevailed in the Education of young People throughout all Ages. Parents are sometimes assiduous that their Children should read well, and write a good Hand, but they are seldom solicitous about their making a due Use of their Reason, and hardly ever enquire into the Opinions which while Children they entertain of Happiness or Misery; and the Paths which lead to either of them, the true and natural intent of all Education whatsoever, which can never tend to anything but teaching Persons how to live easily, and seducing their Affections to the Bounds prescribed them, by the Law of *God* and their Country.

John Lewis alias *Laurence*, had Parents who bred him an Apprentice to a *Butcher*. He took up his Freedom in the City, and worked for a considerable Space as a Journeyman. For his Honesty we have no Vouchers for any part of that Time; for in his Apprenticeship he fell into the Use of profligate Company, who taught him all those Vices which were destructive to his future Life; he grew fond of every thing which looked like Lewdness and Debauchery, drank hard, was continually idling about, but above all, with Strumpets the most abandoned, both in

their Manners and Discourse; these were the ultimate End of his Wishes, inasmuch as he would often say, *he had nothing to answer for in debauching modest Women, for they were a set of Creatures he could never so much as endure to converse with.*

His usual method of living with his Mistresses was thus : as soon as the Impudence and Lewdness of a Woman had made her infamous, even amongst the Hackney Coachmen, Pick-pockets, Foot-pads, and such others of his polite Acquaintance, then *Lewis* thought her a fit Person for his Turn, and used to live with them, for the Space perhaps of a Month ; then growing tired of them, he went to look for another. This Practice of his grew at last so well known, that he found it a little difficult to get Women who would take up with him upon his Terms ; but there was one *Moll Davis* who for her Dexterity in picking of Pockets amongst those of her own Tribe, went by the Name of *Diver*. This Woman was so great a Scandal to her Sex, that the most abandoned of that low Crew with whom he conversed, hated and despised her. With her *Lewis* went to live after his usual manner, and was very fond of her after his way for about a Fortnight. At the End of which he grew fractious, and in about nine Weeks time more beat her. *Moll* wept and took on at a sad Rate, for his Unkindness, and told him that if he would Promise faithfully never to live with any other Woman, she would fairly Present him with a couple of Hundred Pounds, which she had lodged in the Hands of an Uncle, who knew nothing of her Way of Life, but lived reputably at such a Place. This was the right Way of touching *Lewis's* Temper ; he began to put on as many good Looks as his Face

was capable of wearing, and made use of as many kind Expressions, as he could remember out of the *Academy of Compliments*, until the Day came that she was to meet her Uncle at *Smithfield Market*. They went then very lovingly together to an Inn upon the paved Stones, where *Moll* asked very readily at the Bar if Mr. *Tompkins*, which was the Name of her Uncle, was there. The Woman of the House made her a low Courtesy, and said, *he was only stepped over the Way to be shaved, and she would call him*; she went accordingly, and brought the grave old Man, who as soon as he came into the Room, said, *well Mary, is this thy Husband? Yes Sir*, answered she, *this is the Person I promised to bring you*; upon which the old Man thrust out his Hand, and said, *come Friend, as you have married my Niece, you and I must be better acquainted*. Lewis scraped him as good a Bow as he could, and giving his Hand in Return, the old Fellow laid hold on him somewhat above the Wrist, stamped with his Right-Foot, and then closing with him got him down; in the mean while half a Dozen Fellows broke into the Room, and one of them seizing him by the Arms, another pulled out a small Twine, and bound him, then shoving him down Stairs, they had no sooner got into *Smithfield*, than the Mob cried out, *here's the Rogue, here's the Dog, that held a Penknife to the old Grazier's Throat, while a Woman and another Man robbed him*. It seems the Story was true of *Moll*, who by thus taking and then swearing it upon *Lewis*, who had never so much as heard of it, escaped with Impunity, and besides that got five Guineas for her Pains from the old Man's Brother, who upon this Occasion played the Part of her Uncle. If the *Grazier* had been a

warm rash Man, *Lewis* had certainly hanged for the Fact, but he looking hard upon him at his Trial, told the Court, he was sure that was not the Man ; for though his Eyes were not very good, he could easily distinguish his Voice ; and added, that the Man who robbed him was taller than himself, whereas *Lewis* was much shorter ; by which means he had the good Luck to come off, though not without lying two *Sessions* in *Newgate*. As soon as he came abroad, he threatened *Moll Davis* hard for what she had done, and swore as soon as he could find her to cut her Ears off ; but she made light of that, and dared him to come and look for her at the *Brandy Shop* where she frequented. *Lewis* hearing that, resolved to go thither and beat her, and knowing the usual time of her coming thither to be about Eleven o'Clock at Night, he chose that time to come also. But *Moll*, the Day before, had made one of her Crew who had turned Evidence, put him into his Information, and the *Constables* and their Assistants being ready planted, they seized him directly, and carried him to his old lodgings in *Newgate*. He was acquitted upon this the next *Sessions*, there being no Evidence against him but the Informer ; but the Court ordered him to find Security for his good Behaviour ; that proved two Months' Work, so that in all it was a Quarter of a Year before he got out of *Newgate* for the second time. Hearing *Davis* had picked a Gentleman's Pocket of a considerable Sum, and kept out of the Way upon it, he resolved to be even with her for the Trouble she had cost him, and for that Purpose hunted through all her old Places of Resort, in order to find out how to have her apprehended. *Moll* hearing of it, got her Sister

who followed the same Trade with herself, to way-lay him at the *Brandy Shop* in *Fleet-street*; there *Susan* was very sweet upon him, and being as impudent as her Sister, *Lewis* resolved to take up with her, at least for a Night; but she pretended Reasons why he could not go home with her, and he complaining that he did not know where to get a Lodging, she gave him half a Crown and a large Silver Medal, which she said would pawn for five Shillings, and appointed to meet him the next Night at the same Place. *Lewis* in the Morning goes to a *Pawn-Broker* at *Houndsditch* with the Silver Piece: the *Broker* said, *he would take it into the next Room and weigh it*, and in about ten Minutes returned with a *Constable* and two Assistants, the Medal having been advertised in the Papers as taken with Eleven Guineas in a Green Purse out of a Gentleman's Pocket, and was the very Robbery for which *Moll Davis* kept out of the Way. When he got over this, he went down into the Country, and having been so often in *Prison* for nought, he resolved to merit it now for something; so on the *Gravesend Road* he went upon the Highway; and having been as I told you bred up a *Butcher*, the Weapon he made use of to rob with was his Knife; and the first Robbery he attempted was upon an old Officer, who was retired into that Part of the Country to live quiet. *Lewis* bolted out upon him from behind the Corner of a Hedge, and clapping a sharp pointed Knife to his Breast, and with a Volley of Oaths commanded him to deliver. This was new Language to the Gentleman to whom it was offered; yet seeing how great an Advantage the Villain had of him, he thought it the most prudent Method to comply, and gave him therefore a few

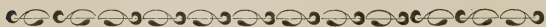
Shillings which were in his Coat-Pocket. *Lewis* very highly resented this, and told him he did not use him like a Gentleman, that he would search him himself ; in order to which, clapping his Knife into his Mouth as he used to do when preparing a Sheep for the *Shambles*, he fell to ransacking the Gentleman's Pockets. He had hardly got his Hand into one of them, but the Gentleman snatched the Knife out of his Mouth, and in the Wrench had almost broke his Jaw. *Lewis* hereupon took to his Heels, but the Country being raised upon him he was apprehended, just as he was going to take Water at *Gravesend* ; but his Pride in refusing the Gentleman's Silver, happened very lucky for him here ; for on his Trial at the next *Assizes*, the Indictment being laid for a Robbery, the Jury acquitted him, and he was once more put into a Road of doing well, which according to his usual Method he made to lead towards the Gallows.

The first Week he was out, he broke open a House in *Ratcliffe-Highway*, from whence he took but a small Quantity of Things, and those of small Value, because there happened to be nothing better in the Way. In a few Days after this, he snatched off a Woman's Pocket in the open Street, for which Fact, being immediately apprehended ; he was at the next Sessions at the *Old-Bailey*, tried and convicted, but by the Favour of the Court ordered for Transportation. A Woman, whom at this Time he called his Wife, happened to be under the like Sentence at the same Time ; they went therefore together, and were each of them of such turbulent Dispositions, that the Captain of the Transport thought fit to promise them in the most solemn Manner their Liberty as soon as they came on Shore in *Carolina*, provided

they would be but quiet. To this they agreed, and they kept their Word so well that the *Captain* performed his Promise, and released them at their Arrival in *South-Carolina*; upon which they made no long Stay there, but found a Method to come back in the same Ship; and upon Arrival in *England* they were actually Married. But they did not live long together. *Lewis* finding that she conversed with other Men, and being in Fear, least in Hopes of Favour, she should discover his return from Transportation, and by convicting him save herself, upon these apprehensions, he thought fit to go again to Sea, in a Ship bound for the *Straights*, but falling violently Sick at *Genoa*, they left him there; and though he might afterwards have gone to his Vessel, his old Thoughts and Wishes returned, and he took the Advantage of the first Ship to return to *England*. Here he found many of his old Acquaintance, carrying on the Business of Plunder in every Shape. He joined with them, and in their Company broke open with much Difficulty, an Ale-house in *Fore-street*, at the Sign of the *King of Hearts*, where they took a Dozen of Tankards, which they apprehended to be Silver; but finding upon Examination, they were no better than Pewter well Scoured, they judged there would be more Danger in selling them than they were worth; wherefore having first melted them, they threw them away; but being a little fearful of robbing in Company, he took to his old method of robbing by himself in the Streets. But the first attempt he made this Way, was in the Old *Artillery-Ground*, where he snatched a Woman's Pocket, and she crying out raised the Neighbourhood; they pursued him, and after wounding two or three Persons

desperately, he was taken and committed to his old Mansion in *Newgate*, and at the next Sessions being Tried, was found Guilty, and from that time could enjoy not the least hopes of Life. But he continued still very obdurate, being so hardened by a continual series of villanous Actions, that he seemed to have no Idea whatsoever of Religion, Penitence or atoning by Prayers, for the numerous Villanies he had committed.

At the Place of Execution he said nothing to the People, only that he was sorry he had not stayed in *Carolina*, because if he had; he should never have come to be hanged; and thus finished his Life in the same stupid manner in which he had lived, being near forty years of Age at the time he suffered, which was on the 27th of *June*, 1720.



The History of the Waltham Blacks, and their Transactions, to the Death of RICHARD PARVIN, EDWARD ELLIOT, ROBERT KINGSHELL, HENRY MARSHALL, JOHN PINK and EDWARD PINK, and JAMES ANSELL, alias PHILLIPS, at Tyburn, whose Lives are also included.



UCH is the unaccountable Folly which Reigns in too great a Part of the human Species, that by their own ill Deeds they make such Laws necessary for the Security of Men's Persons and Properties, as by their Severity, unless necessity compelled them, would appear cruel and inhuman; and doubtless, those Laws which we

esteem barbarous in other Nations, and even some which appear so though anciently practised in our own, had their rise from the same Cause. I am led to this Observation, from the Folly which certain Persons were guilty of, in making small Insurrections for the Sake only of getting a few Deer ; and going on, because they found the Lenity of the Laws could not Punish them at present, until they grew to that Height as to ride in armed Troops, blacked and disguised, in order the more to terrify those whom they assaulted, and wherever they were denied what they thought proper to demand, whether Venison, Wine, Money, or other Necessaries for their debauched Feasts, would by Letters threaten plundering and destroying with Fire and Sword, whomever they thought proper. These Villanies being carried on with a high Hand for some time, in the Year 1722 and 1723, their Insolence grew at last so intolerable, as to oblige the Legislature to make a new Law against all who thus went armed and disguised, and associated themselves together by the Name of *Blacks*, or entered into any other Confederacies to support and assist one another in doing Injury and Violence to the Persons and Properties of the *King's Subjects*.

By this Law it was enacted, *that after the first Day of June, 1723, whatever Persons armed with offensive Weapons, and having their Faces Blacked, or otherwise Disguised, should appear in any Forest, Park or Grounds enclosed with any Wall or Fence, wherein Deer were kept, or any Warren where Hares or Conies are kept, or in any Highway, Heath, or Down, or unlawfully hunt, kill, or steal any Red or Fallow Deer, or Rob any Warren, or steal Fish*

out of any Pond, or maliciously break down the Head of any Fishpond, or kill or wound Cattle, or set fire to any House or Outhouses, Stack, &c., or cut down or any otherways destroy Trees planted for Shelter or Profit, or shall maliciously Shoot at any Person, or send a Letter demanding Money or other valuable Things, shall rescue any Person in Custody of an Officer for any such Offences, or by Gift or Promise procure any one to join with them, shall be deemed guilty of Felony without Benefit of Clergy, and shall suffer pains of Death as Felons so convicted.

Nor was even this thought sufficient to remedy those Evils which the idle Follies of some rash Persons had brought about, but a Retrospect was also by the same Act had to offences heretofore committed, and all Persons who had committed any Crimes punishable by this Act, after the Second of February, 1722, were commanded to render Themselves before the 24th of July, 1723, to some Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's-Bench, or to some Justice of the Peace for the County where they lived, and there make a full and exact Confession of the Crimes of such a Nature which they had committed, the Times when, and the Places where, and Persons with whom, together with an Account of such Persons' places of Abode, as had with them been guilty as aforesaid, in order to their being thereupon apprehended and brought to Judgment according to Law, on Pain of being deemed *Felons*, without Benefit of Clergy, and suffering accordingly. But they were entitled to a free Pardon and Forgiveness, in case that before the 24th of July they surrendered and made such Discovery. Justices of the Peace by the said Act were required on any Information being

made before them, by one or more credible Persons, against any Person charged with any of the Offences aforesaid, to transmit it under their Hands and Seals, to one of his *Majesty's* principal *Secretaries of State*, who by the same Act is required to lay such Information and Return before his *Majesty* in Council, whereupon an Order is to issue for the Persons so charged, to surrender within forty Days, and in case he refuse or neglect to surrender within that Time, then from the Day in which the forty Days elapsed, he is to be deemed a *Felon* Convict, and Execution may be awarded as attainted of Felony by a Verdict. Every Person also, who after the time appointed for the Surrender of the Person, shall conceal, aid, or succour him, knowing the Circumstances in which he then stands, shall suffer Death as a *Felon*, without Benefit of *Clergy*. And that People might the more readily hazard their Persons for the apprehending such Offenders, it is likewise enacted, that if any Person shall be wounded so as to lose an Eye, or the use of any Limb in endeavouring to take persons charged with the Commission of Crimes within this Law, then on a Certificate from the Justices of the Peace, of his being so wounded, the *Sheriff* of the County is commanded within Thirty Days after the sight of such Certificate, to pay the said wounded Persons £50 under pain of forfeiting £10 on failure thereof; and in case any Person should be killed in seizing such Persons as aforesaid, then the said £50 is to be paid to the Executors of the Person so killed.

It cannot seem strange, that in Consequence of so extraordinary an Act of the Legislature, many of these presumptuous and silly People should be apprehended a considerable Number of them, having upon

their Apprehension been committed to *Winchester Gaol*, seven of them were by *Habeas Corpus* removed for the greater Solemnity of their Trial to *Newgate*, and for their Offences brought up and arraigned at the *King's Bench-Bar, Westminster*, where being convicted on full Evidence, all of them of Felony, and three of Murder, I shall inform ye, one by one, of what has come to my Hand in Relation to their Crimes, and the Manner and Circumstances with which they were Committed.

Richard Parvin was Master of a Public-house at *Portsmouth*, a Man of a dull and phlegmatic Disposition, who continually denied his having been in any manner concerned with these People, though the Evidence against him at his Trial was as full and as direct as possibly could have been expected, and he himself evidently proved to have been upon the Spot when the Violences committed by the other Prisoners were transacted. In Answer to this, he said, *that he was not with them, though indeed he was upon the Forest*, for which he gave this Reason: he had, he said, a very handsome young Wench who lived with him, and for that Reason was admired by many of his Customers. She took it in her Head one Day to run away; he hearing that She had fled across the Forest, pursued her, and in that Pursuit, calling at the House of Mr. *Parford*, who keeps an Ale-house on the *Forest*, this Man being an Evidence against the other *Blacks*, took him it seems into the Number, though as he said, he could fully have cleared himself, if he had had any Money to have sent for Witnesses out of *Berkshire*; but the Mayor of *Portsmouth* seizing (as soon as he was apprehended) on all his Goods, put his Family into

great Distress, and whether he could have found them or no, hindered his being able to produce any Witnesses at his Trial. He persevered in these Professions of his Innocency to the very last, still hoping for a Reprieve, and not only fed himself with such Expectations while in Prison, but also gazed earnestly when at the Tree, in hopes that a Pardon would be brought him, until the Cart drew away, and extinguished Life, and the desire of Life, together.

Edward Elliot, a Boy about seventeen Years of Age, whose Father was a *Tailor*, at a Village between *Petsworth* and *Guilford*, was the next who received Sentence of Death with *Parvin*. The Account he gave of his coming into this Society has something in it very odd, and which gives a fuller Idea of the strange whims which possessed these People. The Boy said that about a Year before his being apprehended, thirty or forty Men met him in the County of *Surrey*, and hurried him away, he who appeared to be the chief telling him that he enlisted him for the Service of the King of the *Blacks*, in pursuance of which he was to disguise his Face, obey Orders of whatsoever Kind they were, such as breaking down Fish-Ponds, burning Woods, shooting Deer, taking also an Oath to be true to them, or they by their *Art Magic* would turn him into a Beast, and as such would make him carry their Burthens, and live like a horse upon Grass and Water. And he said also, that in the Space of Time he continued with them, he saw several Experiments of their *Witchcraft*; for that once when two Men had offended them, by refusing to comply in taking their Oath and obeying their Orders, they caused

them immediately to be Blind-folded, and stopping them in Holes of the Earth up to their Chin, ran at them as if they had been Dogs, bellowing and barking as it were in their Ears, and when they had plagued them awhile in this ridiculous manner, took them out, and bid them remember how they offended any of the *Black Nation* again, for if they did, they should not escape so well as they had at present. He had seen them also, he said, oblige *Carters* to drive a good way out of the Road, and carry whatsoever *Venison* or other Thing they had plundered to the Places where they would have them, that the Men were generally so frightened with their Usage, and so terrified with the Oaths they were obliged to swear, that they seldom complained, or even spoke of their Bondage.

As to the Fact for which they died, *Elliot* gave this Account: *That in the Morning when that Fact was committed for which he died, Marshall, Kingshell, and four others, came to him and persuaded him to go to Farnham-Holt, and that he need not fear disobliging any Gentleman in the Country, some of whom were very kind to this Elliot: they persuaded him that certain Persons of Fortune were concerned with them, and would bear him harmless if he would go. He owned that at last he consented to go with them, but trembled all the Way, insomuch that he could hardly reach the Holt. While they were engaged in the Business for which they came, viz., killing the Deer, the Keepers came upon them. Elliot had wandered a considerable distance from his Companions after a Fawn, which he intended to send as a present to a young Woman at Guilford; him therefore they quickly seized and bound, and leaving him in that Condition,*

went in search of the Rest of his Associates. It was not long before they came up with them. The Keepers were Six, the Blacks were Seven in number; they fell warmly to it with Quarter-Staffs. The keepers unwilling to have Lives taken, advised them to retire; but upon their refusing, and Marshall's firing a gun, by which one of the keepers belonging to the Lady How was slain, they discharged a Blunderbuss, and shattered the Thigh of one Barber amongst the Blacks, upon which three of his Associates ran away, and the two others, Marshall and Kingshell, were taken, and so the fray for the present ended. Elliot lay bound all the while within hearing, and in the greatest Agonies imaginable, at the Consideration that whatever blood was spilt he should be as much answerable for it as those who shed it, in which he was not mistaken; for the Keepers returning after the Fight was over, carried him away bound, and he never had his Fetters off after, till the Morning of his Execution. He behaved himself very soberly, quietly, and with much seeming Penitence and Contrition. He owned the Justice of the Law in punishing him, and said, he more especially deserved to suffer, since at the Time of the committing this Fact, he was Servant to a Widow Lady, where he wanted nothing to make him happy or easy.

Robert Kingshell, was twenty-six Years old, and lived in the same House with his Parents, being Apprentice to his Brother, a *Shoe-maker*. His parents were very watchful over his Behaviour, and sought by every Method to prevent his taking ill Courses, or being guilty of any Debauchery whatever. The Night before this unhappy Accident fell out, as he and the Rest of the Family were sleeping in their

Beds, *Barber* made a Signal at his Chamber Window, it being then about eleven o'Clock. *Kingshell* upon this arose, and got softly out of the window. *Barber* took him upon his Horse, and away they went to the *Holt*, twelve Miles distant, calling in their Way upon *Henry Marshall*, *Elliot*, and the rest of their Accomplices. He said it was eight o'Clock in the Morning before the Keepers attacked them. He owned they bid them retire, and that he himself told them they would, provided the bound Man (*Elliot*) was released, and delivered into our hands; but that Proposition being refused, the Fight presently grew warm. *Barber's* Thigh was broke, and *Marshall* killed the Keeper with a shot. Being thereupon very hard pressed, three of their Companions ran away, leaving him and *Marshall* to fight it out, *Elliot* being already taken, and *Barber* disabled. It was not long before they were in the same unhappy Condition with their Companions. From the Time of their being apprehended, *Kingshell* laid aside all hopes of Life, and applied himself with great Fervency and Devotion, to enable him in what alone remained for him to do, *viz.*, *dying decently*.

Henry Marshall, about thirty-six Years of Age, the unfortunate Person by whose Hand the Murder was committed, seemed to be the least sensible of the Evils he had done, although such was the Pleasure of *Almighty God*, that till the Day before his Execution, he neither had his Senses nor the use of his Speech. When he recovered it, and a Clergyman represented to him the horrid Crime of which he had been guilty, he was so far from shewing any deep Sense of that Crime of shedding innocent Blood, that he made light of it, said *sure he might stand*

upon his own Defence, and was not bound to run away and leave his Companions in Danger. This was the Language he talked for the Space of twenty-four Hours before his Death, in which he enjoyed the Use of Speech, and so far was he from thanking those who charitably offered him their Admonitions, that he said, he had not forgot himself, but had already taken Care of what he thought necessary for his Soul. However, he did not attempt in the least to prevaricate, but fairly acknowledged that he committed the Fact for which he died, though nothing could oblige him to speak of it in any Manner as if he was sorry for, or repented of it, farther than for having occasioned his own Misfortunes. So strong is the Prejudice which vulgar Minds acquire by often repeating to themselves and in Company certain Positions, however ridiculous and false, and sure nothing could be more so, than for a Man to fancy he had a right to imbrue his Hands in the Blood of another, who was in the execution of his Office, and endeavouring to hinder them in the Commission of an illegal Act.

These of whom I have last spoken, were altogether concerned in the before-mentioned Fact, which was attended with Murder. But we are now to speak of the Rest who were concerned in the felony only, for which they, with the above-mentioned *Parvin*, suffered. Of these there were two Brothers, whose Names were *John* and *Edward Pink*, Carters in *Portsmouth*, and always accounted honest and industrious fellows, before this Accident happened. They did not however deny their being guilty, but on the Contrary ingenuously confessed the Truth of what was Sworn, and mentioned some other Circum-

stances than those produced at the Trial which attended their committing it. They said that they met *Parvin's* House-Keeper upon the Road; that they forced her to cut the Throat of a Deer which they had just taken upon *Bear Forest*, gave her a Dagger which they forced her to wear, and to ride cross legged with Pistols before her. In this Dress they brought her to *Parford's* House upon the Forest, where they dined upon a Haunch of Venison, feasted merrily, and after Dinner sent out two of their Companions to kill more Deer, not in the *King's Forest*, but in *Waltham Chase*, belonging to the Bishop of *Winchester*. One of these two Persons they called their *King*, and the other they called *Lyon*. Neither of these Brothers objected anything, either to the Truth of the Evidence, or the Justice of the Sentence passed upon them, only one insinuating that the Evidence would not have been so strong against him and *Ansell*, if it had not been for running away with the Witness's Wife, which so provoked him that they were sure they should not Escape when he was admitted a Witness. These like the rest were hard to be persuaded that the Things they had committed were any Crimes in the Eyes of God; said, Deer were wild Beasts, and they did not see why the Poor had not as good a Right to them as the Rich. However, as the Law condemned them to suffer, they were bound to submit, and in Consequence of that Notion, behaved themselves very orderly, decently, and quietly, while under Sentence.

James Ansell, alias *Stephen Phillips*, the seventh and last of these unhappy Persons, was a Man addicted to a worse and more profligate Life than any

of the rest had ever been ; for he had held no settled Employment, but had been a loose disorderly Person, concerned in all sorts of Wickedness for many Years, both at *Portsmouth*, *Guilford*, and other Country Towns, as well as in *London*. Deer were not the only things that he had dealt in ; stealing, and robbing on the Highway had been formerly his Employment ; and in becoming a *Black*, did not, as the others, ascend in Wickedness, but came down on the contrary a step Lower. Yet this Criminal, as his Offences were greater, so his Sense of them was much stronger than in any of the Rest, excepting *Kingshell*, for he gave over all Manner of Hopes of Life and all Concerns about it as soon as he was taken. Yet even he had no Notion of Making Discoveries, unless they might be beneficial to himself, and though he owned the Knowledge of Twenty Persons who were notorious Offenders in the same Kind, he absolutely refused to name them, since such naming would not procure himself a Pardon. Talking to him of the Duty of doing Justice was beating the Air ; he said, he thought there was no Justice in taking away other People's Lives, unless it was to save his own. Yet no sooner was he taxed about his own going on the Highway than he confessed it, said, he knew very well Bills would have been preferred against him at *Guilford* Assizes, in Case he had got off at the *King's-Bench*, but that he did not greatly value them ; though formerly he had been guilty of some Facts in that way, yet they could not all now be proved, and he should have found it no difficult matter to have demonstrated his Innocency of those then charged upon him, of which he was not really Guilty, but owed his being thought

so to a profligate Course of Life he had for some Time led, and his Aversion to all honest Employments. As bold as the whole Gang of these Fellows appeared, yet what with Sickness, what with the Apprehension of Death, they were so terrified, that not one of them but *Ansell* alias *Philips*, was able to stand up, or speak at the Place of Execution, many who saw them there, affirming, that some of them were dead even before they were turned off. As an Appendix to the melancholy History of these seven miserable and unhappy Persons, I will add a Letter written at that Time by a Gentleman of the County of *Essex*, to his Friend in *London*, containing a more particular Account of the Transactions of these People, than I have seen anywhere else, wherefore without any further Preface, I shall leave it to speak for itself.

A Letter to Mr. C. D. in London.

DEAR SIR,

"Amongst the odd Accidents which you know have happened to me in the course of a very unsettled Life, I don't know any which hath been more extraordinary or surprizing, than one I met with in going down to my own House, when I left you last in Town. You cannot but have heard of the Waltham Blacks, as they are called, a Set of whimsical merry Fellows, that are so mad to run the greatest Hazards for the Sake of a Haunch of Venison, and passing a jolly Evening together.

For my part, though the Stories told of these People have reached my Ears, yet I confess I took most of them for Fables, and thought that if there was Truth

in any of them it was much exaggerated; but Experience (the Mistress of Fools) has taught me the Contrary, by the Adventure I am going to relate to you, which though it ended well enough at last, I confess at first put me a good deal out of Humour. To begin, then, my Horse got a Stone in his Foot, and therewith went so lame just as I entered the Forest, that I really thought his Shoulder slipped; finding it, however, impossible to get him along, I was even glad to take up at a little blind Ale-House, which I perceived had a Yard and Stable behind it. The Man of the House received me very civilly, but when he perceived my Horse was so lame as scarce to be able to stir a Step, I observed he grew uneasy. I asked him whether I could lodge there that Night; he told me no, he had no Room. I desired him then to put something to my Horse's Foot, and let me sit up all Night, for I was resolved not to spoil a Horse which cost me twenty Guineas, by riding him in such a Condition in which he was at present. The Man made me no Answer. However we came into the House together, and I proposed the same Questions to the Wife. She dealt more roughly and more freely with me, and told me that truly I neither could nor should stay there, and was for hurrying her Husband to get my Horse out. However, on putting a Crown into her Hand, and promising her another for my Lodging, she began to consider a little, and at last told me that there was indeed a little Bed above Stairs, on which she would order a clean Pair of Sheets to be put, for she was persuaded I was more of a Gentleman than to take any Notice of what I saw pass there. This made me more uneasy than I was before; I concluded now I was got amongst a Den of Highwaymen, and expected nothing less than to be robbed and my

Throat cut. However, finding there was no Remedy, I even set myself down and endeavoured to be as easy as I could. By this Time it was very dark, and I heard three or four Horse-men alight and lead their Horses into the Yard. As the Men returned and were coming into the Room where I was, I overheard my Landlady say, Indeed Brother you need not be uneasy, I am positive the Gentleman is a Man of Honour; to which I heard another Voice reply, what good could our Death do to any Stranger? Faith, I don't apprehend half the Danger you do; I dare say the Gentleman would be glad of our Company, and we should be pleased with his; come, hang Fear, I'll lead the Way. So said, so done, in they came, Five of them, all disguised so effectually, that I declare unless it were in the same Disguise, I should not be able to distinguish any one of them. Down they sat, and he who I suppose was constituted their Captain pro hac Vice, accosted me with great Civility, and asked me, if I would honour them with my Company to Supper; I acknowledge I did not yet guess the Profession of my new Acquaintance. But supposing my Landlord would be cautious of suffering either a Robbery or a Murder in his own House, I know not how, but by Degrees my Mind grew perfectly easy. About Ten o'Clock I heard a very great Noise of Horses, and soon after of Men's Feet trampling in a Room over my Head, then my Landlord came down and informed us, Supper was just ready to go upon the Table. Upon this, we were all desired to walk up; and he, whom I before called the Captain, presented me with a humorous kind of Ceremony to a Man more disguised than the Rest, who sat at the upper End of the Table, telling me at the same time, he

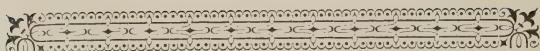
hoped I would not refuse to pay my Respects to Prince Oroonoko, King of the Blacks. It then immediately struck into my Head, who those worthy Persons were, into whose Company I was thus accidentally fallen. I called myself a thousand Blockheads in my Mind for not finding it out before; but the hurry of things, or to speak the Truth, the Fear I was in, prevented my judging even from the most evident Signs. As soon as our awkward Ceremony was over, Supper was brought in. It consisted of eighteen Dishes of Venison in every Shape, roasted, boiled with Broth, hashed Collups, Pasties, Umble Pies, and a large Haunch in the Middle larded. The Table we sat at was very large, and the Company in all Twenty-one Persons. At each of our Elbows there was set a Bottle of Claret. The Man and Woman of the House sat down at the lower End. Two or three of the Fellows had good natural Voices, and so the evening was spent as merrily as the Rakes pass theirs at the King's Arms, or the City Apprentices, with their Masters' Maids at Sadler's Wells. About Two the Company seemed inclined to break up, having first assured me that they should take my Company as a Favour any Thursday Evening, if I came that Way. I confess I did not sleep all Night with reflecting on what had passed, and could not resolve with myself whether these humorous Gentlemen in Masquerade were to be ranked under the denomination of Knights Errants or plain Robbers. This I must tell you, by the bye, that with Respect both to Honesty and Hardship; their Life resembles much that of the Hussars, since drinking is all their Delight, and plundering their Employment.

Before I conclude my Epistle, it is fit I should inform you, that they did me the Honour, with a Design

perhaps to have received me into their Order, of acquainting me with those Rules by which their Society was governed. In the first Place, their Black Prince assured me that their Government was perfectly Monarchical, and that when upon Expeditions, he had an absolute Command, but in the time of Peace (continued he) and at the Table, Government being no longer necessary, I condescend to eat and drink familiarly with my Subjects as Friends. We admit no Man (continued he) into our Society, until he has been twice drunk with us, that we may be perfectly acquainted with his Temper, in compliance with the old Proverb, Women, Children, and drunken Folks speak Truth; but if the Person who sues to be admitted, declares solemnly he was never drunk in his Life, and it appears plainly to the Society in such Case, this Rule is dispensed with, and the Person before Admission is only bound to converse with us a Month. As soon as we have determined to admit him, he is then to equip himself with a good Mare or Gelding, a Brace of Pistols, and a Gun of the Size of this, to lie on the Saddle Bow; then he is sworn upon the Horns over the Chinney, and having a new name conferred by the Society, is thereby entered upon the Roll, and from that Day forward considered as a lawful Member. He went on with abundance more of their wise Institutions, which I think are not of Consequence enough to tell you, and shall only remark one thing more, which is the Phrase they make use of in speaking of one another, viz: He is a very honest Fellow, and one of us. For you must know it is the first Article in their Creed, that there's no Sin in Deer-stealing. In the Morning, having given my Landlady the other Crown Piece, I found her Temper so much altered for

the better, that in my Conscience I believe she was not in the humour to have refused me anything, no, not even the last Favour ; and so walking down the Yard and finding my Horse in pretty tolerable Order, I speeded directly home, as much in Amaze at the new People I had discovered, as the Duke of Alva's Huntsmen when they found an undiscovered Nation in Spain, by following their Master's Hawk over the Mountains. You see I have taken a great Deal of Pains in my Letter. Pray in Return, let me have as long a one from you, and let me see if all your London Rambles can produce such another Adventure."

Before I leave these People, I think it proper to acquaint my Readers, that their Folly was not to be extinguished by a single Execution ; there were a great many young Fellows of the same Stamp, who were Fools enough to forfeit their Lives upon the same Occasion. However, the Humour did not run very long, though some of them were impudent enough to murder a Keeper or two afterwards. Yet in the Space of a Twelvemonth the whole Nation of the *Blacks* was extinguished, and these *Country Rakes* were content to play the Fool upon easier Terms. The last Blood that was shed on either Side was that of a Keeper's Son, at *Old Windsor*, whom some of these wise People fired at as he looked out of Window. By this means they drew on their own Ruin, and that of several numerous Families, by which the Country was put in such Terror that we have heard nothing of them since, though this Act of Parliament, as I shall tell you, has been by Construction extended to some other Criminals who were not strictly speaking of the same kind as the *Waltham Blacks*.



The Life of JULIAN, a Black-Boy, an Incendiary.

FROM speaking of artificial *Blacks*, I come now to relate the unhappy Death of one who was naturally of that Colour. This poor Creature's Name was *Julian*. At the time of his Execution he seemed to be about sixteen Years of Age. He had been stolen while young from his Parents at *Madras*. He still retained both his *Pagan* Ignorance in respect to Religion and our Language. He was brought over by one Captain *Dawes*, who presented him to Mrs. *Elizabeth Turner*, where he was used with the greatest Tenderness and Kindness, often calling him into dance and sing after his Manner before Company ; and he himself acknowledged that he had never been so happy in his Life as he was there. Yet on a Sudden, he stole about twenty or thirty Guineas, and then placing a Candle under the Sheets, left it burning to fire the House, and consume the Inhabitants in it. Of this, upon full Proof and his own Confession made before Sir *Francis Forbes* and Mr. *Turner*, he was convicted. While he remained under Sentence, he was often heard to mumble in reproachful and revengeful Terms to himself. However, before his Death he learned *the Lord's Prayer*, and when it was demanded whether he would be a *Christian*, he assented with great Joy, which arose it seems from his having heard the common foolish Opinion that *Blacks* when christened are to be set free. However, christened he was, and

received at his *Baptism* the Name of *John*. The Place in which he was confined being very damp, the Boy having nothing to lay on but a Coat, caught so great a Cold in his Limbs that he almost lost the Use of them before his Death, and continued in a State of great Pain and Weakness, insomuch that when he was told he must prepare for his Execution, he determined with himself to prevent it, and for that Purpose desired one of the Prisoners to lend him a Pen-Knife. But the Man it seems had more Grace than to grant his Request, and he ended his Life at *Tyburn* according to his Sentence.



*The Life of ABRAHAM DEVAL, a Lottery Ticket
Forger.*

ABRAHAM DEVAL, who had been a Clerk to the *Lottery-Office*, at last took it into his Head to coin Tickets for himself, and had such good Luck therein, that he at one time counterfeited a Certificate for £52 12s. for seven Blank Lottery Tickets, in the Year 1723. Two or three other Facts of the same Nature he perpetrated with the like success; but happening to counterfeit two Blank Tickets of the Lottery, in the Year in which he died, they were discovered, and he was thereupon apprehended and tried at the *Old-Bailey*. On the first Indictment, he was for want of Evidence acquitted, upon which he behaved himself with great insolence, lolled out his Tongue at the Court, and told them, *he did not value the second Indictment*, but

herein he happened to be mistaken, for the Jury found him guilty of that Indictment, and thereupon he received Sentence of Death accordingly.

Notwithstanding that Impudence with which he had treated the Court at his Trial, he complained very loudly of their not showing him Favour; nay, he even pretended that he had not Justice done him, which he grounded upon this Score: the Ticket he was indicted for was No. 39, in the 651st course of Payment. Now it seems in the searching his Brother-in-Law *Parson's* Room, the original Ticket was found, though very much torn, from whence *Deval* would have had it taken to be no more than a *Duplicate*, and much blamed his Counsel for not insisting long enough upon this Point, which if he had done, *Deval* entertained a strong Opinion that he could not have been convicted.

The apprehension of this, and the uneasiness he was under with his Irons, made him pass his last Moments with great unquietness and discontent. He said it was against Law to put Men in Irons; that fettering *English* Subjects, except they attempted to break Prisons, was altogether illegal. But after having raved at this Rate for a small Space, when he found it did him no Good, and there were no Hopes of a Reprieve, he even began to settle himself to the Performance of those Duties which became a Man in his sad Condition; and when he did apply himself thereto, nobody could appear to have a juster sense than he of that miserable and sad Condition into which the Folly and Wickedness of his Life had brought him. It is certain the Man did not want Parts, though sometimes he applied them to the worst of Purposes, and was cursed with an insolent

and overbearing Temper, which hindered him from being loved or respected anywhere, and which never did him any Service, but in the last Moments of his Life, where if it had not been for the Severity of his Behaviour, *Julian* the *Black-Boy*, would have been very troublesome, both to him and to the other Person who was under Sentence at the same Time. At the Place of Execution, *Deval* owned the Fact, but wished the Spectators to consider whether for all that he was legally convicted, and so suffered in the thirtieth year of his Age.



The Life of JOSEPH BLAKE, *alias* BLUESKIN, *a Foot-Pad and Highwayman.*



S there is Impudence and Wickedness enough in the Lives of most Malefactors to make Persons of a sober Education and Behaviour wonder at the depravity of human Nature, so there are sometimes superlative Rogues, who in the infamous Boldness of their Behaviour as far exceed the ordinary Class of Rogues as they do honest People; and whenever such a Monster as this appears in the World, there are enough Fools to gape at him, and to make such a Noise and Outcry about his Conduct, as is sure to invite others of the Gang to imitate the Obstinacy of his Deportment, through that false Love of Fame which seems inherent to human Nature. Amongst the Number of these, *Joseph Blake*, better known by his Nick-Name of *Blueskin*, always deserves to be

remembered, as one who thought Wickedness the greatest Achievement, and studiously took the Paths of Infamy to become famous.

By Birth he was a Native of the City of *London*. His Parents, being Persons in tolerable Circumstances, kept him six Years at School, where he did not learn half as much Good from his Master as he did Evil from his School-Fellow *William Blewit*, from whose Lessons he Copied so well that all his Education signified Nothing. He absolutely refused when he came from School to go to any Employment, but on the contrary set up for a Robber when he was scarce Seventeen. But from that Time to the Day of his Death, he was unsuccessful in all his Undertakings, hardly ever committing the most trivial Fact, but he experienced for it, either the Humanity of the Mob, or of the Keepers of *Bridewell*, out of which or some other Prison, he could hardly keep his Feet for a Month together. He fell into the Gang of *Lock, Wilkinson, Carrick, Lincoln* and *Daniel Carrol*. As to the last, having so often had Occasion to mention him, perhaps my Readers may be desirous to know what became of him. I shall therefore inform them that after *Carrick* and *Malony* were executed for robbing Mr. *Young*, as has been before related, he fled home to his own native Country, *Ireland*. where for a While making a great Figure, till he had exhausted what little Wealth he had brought over with him from *England*, he was obliged to go again upon the old Method to supply him. But Street-robbing being a very new thing at *Dublin*, it so alarmed that City, that they never ceased pursuing him, and one or two more who joined with him, until catching them one Night at their Employment, they

pursued *Carrol* so closely, that he was obliged to come to a close Engagement with a Thieftaker, and was killed upon the Spot. But to return to *Blake*, alias *Blueskin*. Being one Night out with this Gang, they robbed one Mr. *Clark* of 8s. and a Silver-hilted Sword, just as Candles were going to be Lighted. A Woman looking accidentally out of a Window, perceived it, and cried out, Thieves. *Wilkinson* fired a Pistol at her, which (very luckily) upon her drawing in her Head, grazed upon the Stone of the Window, and did no other Mischief. *Blake* was also in the Company of the same Gang, when they attacked Captain *Langley* at the corner of *High-Park Road*, as he was going to the *Camp*, but the Captain behaved himself so well, that notwithstanding they shot several Times through and through his Coat, yet they were not able to Rob him. Not long after this, *Wilkinson* being apprehended, impeached a large number of Persons, and with them *Joseph Blake* and *William Lock*. *Lock* hereupon made a fuller discovery than the other before Justice *Blackerby*, in which Information there was contained no less than seventy Robberies, upon which he also was admitted a Witness, and named *Wilkinson*, *Lincoln*, *Carrick* and *Carrol*, with himself, to have been the five Persons who murdered *Peter Martin*, the *Chelsea Pensioner*, by the *Park-Wall*, upon which *Wilkinson* was apprehended, tried and convicted; notwithstanding the Information he had before given, which was thereby totally set aside, so that *Blake* himself became now an Evidence against the rest of his Companions, and discovered about a dozen Robberies which they had committed. Amongst these there was a very remarkable one; two Gentlemen in Hunting Caps,

were together in a Chariot on the *Hampstead-Road*, from whom they took two gold Watches, Rings, Seals, and other Things to a considerable Value. *Junks*, alias *Levee*, laying his Pistol down by the Gentlemen all the while he searched them, yet they wanted either the Courage or the Presence of Mind to seize and prevent their losing Things of so great Value. Not long after this, *Oakey*, *Junks* and this *Blake*, stopped a single Man with a Link before him in *Fig-Lane*, and he not surrendering so easily as they expected, *Junks* and *Oakey* beat him over the Head with their Pistols, and then left him wounded in a terrible Condition, taking from him one Guinea and one Penny. A very short Time after this, *Junks*, *Oakey*, and *Flood*, were apprehended and executed for robbing Colonel *Cope* and Mr. *Young* of that very Watch, for which *Carrick* and *Malony* had been before executed, *Joseph Blake* being the Evidence against them.

After this hanging Work of his Companions, he thought himself not only entitled to Liberty but Reward; herein however he was mightily mistaken, for not having surrendered willingly and quietly, but being taken after long Resistance and when he was much wounded, there did not seem to be the least Foundation for this confident Demand. He remained still a Prisoner in the *Wood-street* Compter, obstinately refusing to be transported for seven Years, but insisting that as he had given Evidence, he ought to have his Liberty. However, the *Magistrates* were of another Opinion. At last, procuring two Men to be bound for his good Behaviour, he was carried before a worthy *Alderman* of the City and there discharged; at which Time, some-

body there present asking how long might be given him before they should see him again at the *Old-Bailey*? A Gentleman made answer, in about three Sessions, in which time it seems he guessed very right, for the third Sessions from thence *Blake* was indeed brought to the Bar.


For no sooner were his Feet at Liberty, but his Hands were employed in Robbing, and having picked up *Jack Shepherd* for a Companion, they went out together to search for Prey in the Fields. Near the Half-Way House to *Hampstead*, they met with one *Pargiter*, a Man pretty much in Liquor, whom immediately *Blake* knocked down into the Ditch, where he must have inevitably have perished, if *John Shepherd* had not kept his Head above the Mud with great Difficulty. For this Fact, the next Sessions after it happened, the two Brothers *Brightwells* in the Guards were tried, and if a Number of Men had not sworn them to have been upon Duty at the Time the Robbery was committed, they had certainly been convicted, the Evidence of the Prosecutor being direct and full. Through the Grief of this the elder *Brightwell* died in a week after he was released from his Confinement, and so did not live to see his Innocence fully cleared by the Confession of *Blake*.

A very short space after this, *Blake* and his Companion *Shepherd* committed the Burglary together in the House of Mr. *Kneebone*, where *Shepherd* getting into the House, let in *Blake* at the back Door and stripped the House to a considerable Value. For this, both *Shepherd* and he were apprehended, and the Sessions before *Blake* was convicted, his Companion received Sentence of Death, but at the Time

Blake was taken up, had made his Escape out of the condemned Hole. He behaved with great Impudence at his Trial, and when he found nothing would save him, he took the Advantage of *Jonathan Wild* coming to speak with him, to cut the said *Wild's* Throat, a large Gash from the Ear beyond the Wind-pipe, of which Wound *Wild* languished a long time; and happy had it been for him if *Blake's* Wound had proved fatal, for then *Jonathan* had escaped Death by a more dishonourable Wound in the Throat than that of a Pen-Knife. But the Number of his Crimes and the Spleen of his Enemies procured him a worse Fate. Whatever *Wild* might deserve of others, he seems to have merited better Usage from this *Blake*; for while he continued a Prisoner in the Comptor, *Jonathan* was at the Expense of curing his Wound, allowed him Three Shillings and Sixpence a Week, and after his last Misfortune promised him a good Coffin, and actually furnished him with Money to support him in *Newgate*, and several good Books, if he would have made any Use of them. But because he freely declared to *Blueskin*, there was no Hopes of getting him transported, the bloody Villain determined to take away his Life, and was so far from showing any Signs of Remorse, when he was brought up again to *Newgate*, that he declared that if he had thought of it before, he would have provided such a Knife as should have cut his Head off.

At the Time that he received Sentence, there was a Woman also condemned, and they being placed as usual, in what is called *Bail-Dock* at the *Old-Baili*, *Blake* offered such Rudeness to the Woman, that she cried out and alarmed the whole Bench. All the

time he lay under Condemnation, he appeared utterly thoughtless and insensible of his approaching Fate. Though from the Cutting of *Wild's* Throat, and from some other Barbarities of the same Nature, he acquired amongst the Mob the Character of a brave Fellow; yet he was in himself but a mean spirited timorous Wretch, and never exerted himself, but either through Fury and Despair. His Cowardice appeared manifest in his Behaviour at his Death; he wept much at the Chapel the Morning he was to die; and though he drank deeply to drive away Fear, yet at the Place of Execution he wept again, trembled, and shewed all the Signs of a timorous Confusion, as well he might, who had lived wickedly and trifled with his Repentance to the Grave. There was Nothing in his Person extraordinary; a dapper, well set Fellow, of great Strength, and great Cruelty, equally detested by the sober Part of the World, for the audacious Wickedness of his Behaviour, and despised by his Companions for the Villanies he committed even against them. He was executed in the 28th Year of his Age, on the 11th of November, 1724.



*The Life of the famous JOHN SHEPHERD, Foot-pad,
House-breaker, and Prison-breaker.*



AMONGST the Prodigies of ingenious Wick-
edness and artful Mischief, which have
surprised the World in our Time, perhaps
none has made so great a Noise as *John
Shepherd*, the Malefactor of whom we are now to

speak. His Father's Name was *Thomas Shepherd*, who was by Trade a *Carpenter*, and lived in *Spittle-Fields*, a Man of an extraordinary good Character, and who took all the Care his narrow Circumstances would allow that his Family might be brought up in the Fear of God, and in just Notions of their Duty towards their Neighbour. Yet he was so unhappy in his Children, that both this Son *John* and another took to ill Courses, and both in their Turn have been convicted at the Bar of the *Old Bailey*.

After the Father's Death, his Widow did all she could to get this unfortunate Son of hers admitted into *Christ's Hospital*, but failing of that, she got him bred up at a School in *Bishopsgate-Street*, where he learned to read, and might in all probability have got a good Education, if he had not been too soon removed, being put out to a Trade, *viz.*, that of a *Cane-Chair Maker*, who used him very well, and with whom probably he might have lived honestly; but his Master dying in a short time afterwards, he was put to another, a much younger Man, who used him so harshly, that in a little time he ran away from him, and was put to another Master, one *Mr. Wood*, in *Witch-Street*, from whose Kindness and that of *Mr. Kneebone's*, whom he robbed, he was taught to write, and had many other Favours done him by that Gentleman, whom he so ungratefully treated. But good usage or bad, it was grown all alike to him now; he had given himself up to all the sensual Pleasures of low Life. Drinking all day, and getting to some impudent and notorious Strumpet at Night, was the whole Course of his life for a considerable Space, without the least Reflection on what a miserable Fate it might bring upon him here, much less

the Judgment that might be passed upon him hereafter.

Amongst the Chief of his Mistresses there was one *Elizabeth Lion*, commonly called *Edgeworth Bess*, the Impudence of whose Behaviour was shocking even to the greatest Part of *Shepherd's* Companions; but it seems it charmed him so much, that he suffered her for a while to direct him in every Thing. She was the first who engaged him in taking base Methods to obtain Money wherewith to purchase baser Pleasures. This *Lion* was a large *masculine* Woman, and *Shepherd* a very slight limbed Lad, so that whenever he had been drinking and came to her quarrelsome, *Bess* often beat him into better Temper, though *Shepherd* upon other Occasions manifested his wanting neither Courage nor Strength. Repeated Quarrels however with *Shepherd* and his Mistress, as it does often with People of better Rank, created such Coldness, that they spoke not together sometimes for a Month. But our Robber could not be so long without some fair one to take up his Time, and drive his Thoughts from the Consideration of his Crimes, and the Punishment which might one Day befall them.

The Creature he picked out to supply the Place of *Betty Lion*, was one Mrs. *Maggott*, a woman somewhat less boisterous in her Temper, but fully as wicked. She had a very great Contempt for *Shepherd*, and only made Use of him to go and steal Money, or what might yield Money, for her to spend in Company that she liked better. One Night when *Shepherd* came to her, and told her he had pawned the last thing he had for half a Crown, prithee says she, *don't tell me such melancholy Stories, but think*

how you may get more Money. I have been in White-Horse-Yard this Afternoon, there's a Piece-Broker there worth a great Deal of Money; he keeps his Cash in a Drawer under the Counter; and there's abundance of good Things in his Shop that would be fit for me to wear. A Word, you know, to the Wise is enough; let me see now how soon you'll put me in Possession of them. This had the Effect she desired. *Shepherd* left her about one o'Clock in the Morning, went to the House she talked of, took up the Cellar Window bars, and from thence entered the Shop, which he plundered of Money and Goods, to the amount of £22, and brought it to his *Doxey* the same Day before she was stirring, who appeared thereupon very well satisfied with his Diligence, and helped him in a short Time to squander what he had so dearly earned. However, he still retained some Affection for his old Favourite *Bess Lion*, who being taken up for some of her Tricks, was committed to *St. Giles's* Round-House, where *Shepherd* going to see her, broke the Doors open, beat the Keeper, and like a true *Knight Errant* set his distressed *Paramour* at Liberty, which heroic Act got him so much Reputation amongst the fair Ladies in *Drury-Lane*, that there was nobody of his Profession so much esteemed by them as *John Shepherd*, which his Brother *Thomas*, who had taken to the same Trade, observing, and being himself in tolerable Estimation, with that debauched part of the Sex, he importuned some of them to speak to his Brother *John* to lend him a little Money, and for the future to allow him to go out a Robbing with him. To both these Propositions, *Jack* being a kind Brother as he himself said, consented at the first Word, and from thenceforward the

two Brothers were always of one Party, *Jack* having (as he impudently phrased it) lent him Forty Shillings to put himself in proper Plight for it, and having soon after their being together broke open an Ale-house, where they got a tolerable Booty, *John*, in a high Fit of Generosity, presented it all to his Brother, as soon after he did Clothes to a very considerable Extent, that the young Man might not appear among the Damsels of *Drury-Lane* unbecoming Mr. *Shepherd's* Brother. In about three Weeks after their coming together, they broke open a Linen Draper's Shop, near *Clare Market*, where the Brothers made good use of their Time; for they were not in the House above a Quarter of an Hour, before they made a Shift to strip it of £50; but the younger Brother acting imprudently in disposing of some of the Goods, he was detected and apprehended, upon which the first thing he did was to make a full Discovery, to impeach his Brother, and as many of his Confederates as he could. *Jack* was very quickly apprehended upon his Brother's Information, and was committed by Justice *Parry* to the *Round-house*, for further Examination, but *Jack*, instead of waiting for that, began to examine the Strength of the Place of his Confinement, which being much too weak for a Fellow of his Capacity, he marched off before Night, and committed a Robbery into the Bargain, but vowed to be revenged on *Tom* who had so basely behaved dimself (as *Jack* phrased it) toward so good a Brother. However that Information going off, *Jack* went on in his old way as usual. One Day in *May*, he and *J. Benson* being in *Leicester-Fields*, *Benson* attempted to get a Gentleman's Watch, but missing his pull, the Gentleman perceived it, and

raised a Mob, where *Shepherd* passing briskly to save his Companion, was apprehended in his stead, and being carried before Justice *Walters* was committed to *New-Prison*, where the first Sight he saw was his old Companion *Bess Lion*, who had found her way thither upon a like Errand. *Jack* who now saw himself beset with Danger, began to exert all his little Cunning, which was indeed his Master-piece, for which purpose he applied first to *Benson's* Friends, who were in good Circumstances, hoping by their Mediation to make the matter up, but, in this he miscarried. Then he attempted a slight Information, but the Justice to whom he sent it, perceiving how trivial a thing it was, and guessing well at the Drift thereof, refused it; whereupon *Shepherd*, when driven to his last shift, communicated his resolution to *Bess Lion*. They laid their Heads together the fore part of the Night, and then went to Work to break out, which they effected by Force, and got safe off to one of *Bess Lion's* old Lodgings, where she kept him secret for some time, frightening him with Stories of great searches being made after him, in order to detain him from conversing with any other Woman. But *Jack* being not naturally timorous, and having a strong Inclination to be out again in his old Way with his companions, it was not long before he gave her the slip, and lodged himself with another of his Female Acquaintance, in a little by-Court near the *Strand*. Here one *Charles Grace* desired to become an Associate with him. *Jack* was very ready to take any young Fellow in as a Partner of his Villanies, *Grace* telling him that his Reason for doing such Things was to keep a beautiful Woman without the Knowledge of his Relations. *Shepherd* and he

getting into the Acquaintance of one *Anthony Lamb*, an Apprentice to Mr. *Carter*, near St. *Clement's* Church, they inveigled the young man to consent to let them in to rob his Master's house. He accordingly performed it, and they took from Mr. *Barton* who lodged there, Things to a very considerable value ; but *Grace* and *Shepherd* quarrelling about the Division, *Shepherd* wounded *Grace* in a violent manner, and on this Quarrel, betraying one another, they were all taken, *Shepherd* only escaping. But the Misfortune of poor *Lamb* who had been drawn in, being so very young, so far prevailed upon several Gentlemen who knew him, that they not only prevailed to have his Sentence mitigated to Transportation, but also furnished him with all Necessaries and procured an Order, that on his Arrival there he should not be sold, as the other *Felons* were, but that he should be left at Liberty to provide for himself as well as he could.

It seems that *Shepherd's* Gang, which consisted of himself, his Brother *Tom*, *Joseph Blake*, alias *Blue-skin*, *Charles Grace* and *James Sikes*, to whose Name his Companions tacked their two favourite Syllables, *Hell* and *Fury*, not knowing how to dispose of the Goods they had taken, made use of one *William Field* for that purpose, who *Shepherd* in his ludicrous Style, used to characterize thus : that he was a Fellow wicked enough to do anything, but his want of Courage permitted him to do nothing, but carry on the Trade he did, which was, that of selling stolen Goods when put into his hands. But *Blake* and *Shepherd* finding *Field* sometimes dilatory, and not thinking it always safe to trust him, they resolved to hire a Warehouse and keep their Goods there, which

accordingly they did, near the *Horseferry* in *Westminster*. There they placed what they had took out of Mr. *Kneebone's House*, and the Goods made a great shew there, whence the People in the Neighbourhood really took them for honest Persons, who had so great wholesale business on their Hands as occasioned their taking a place there which lay convenient for the Water. *Field* however importuned them, having got scent they had such a Warehouse, that he might go and see the Goods, pretending that he had it just now in his power to sell them at a very great Price. They accordingly carried him thither and shewed him the Things. Two or three Days afterwards *Field*, though he had not Courage enough to rob anybody else, ventured however to break open the Warehouse, and took every rag that had been lodged there. Not long after *Shepherd* was apprehended for the Fact, and tried at the next Sessions at the *Old-Bailey*; his appearance there was very mean, and all the Defence he pretended to make, was, that *Jonathan Wild* had helped to dispose of part of the Goods, and thought it was very hard that he should not share in the Punishment. The Court took little notice of so insignificant a plea, and sentence being passed upon him, he hardly made a sensible Petition for the Favour of the Court in the Report; but behaved throughout as a Person either Stupid or Foolish; so far was he from appearing in any Degree likely to make the Noise he afterwards did. When put into the *Condemned-Hole*, he prevailed upon one *Fowls*, who was also under Sentence, to lift him up to the Iron Spikes placed over the Door which looks into the Lodge, a Woman of a large Make attending without, and two others

standing behind her in Riding-hoods; *Jack* no sooner got his Head and Shoulders through between the Iron Spikes, than by a sudden Spring his Body followed with Ease, and the Women taking him down gently, he was without Suspicion of the Keepers, (although some of them was Drinking at the upper end of the *Lodge*) conveyed safely out of the *Lodge-Door*, and soon getting a Hackney-Coach, went clear off before there was the least notice of his Escape; which, when it was known, very much surprised the Keepers, who never Dreamt of an attempt of that kind before. As soon as *John* breathed the fresh Air, he went again briskly to his old Employment, and the first thing he did, was to find out one *Page*, a *Butcher* of his acquaintance in *Clare-Market*, who dressed him up in one of his Frocks, and then went with him upon the Business of raising Money. No sooner had they set out, but *Shepherd* remembering one *Mr. Martin's*, a *Watch-Maker*, near the *Castle-Tavern*, in *Fleet-street*, and the Situation of the Shop, he prevailed upon his Companion to go thither, and screwing a Gimlet fast into the Post of the Door, they then tied the Knocker thereto with a string, and then boldly breaking the Glasses, snatched three Watches before a Boy that was in the Shop (at the same time) could open the Door, and marched clear off. *Shepherd* had the impudence upon this occasion to pass underneath *Newgate*. However he did not long enjoy his Liberty, for strolling about *Finchley-Common*, he was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*; and was put immediately in the *Stone-Room*, where they put him on a heavy pair of Irons, and then stapled him fast down to the Floor. He being left there alone in Sessions time, most of the

People of the Gaol then attending at the *Old-Bailey*, he with a crooked Nail opened the Lock, and by that means got rid of his Chain, and went directly to the Chimney in the Room, where with incessant Working he got out a couple of Stones, and by that means into a Room called the *Red Room*, where nobody had been lodged for a considerable Time. Here he threw down a Door, which one would have thought impossible to have been done by the Strength of a Man, though with ever so much noise. From hence with a great deal to do, he forced his passage into the Chapel, there he broke a Spike off the Door, forcing open by its help four other Doors, getting at last upon the leads. He from thence descended gently by the help of the Blanket on which he lay, for which he went back through the whole Prison, upon the Leads of Mr. *Bird*, a *Turner*, who lived next Door to *Newgate*, and looking in at the Garret Window saw the Maid going to Bed. As soon as he thought she was asleep, he stepped down Stairs, went through the Shop, opened the Door, then into the Street, leaving the Door open behind him.

In the Morning when the Keepers were in search after him, hearing of this Circumstance by the Watchman, they were then perfectly satisfied of the Method by which he went off. However, they were obliged to publish a Reward and make the strictest Enquiry after him; some foolish People having propagated a Report, that he had not got out without Connivance. In the meanwhile *Shepherd* found it a very difficult Thing to get rid of his Irons, having been obliged to lurk about and lie hid near a Village not far from Town, until with much ado he fell upon a Method of procuring a Hammer and taking his Irons off. He

was no sooner freed from the Incumbrance that remained upon him, than he came privately into the Town that Night, and robbed Mr. *Rawlin's* House, a *Pawnbroker* in *Drury-Lane*. Here he got a very large Booty, and amongst other things a very handsome black Suit of Clothes and a Gold Watch. Being dressed in this Manner, he carried the Rest of the Goods and valuable Effects to two Women, one of whom was a poor young Creature whom *Shepherd* had seduced, and who was imprisoned on this Account. No sooner had he taken Care of the Booty, but he went amongst his old Companions, Pickpockets and Whores in *Drury-Lane* and *Clare-Market*, where being accidentally espied fuddling at a little Brandy-Shop, by a Boy belonging to an Ale-House, who knew him very well, he immediately gave Information, upon which he was apprehended, and re-conducted with a vast Mob to his old Mansion-House of *Newgate*, being so much intoxicated with Liquor, that he hardly was sensible of his miserable Fate. However they took effectual Care to prevent a third Escape, never suffering him to be alone a moment, which as it put the Keepers to great Expense, they took Care to pay themselves with the Money they took of all who came to see him. In this last Confinement it was that Mr. *Shepherd* and his Adventures became the sole Topic of Conversation about Town. Numbers flocked daily to behold him, and he far from being displeased at being made a Spectacle of, entertained all who came with the greatest Gaiety that could be. He acquainted them with all his Adventures, related each of his Robberies in the most ludicrous Manner, and endeavoured to set off every Circumstance of his flagitious Life, as

well as his Capacity would give him leave, which to say Truth, was excellent at Cunning and Buffoonery, and nothing else. Nor were the Crowds of the People on this Occasion, that thronged to *Newgate* made up of the Dregs of the People only, for then there would have been no Wonder; but instead of that, Persons of the first Distinction, and not a few even dignified with Titles. It is certain that the Noise made about him, and this Curiosity of Persons of so high a Rank was a very great Misfortune to the poor Wretch himself, who from these Circumstances began to conceive grand Ideas of himself, as well as strong Hopes of Pardon, which encouraged him to play over all his Airs, and divert as many as thought it worth their while, by their Presence, to prevent a dying Man from considering his latter End, and instead of repenting of his Crimes, gloried in rehearsing them. Yet when *Shepherd* came up to Chapel, it was observed that all his Gaiety was laid aside, and he both heard and assisted with great Attention at Divine Service; though upon other Occasions he as much as he could avoided religious Discourse. Depending upon the Petitions he had made to several Noblemen to intercede with the King for Mercy, he seemed rather to aim at diverting his Time until he received a Pardon, than to improve the few Days he had to prepare himself for his last. On the 10th of *November*, 1724, he was by *Certiorari* removed to the Bar of Court of King's Bench, at *Westminster*, an *Affidavit* being made, that he was the same *John Shepherd* mentioned in the Record of Conviction before read, Mr. Justice *Powis* awarded Judgment against him, and a Rule was made for his Execution on the 16th.

Such was the unaccountable Fondness this Criminal had for Life, and so unwilling was he to lose all Hopes of preserving it, that he framed in his Mind Resolutions of cutting the Rope when he should be bound in the Cart, thinking thereby to get amongst the Crowd, and so into *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and from thence to the Thames. For this Purpose he had provided a Knife, which was with great Difficulty taken from him by Mr. *Watson* who was to attend him to Death. Nay, his Hopes were carried even beyond hanging ; for when he spoke to a Person to whom he gave what Money he had remaining, out of the large Presents he had received from those who came to divert themselves, at *Shepherd's Show*, or *Newgate-Fair*, he most earnestly entreated him, that as soon as possible his Body might be taken out of the Hearse which was provided for him, put into a warm Bed, and if it were possible, some Blood taken from him, for he was in great Hopes that he might be brought to Life again ; but if he was not, he desired him to defray the Expenses of his Funeral, and return the Overplus to his poor Mother. Then he resumed his usual Discourse about his Robberies, and in the last Moments of his Life endeavoured to divert himself from the Thoughts of Death ; yet so uncertain and various was he in his Behaviour, that he told one whom he had a great Desire to see the Morning he died, that he had then a Satisfaction at his Heart, as if he was going to enjoy two hundred Pounds *per Annum*.

At the Place of Execution, to which he was conveyed in a Cart with Iron Handcuffs on, he behaved himself very gravely, confessing his robbing Mr. *Philips* and Mrs. *Cook*, but denied that *Joseph Blake*

and he had *William Field* in their Company when they broke open the House of Mr. *Kneebone*. After this he submitted to his Fate, the 16th of *November*, 1724, much pitied by the Mob.



The Life of LEWIS HOUSSART, *the French Barber,*
a Murderer.

AS there is not any Crime more shocking to human Nature, or more contrary to all Laws human and divine than Murder, so perhaps there has been few in these last Years committed accompanied with more odd Circumstances than that for which this Criminal suffered. *Lewis Houssart* was born at *Sedan*, a Town in *Champaigne*, in the Kingdom of *France*. His own Paper says, *that he was bred a Surgeon and qualified for that Business*; however that were, he was here no better than a Penny Barber, only that he let Blood, and thereby got a little and not much Money. As to the other Circumstances of his Life, my Memoirs are not full enough to assist me in speaking thereto; all I can say of him is, that while his Wife *Anne Rondeau* was living, he married another Woman, and the Night of the Marriage, before sitting down to Supper, he went out a little Space. During the Interval between that and his coming in, it was judged from the Circumstances that I shall mention hereafter, that he cut the poor Woman's Throat who was his first Wife with a Razor. For this being apprehended, he was tried at the *Old-Bailey*, but for want of Proof was

acquitted. Not long after he was indicted for *Bigamy*. Upon this Indictment he, scarce making any Defence, was found guilty; he said thereupon, *it was no more than he expected, and that he did not trouble himself to preserve so much as his Reputation in this Respect, for in the first Place he knew they were resolved to convict him, and in the next he said, where there was no Fault, there was no Shame; and that his first Wife was a Socinian, an irrational Creature, and was entitled to the Advantages of no Nation nor People, because she was no Christian; and accordingly the Scripture says, with such a One have no Conversation, no, not so much as to eat with them.* But an appeal being lodged against him by *Solomon Rondeau*, Brother and Heir to *Anne* his Wife, yet that appearing to be defective, it was quashed; and he was charged upon another, whereunto joining Issue upon six Points, they came to be tried at the *Old-Bailey*; where the following Circumstances appeared upon the Trial.

First, that at the Time he was at Supper at his new Wife's House, he started on a Sudden, looked aghast and seemed to be very much frightened. A little Boy deposed that the Prisoner gave him Money to go to his own House in a little Court, and fetch the Mother of the deceased *Anne Rondeau* to a Gentleman who would be at such a Place and stay for her. When the Mother returned from that Place and found nobody wanting her, or that had wanted her, she was very much out of humour at the Boy's calling her; but that quickly gave way to the Surprise of finding her Daughter murdered as soon as she entered the Room. This Boy who called her was very young; yet out of a Number of Persons

that were in *Newgate* he singled out *Lewis Houssart*, and declared that he was the only Man among them, who gave him Money to go on the Errand for old Mistress *Rondeau*. Upon this and several other corroborating Proofs the Jury found him guilty; upon which he arraigned that Justice of a Court which hitherto had been preserved without a Taint; declaring, that he was innocent, and that they might punish him if they would, but they could not make him guilty, and much more to the like Effect. But the Court were not troubled with that; he scarcely endeavoured to make any other Defence. While in the condemned Hole amongst the rest of the Criminals, he behaved himself in a very odd Manner, and insisted upon it that he was innocent of the Fact laid to his Charge, and threw out most opprobrious Language against the Court that condemned him, and when he was advised to lay aside such Heats of passionate Expressions, he said, *he was sorry he did not more fully expose British Justice upon the Spot at the Old Bailey, and that now since they had tied up his Hands from acting, he would at least have Satisfaction in saying what he pleased.*

When this *Houssart* was first apprehended he appeared to be very much affected with his Condition, was continually reading good Books, praying and meditating, and shewing the utmost Signs of a Heart full of Concern, and under the greatest Emotions; but after he had been once acquitted, it made a thorough Change in his Temper; he quite laid aside all the former Gravity of his Temper, and gave Way, on the Contrary, to a very extraordinary Spirit of Obstinacy and Unbelief; he puzzled himself continually, and if Mr. *Deval* who was then under Sen-

tence would have given leave, attempted to puzzle him too, as to the Doctrines of a future State, and an identical Resurrection of the Body, saying, he could not be persuaded of the Truth thereof in a literal Sense; that when the individual Frame of Flesh which he bore about him was once dead, and from being Flesh became again Clay, he did not either conceive or believe, that it, after lying in the Earth, or disposed of otherwise, perhaps for the Space of a Thousand Years, should at the last Day be reanimated by the Soul which possessed it now, and become answerable even to eternal Punishment, for Crimes committed so long ago. It was he said also little agreeable to the Notions he entertained of the infinite Mercy of God, and therefore he chose rather to look upon such Doctrines as Errors received from Education, than torment and afflict himself with the Terrors which must arise from such a Belief. But Mr. *Deval* after he had answered as well as he could these Objections once, refused to hearken a second Time to any such Discourses, and was obliged to have Recourse to harsh Language to oblige him to desist. In the Meanwhile his Brother came over from *Holland*, on the News of this dreadful Misfortune, and went to make him a Visit in the Place of his Confinement while under Condemnation, to condole with him on the heavy Weight of his Misfortunes. Instead of receiving the Kindness of his Brother in the Manner it deserved. *Houssart* began to make Light of the Affair, and treated the Death of his Wife and his own Confinement in such a Manner, that his Brother leaving him abruptly, went back to *Holland* more shocked at the Brutality of his Behaviour, than grieved for the Misfortune which had befallen him.

It being a considerable Space of Time that *Housart* lay in Confinement in *Newgate*, and even in the condemned Hole, he had there of Course abundance of Companions, but of them all he affected none so much as *John Shepherd*, with whom he had abundance of merry and even loose Discourses, one particularly, when the Sparks flew quickly out of the Charcoal Fire; he said to *Shepherd*, *see, see, I wish there were so many Bullets that might beat the Prison down about our Ears, and then I might die like Samson.*

It was near a Month before he was called up to receive Sentence, after which he made no scruple of saying, that since they had found him guilty of Throat cutting, they should not lie, he would verify their Judgment by cutting his own Throat, upon which when some who were in the same sad State with himself, objected to him how great a Crime Self-Murder was; he immediately made Answer, he was satisfied it was no Crime at all, and upon this he fell to arguing in favour of the Mortality of the Soul, as if certain that it died with the Body, and endeavouring to cover his Opinions with false Glosses on that Text in *Genesis*, where it is said, *that God breathed into Man a living Soul*, from whence he would have inferred, *that when a Man ceased to Live, he totally lost that Soul*; and when it was asked of him where then it went, he said, *he did not know, nor did it concern him much.* The Standers by, who notwithstanding their profligate Course of Life, had a natural Abhorrence of this Theoretical Impiety, reproved him in very sharp Terms, for making use of such Expressions, upon which he replied, *Ay! would you have me believe all the strange Notions that are*

taught by the Parsons? that the Devil is a real Thing? that our good God punishes Souls for ever and ever? that Hell is full of Flames from material Fire; and that this Body of mine shall feel it? Well, you may believe it if you please, but it is so with me that I cannot.

Sometimes, however, he would lay aside the Sceptical Opinions for a time, talk in another strain, and appear mightily concerned at the Misfortunes he had drawn upon his second Wife and Child; he would then speak of Providence, and the Decrees of God, with much seeming Submission, would own that he had been guilty of many and grievous Offences, say, *that the Punishment of God was just, and desired the Prayers of the Minister of the Place, and those that were about him.*

When he reflected on the Grief it would give his Father, near ninety Years old, to hear of his Misfortunes, and that his Son should be shamefully executed for the Murder of his Wife; he was seen to shed Tears, and to appear very much afflicted, but as soon as these Thoughts were a little out of his Head, he resumed his former Temper, and was continually asking Questions in relation to the Truth of the Gospel Dispensation, and the Doctrines therein taught of Rewards and Punishments after this Life. Being a *Frenchman*, and not perfectly versed in our Language, a minister of the reformed Church of that Nation was prevailed upon to attend him. *Houssart* received him with tolerable Civility, seemed pleased that he should pray by him, but industriously waved all Discourses of his Guilt, and even fell out into violent Passions if a Confession was pressed upon him as a Duty. In this strange way he con-

sumed the Time allowed him to prepare for another World.

The Day before his Execution he appeared more than ordinarily attentive at the public Devotions in the Chapel. A Sermon was then made with particular Regard to that Fact for which he was to die; he heard that also seemingly with much Care; but when he was asked immediately after to unburthen his Conscience in Respect of the Death of his Wife, he not only refused it, but also expressed a great Indignation, that he should be tormented (as he called it) to confess a Thing of which he was not guilty. In the Evening of that Day the Foreign Minister and he whose Duty it was to attend him, both waited upon him at Night in order to Discourse with him, on those strange Notions he had of the Mortality of the Soul, and a total Cessation of Being after this Life. But when they came to speak to him to this Purpose, he said, *they might spare themselves any Arguments upon that Head, for he believed a God and a Resurrection as firmly as they did.* They then discoursed to him of the Nature of a sufficient Repentance, and of the Duty incumbent upon him to confess that great Crime for which he was condemned, and thereby give Glory unto God. He fell at this into his old Temper, and said with some Passion, *if you will pray with me, I'll thank you, and pray with you as long as you please; but if you come only to torture me of my Guilt, I desire you would let me alone altogether.* His Lawyers having pretty well instructed him in the Nature of an Appeal, and he coming thereby to know that he was now under Sentence of Death, at the Suit of the Subject, and not of the King, he was very assiduous to learn where it

was he was to apply for a Reprieve ; but finding it was the Relations of his deceased Wife from whom he was to expect it, he laid aside all those Hopes, as conceiving it rightly a Thing impossible to prevail upon People to spare his Life, who had almost undone themselves in Prosecuting him. In the Morning of the Day of Execution he was very much disturbed at being refused the Sacrament, which as the Minister told him, could not be given him by the *Canon* without his Confession. Yet this did not prevail; he said, *he would die then without receiving it*, as he had before answered a *French Minister*, who said, *Lewis Houssart, since you are condemned on full Evidence, and I see no Reason but to believe you guilty, I must, as a just Pastor inform you, that if you persist in this Denial, and Die without Confession, you can look for nothing but to be D—* ; to which *Houssart* replied, *you must look for Damnation to yourself, for judging me guilty, when you know nothing of the Matter.* This confused frame of Mind he continued in, until he entered the Cart for his Execution, persisting all the Way he went in like Declaration of Innocence, though sometimes intermixed with short Prayers to *God* to forgive his manifold Sins and Offences.

At the Place of Execution he turned very pale and grew very sick. The Ministers told him, they would not pray by him, unless he would confess the Murder for which he died. He said, *he was very sorry for that, but if they would not pray by him he could not help it, he would not confess what he was totally ignorant of* ; he persisted even at the Moment of being tied up, and when such Exhortations were again repeated, he said, *Pray do not torment me, Pray cease troubling of me ; I tell you I will not make my-*

self worse than I am, and so saying, he gave up the Ghost ; without any private Prayer when left alone, or calling upon *God* or *Christ* to receive his Spirit. He delivered, however, a Paper, the Copy of which follows, to the Minister of *Newgate*, from whence my Readers will receive a more exact Idea of the Man from this his Draught of himself, than from any Picture I can draw.

The Paper delivered by Lewis Houssart at his Death.

I, Lewis Houssart, *am forty Years old, and was born in Sedan a Town in Campagne, near Boullonois. I have left France above fourteen Years. I was Apprenticed to a Surgeon at Amsterdam, and after Examination was allowed by the College to be qualified for that Business. I intended to go on board a Ship as Surgeon ; but I could never have my Health at Sea. I dwelt sometime at Maestricht in the Dutch Brabant, where my aged Father and Brother now dwell. I travelled through Holland, and was in almost every Town. My two Sisters are in France, and also many of my Relations ; for the Earth has scarce any Family more Numerous than ours. Seven or eight Years I have been in London, and here I met with Anne Rondeau, who was born at the same Village with me, and therefore I loved her. After I had left her, she wrote to me, and said, she would reveal a secret. I promised her to be secret ; and she told me, She had not been chaste, and the Consequence of it was upon her, upon which I gave her my best Help and Assistance : since she is dead, I hope her Soul is happy.*

LEWIS HOUSSART.



The Life of CHARLES TOWERS, *a Minter in Wapping.*

NOTWITHSTANDING it must be apparent, even to an ordinary Understanding, that the Law must be executed, both in civil and criminal Cases, and that without such Execution those who live under its Protection would be unsafe, yet it happens so, that those who feel the Smart of its Judgment, though drawn upon them by their own Misdeeds, Follies, or Misfortunes, which the Law of Man cannot remedy or prevent, are always clamouring against its supposed Severity, and making dreadful Complaints of the Hardships they from thence sustain. This Disposition hath engaged Numbers under these unhappy Circumstances to attempt screening themselves from the Rigour of the Laws by sheltering in certain Places, where by virtue of their own Authority, or rather Necessities, they set up a Right of Exemption and endeavour to establish a Power of preserving those who live within certain limits from being prosecuted according to the usual Course of the Law. Anciently indeed, there were several Sanctuaries which depended on the *Roman Catholic Religion*, and which were of course destroyed when Popery was taken away by Law. However those who had sheltered themselves in them, kept up such Exemption, and by Force withstood whenever civil Officers attempted to execute Process for Debt, and that so vigorously, that at Length they seemed to have es-

tablished by Prescription what was directly against Law. And these pretended privileged Places increased at last to such a Degree, that the Legislature in the Ninth Year of King *William*, was obliged to make Provision by a Clause in an Act of Parliament, requiring the Sheriffs of *London*, *Middlesex*, and *Surrey*, the head *Bailiff* of the *Duchy* Liberty, or the *Bailiff* of *Surrey*, under the penalty of one hundred Pounds, to execute with the Assistance of the *posse Comitatus* any *Writ* or *Warrant* directed to them, for seizing any Person without any pretended privileged Places; such as *White-Fryars*, the *Savoy*, *Salisbury-Court*, *Ram-Alley*, *Mitre-Court*, *Fuller's-Rents*, *Baldwin's Gardens*, *Montague-Close* or the *Minories*, *Mint*, *Clink*, or *Dead Man's Place*, at the same Time ordering Assistance, for executing the Law, to the Sheriff or other Person so endeavouring to apprehend any Person or Persons in such Places as aforesaid, with very great Penalties upon Persons who attempt to rescue Persons from the Hands of Justice in such Places. This Law had a very good effect with Respect to the other Places, excepting the Places within the jurisdiction of the *Mint*; though not without some Struggle. There however they still continued to keep up those Privileges they had assumed, and accordingly did maintain them by so far misusing Persons, who attempted to execute Processes amongst them by ducking them in Ditches, dragging them through *Privies* or *Lay Stalls*, accompanied by a Number of People, dressed up in frightful Habits, who were summoned upon blowing a Horn; all which at last became so very great a Grievance, that the Legislature was again forced to interpose; and by an Act of the 9th of the

late King, the *Mint*, as it was commonly called, situated in the Parish of *St. George's, Southwark*, in the County of *Surrey*, was taken away, and the Punishment of Transportation, and even Death inflicted upon such who should persist in maintaining their pretended privileges. Yet so far did the Government extend its Mercy, as to suffer all those who at the time of passing the Act were actually *Shelterers* in the *Mint*, so that they made a just Discovery of their Effects, to be discharged from any Imprisonment of their Persons, for any Debts contracted before that Time. By this Act of Parliament, the Privilege of the *Mint* was totally taken away and destroyed ; the Persons who had so many Years supported themselves therein were dissipated and dispersed. Many of them getting again into Debt, and associating themselves with other Persons in the same Condition, they with unparalleled Impudence, attempted to set up towards *Wapping* a new privileged Jurisdiction under the Title of the *Seven Cities of Refuge*, and in this Attempt were much furthered and directed by one *Major Santloe*, formerly a Justice of the Peace ; but being turned out of Commission, he came first a *Shelterer* here, and afterwards a Prisoner in the *Fleet*. But these People made an addition to those Laws which had formerly been established in such illegal Sanctuaries, for they provided large Books in which they entered the Names of Persons who entered into their Association, swearing to defend one another against all *Bailiffs* and such like ; in Consequence of which, they very often rescued Prisoners out of Custody, or even entered the *Houses of Officers* for that purpose. Amongst the Number of these unhappy People who,

by protecting themselves against the lesser Judgments of the Law, involved themselves in greater Difficulties, and at last drew on the greatest and most heavy Sentence which it could Pronounce, was him we now speak of.

Charles Towers was a Person whose Circumstances had been for many Years bad ; and in order to retrieve them he had turned Gamester. For a Guinea or two it seems he engaged for the Payment of a very considerable Debt for a Friend, who not paying it at his Time, *Towers* was obliged to fly for Shelter into the *Old Mint*, then in Existence ; but being obliged soon after to quit that, he went into the *New*, which was just then setting up, and where the *Shelterers* took upon them to act more licentiously and with greater Outrages towards the Officers of Justice, than the People in any other Places had done. Particularly they erected a Tribunal, on which a Person chosen for that Purpose sat as Judge with great State and Solemnity. When any Bailiffs had attempted to arrest Persons within the Limits which they assumed for their Jurisdiction, he was seized immediately by a *Mob* of their own People, and hurried before the Judge of their own choosing ; there a sort of Charge or Indictment was preferred against him, for attempting to disturb the Peace of the *Shelterers* within the Jurisdiction of the *Seven Cities of Refuge*. Then they examined certain Witnesses to prove this, and thereupon pretending to convict such Bailiff as a Criminal, he was sentenced by their Judge aforesaid, to be whipped, or otherwise punished as he thought fit, which was executed frequently in the most cruel barbarous Manner, by dragging him through Ditches and other nasty Places,

tearing their Clothes off their Backs, and even endangering their Lives.

One *West*, who had got amongst them, being arrested by *John Errington*, who carried him to his House by *Wapping Wall*, the *Shelterers* in the *New Mint* no sooner heard thereof, but assembling on a *Sunday* Morning in a great Number, with Guns, Swords, Staves, and other offensive Weapons, they went to the House of said *John Errington*, and there terrifying and affrighting the Persons in the House, rescued *John West*, pursuant as they said to their Oaths, he being registered as a protected Person in their Books of the *Seven Cities of Refuge*. In this Expedition *Charles Towers* was very forward, being dressed with only a Blue-Pea-Jacket, without Hat, Wig, or Shirt, with a large Stick like a Quarter-Staff in his Hand, his Face and Breast being so blackened that it appeared to be done with Soot and Grease, contrary to the Statute made against those called *Waltham Blacks*, and done after the first Day of *June*, 1723, when that Statute took Place.

Upon an Indictment for this, the Fact being very fully and clearly proved, the Jury, notwithstanding his Defence, which was, that he was no more disguised than his Necessity obliged him to be, not having wherewith to provide himself Clothes, and his Face perhaps dirty and daubed with Mud, found him Guilty, and he thereupon received Sentence of Death.

Before the Execution of that Sentence, he insisted strenuously on his Innocence as to the Point on which he was found Guilty and Condemned, *viz.*, having his Face blacked and disguised within the Intent and Meaning of the Statute ; but he readily acknowledged

that he had been often present and assisted at such *Mock Courts* of Justices as were held in the *New Mint*, though he absolutely denied sitting as Judge, when one Mr. *Westwood*, a Bailiff, was most abominably abused, by an order of that pretended Court. He seemed fully sensible of the Ills and Injuries he had committed, by being concerned amongst such People, but often said that he thought the Bailiffs had sufficiently revenged themselves by the cruel treatment they had used the riotous Persons with, when they fell within their Power; particularly since they hacked and chopped a *Carpenter's* right Arm in such a manner, that it was obliged to be cut off; had abused others in so terrible a Degree, that they were not able to Work or do anything for their Living, he himself having received several large Cuts over the Head, which though received several Weeks before, yet were in a very bad Condition at the time of his Death.

As to Disguises, he constantly averred they were never practised in the *New Mint*. He owned they had some *Masquerades* amongst them, to which himself amongst others had gone in the Dress of a *Miller*, and his Face all covered with White, but as to any blacking or other means to prevent his Face being known when he rescued *West*, he had none, but on the Contrary, was in his usual Habit, as all the Rest were that accompanied him. He framed, as well as he could, a Petition for Mercy, setting forth the Circumstances of the Thing, and the Hardship he conceived for suffering upon the bare Construction of an Act of Parliament; he set forth likewise the miserable Condition of his Wife and two Children already, she being also big of a Third. This Pe-

tition she presented to his *Majesty* at the *Council Chamber Door*, but the Necessity there was of preventing such Combinations for obstructing Justice, rendered it of none Effect. Upon her return, and *Towers* being acquainted with the Event, he said, he was contented, that he went willingly into a Land of Quiet, from a World so troublesome and so tormenting as this had been to him; then he kneeled down and prayed with great Fervency and Devotion, after which he appeared very composed and shewed no Rage against the Prosecutor and Witnesses who had brought on his Death, as is too often the Case with Men in his miserable Condition.

On the Day appointed for his Execution, he was carried in a Cart to a Gallows whereon he was to suffer in *Wapping*. The Crowd, which is not common on such Occasions, Lamenting him, and pouring down showers of Tears, he himself behaving with great Calmness and Intrepidity. After Prayers had been said, he stood up in the Cart, and turning towards the People, professed his Innocence in being in Disguise at the time of rescuing Mr. *West*, with the strongest Asseverations; said, *that it was Capt. Buckland and not himself, who sat as Judge upon Mr. Jones the Bailiff, though as he complained, he had been ill-used while he remained a Prisoner upon that Score.* To this he added, *that for the Robberies and Thefts with which he was charged, they were Falsities, as he was a dying Man.* Money indeed he said, *might be shaken out of the Breeches Pockets of the Bailiff when he was ditched, but that whether it was or was not so, he was no Judge, for he never saw any of it.* *That as to any design of breaking open Sir Isaac Tilliard's House he was innocent of that also; in fine,*

he owned that the Judgment of God was exceeding just, for the many Offences he committed; but that the Sentence of the Law was too severe, because (as he understood it) he had done Nothing culpable within the Intent of the Statute on which he died. After this he inveighed for some time against Bailiffs, and then crying with Vehemency to God to receive his Spirit, he gave up the Ghost, on the 4th of *January*, 1724-5.

However, the Death of *Towers* might prevent Persons committing such Facts as breaking open the Houses of Bailiffs, and setting Prisoners at Liberty; yet it did not quite stifle or destroy those Attempts which necessitous People made for screening themselves from public Justice, insomuch that the Government on frequent Complaints were obliged at last to cause a Bill to be brought into Parliament for the preventing such Attempts for the Future, whereupon in the 11th Year of the late King it passed into a Law to this Effect, *That if any Number of Persons not less than Three, associate themselves together in the Hamlet of Wapping, Stepney, or in any other Place within the Bills of Mortality, in Order to shelter themselves from their Debts, after Complaint made thereof, by presentment of a Grand Jury, and should obstruct any Officer legally empowered and authorized in the Execution of any Writ or Warrant against any Person whatsoever, and in such obstructing or hindering should hurt, wound, or injure any Person; then any Offender convicted of such Offence should suffer as a Felon, and be transported for seven Years in like Manner as other Persons are so convicted.* And it is further enacted by the same Law, *That upon application made to the Judge of any*

Court, out of which the Writs therein mentioned are issued, the aforesaid Judge, if he see proper, may grant a Warrant directly to the Sheriff, or other proper person to raise the Posse comitatus, where there is any Probability of Resistance; and if in the Execution of such Warrant any Disturbance should happen, and a Rescue be made, then the Persons assisting in such Rescue, or who harbour or conceal the Persons so rescued shall be transported for seven Years in like Manner as if convicted of Felony; but all Indictments upon this Statute, are to be commenced in six Months after the Fact committed.



The Life of THOMAS ANDERSON, a Scotch Thief.

AMONGST a Multitude of Tragical Adventures it is with some Satisfaction that I mention the Life of a Person who was of the Number of those few, which take warning in Time, and having once felt the Rod of Affliction, fear it ever afterwards. *Thomas Anderson*, was the Son of reputable Parents in the City of *Aberdeen* in Scotland. His Father was of the Number of those unhappy People who went over to *Darien* when the *Scots* made their Settlement there, in the Reign of the late King *William*. His Son *Thomas* being left under the Care of his Mother then a Widow, his Education thus suffered, and he was put Apprentice to a *Glazier*, although his Father had been a Man of some Fashion, and the Boy always educated with Hopes of living genteelly; however he is not the first that has been deceived, though he

took it so to heart, that at his first going to his Master, his Grief was so great as had very nigh killed him. He continued however with his Master two Years, and then making bold with about nine Guineas of his, and thirteen of his Mother's; he procured a Horse, and made the greatest speed he could to *Edinburgh*. Tom was sensible enough he should be pursued, and hearing of a Ship ready to sail from *Leith* for *London*, he went on board it, and in five Days time having a fair Wind they arrived in the *River of Thames*. Tom had the Precaution, as soon as he got on Shore, to take a Lodging in a little Street near *Bur-Street*, in *Wapping*. There he put his Things; and his Stock being now dwindled to twelve Guineas, he put two of them in his Fob, with his Mother's old *Gold Watch*, which he had likewise brought along with him, and then went out to see the Town. He had not walked far in *Fleet-Street*, whither he had conveyed himself by Boat, but he was saluted by a Woman well dressed, in a Tone almost as broad as his own. He, conscious of what he had committed, thought it was somebody that knew him and have him taken up, he turned thereupon pale, and started; the Woman observing his Surprise, said, *Sir, I beg your Pardon, I took you for one Mr. Johnson of Hull, my near Relation, but I see you are not the same Gentleman, though you are very like him.* Anderson thereupon took Heart, walked a little Way with her, and the Woman inviting him to drink Tea at her Lodgings, he accepted it readily, and away they went together to the Bottom of *Salisbury-Court* where the Woman lived. After Tea was over, so many Overtures were made that our new come Spark was easily drawn into an Amour, and

after a considerable Time spent in Parley, it was at last agreed that he should pass for her Husband newly come from Sea ; and this being agreed on, the Landlady was called up, and the Story told in Form. The Name the Woman assumed was that of *Johnson*, and *Tom* consequently was obliged to go by the same ; so after Compliments expressed on all Sides for his safe Return, a Supper was provided, and about Ten o'Clock they went to Bed together. Whether anything had been put in the Drink, or whether it was only owing to the Quantity he had Drunk, he slept very sound until Eleven o'Clock in the Morning, when he was awakened by a Knocking at the Door, upon which getting up to open it, he was surprised at finding the Woman gone, and more so at seeing the Key thrown under the Door. However, he took it up and opened it, his Landlady then delivered him a Letter, which as soon as she was gone he opened, and found it to run in these Terms :

DEAR SIR,

You must know that for about three Years I have been an unfortunate Woman, that is, have conversed with many of your Sex, as I have done with you. I need not tell you that you made me a Present of what Money you had about you last Night after the Reckoning over the Way at the George was paid. I told my Landlady when I went out this Morning, that I was going to bring home some Linen for Shirts : you had best say so too, and so you may go away without Noise ; for as I owe her above Three Pounds for Lodging, 'tis Odds, but as you said last Night you were my Husband, she will put you to Trouble, and that I think would be hard, for to be sure you have

paid dear enough for your Frolic. I hope you will forgive this Presumption, and I am yours next Time you meet me.

JANE JOHNSON.

Tom was not a little chagrined at this Accident, especially when he found that not only the Remainder of his two Guineas, but also his Mother's old Watch, and a Gold Chain and Ring was gone into the Bargain. However, he thought it best to take the Woman's Word, and so coming down and putting on the best air he could, he told his Landlady he hoped his Wife would bring the Linen home Time enough to go to Breakfast, and that in the meanwhile he would go to the Coffee-House and read the News. The Woman said, *it was very well*, and *Tom* getting to the Water Side, directed them to row to the Stairs nearest to his Lodging by *Burr-Street*, ruminating all the Way he went on the Accident which had befallen him. The Rumours of *Jonathan Wild*, then in the Zenith of his Glory, had somehow or other reached the Ears of our *North-Britain*; he thereupon mentioned him to the *Watermen*, who perceiving that he was a Stranger, and hoping to get a Pot of Drink for the Relation, obliged him with the best Account they were able of Mr. *Wild* and his Proceedings. As soon therefore as *Anderson* came home, he put the other two Guineas in his Pocket, and over he came in a Coach to the *Old-Bailey*, where Mr. *Wild* had just then set up his Office. Mr. *Anderson*, being introduced in Form, acquainted him in good blunt *Scotch* how he had lost his Money and his Watch. *Jonathan* used him very civilly, and promised his utmost Diligence in recovering it. *Tom* being willing to save Money, enquired of him his Way home by Land on Foot, and having received Instructions

he set out accordingly. About the Middle of *Cheapside* a well dressed Gentleman came up to him: Friend, says he, *I have heard you ask five or six People as I followed you your Way to Burr-Street; I am going thither, and so if you'll walk along with me it will save you labour of asking farther Questions.*

Tom readily accepted the Gentleman's Civility, and so on they trudged until they came within twenty Yards of the Place, and into Tom's knowledge. Young Man, then says the Stranger, *since I have shown you the Way home, you must not refuse drinking a Pint with me at a Tavern hard by of my Acquaintance.* No sooner were they entered and sat down, but a third Person was introduced to their Company, as an Acquaintance of the former. A good Supper was provided, and when they had drank about a Pint of Wine apiece, says the Gentleman who brought him thither to Anderson, *you seem an understanding young Fellow; I fancy your Circumstances are not the best; come, if you have a tolerable Head and any Courage, I'll put you in a Way to live as easy as you can wish.* Tom pricked up his Ears upon this Motion, and told him, *that truly as to his Circumstances he had guessed very right, and hoped he would be so good as to put him into any Road of living like a Gentleman, (for to say Truth, Sir, it was with that View I left my own Country to come up to London).* Well spoken, my Lad, says the other, and like a Gentleman thou shalt live; but hark ye, are you well acquainted with the Men of Quality Families about Aberdeen. Yes, Sir, says he. Well, then, replied the Stranger, do you know none of them who has a Son about your Age. Yes, yes, replied Tom, my Lord J—— sent his eldest to our Colleges at Aberdeen

to be bred, and he and I are much alike, and not above ten Days' Difference in our Ages. Why then, replied the Spark, it will do; and here's to your Honour's Health. Come, from this Time forwards, you are the Honourable Mr. —, Son and Heir Apparent to the Right Honourable the Lord —. To make the Story short, these Sharpers equipped him like the Person they put him upon the Town to be; and lodging him at a *Scotch* Merchant's House who was in the Secret, with no less than three Footmen all in proper Livery to attend him, they in the Space of ten Days' time took up Effects upon his Credit to the Amount of a Thousand Pounds. *Tom* was cunning enough to lay his Hands on a good Diamond Ring, two Suits of Clothes, and a handsome Watch; and improving mightily from a Fortnight's Conversation with these Gentlemen, he foresaw the Storm would quickly begin. The News of his arrival under the Name he had assumed having been in the Papers a Week, to prevent what might happen to himself, he sent his three Footmen on different Errands, and made up his Clothes and some Holland Shirts into a Bundle, called a Coach and drove off to *Burr-Street*, where having taken the Remainder of his Things that had been there ever since his coming to Town, he bid the Fellow drive him to the House of a Person near *St. Catherine's*, to whom he had known his Mother direct Letters when in *Scotland*. Yet recollecting in the Coach that by the means he might be discovered by his Relations, he called to the Coachman before he reached there; and remembering an Inn in *Holborn* which he had heard the *Scotch* Merchant speak of, where he had lodged in his last Adventure, bid the Fellow drive thither, saying, *he*

was afraid to be out late, and if he made haste he would give him a *Shilling*. When he came thither and had had his two Portmanteaus carried into the Inn, pretending to be very sick, he went immediately up Stairs to Bed, having first ordered a Pint of Wine to be burnt, and brought up Stairs, reflecting in the Night on the Condition he was in, and the Consequence of the Measures he was taking. He at length resolved with himself to abandon his ill Courses at once, and try to live honestly in some Plantation of the *West Indies*. These Meditations kept him pretty much awake, so that it was late in the Morning before he arose. Having ordered Coffee for his Breakfast, he gave the Chamberlain a *Shilling* to go and fetch the Newspapers, where the first Thing he saw was an Account of his own Cheat in the Body of the Paper, and an Advertisement with a Reward for apprehending him at the End of it. This made him very uneasy, and the rather because he had no Clothes but those which he had taken up as aforesaid. He ordered the *Chamberlain* to send for a *Tailor*, and pretended to be so much indisposed that he could not go out. When the *Tailor* came, he directed him to make him a Riding Suit with all the Expedition he could. The *Tailor* promised it him in two Days' Time. The next Day, pretending to be still worse, he sent the *Chamberlain* to take a Place for him in the *Bristol* Coach, which being done, he removed himself and his Things early in the Morning to the Inn where it lay, and set out the next Day undiscovered for *Bristol*.

In three Days after his arrival, he met with a *Captain* bound for the *West Indies*, with whom having agreed for a Passage, they set sail for *Jamaica*; but

a fresh Gale at Sea accidentally damaging their Rudder, they were obliged to come to an Anchor in *Cork*, where the *Captain* himself and several other Passengers went on Shore. *Anderson* accompanied him to the *Coffee-House*, where calling for the Papers that last came in, he had liked to have swooned at the Table on finding himself to be again mentioned to have been discovered at *Bristol*, and to have sailed in such a Ship the Day before the Persons came down to apprehend him, in order to his being carried back to *London*. As soon as he came a little to himself, he stepped up to the Man of the House and asked him for the Vault, which being shewn him, he immediately threw the Paper down, and as soon as he came out, finding the *Captain* ready to go, he accompanied him with great Satisfaction on board again, where things being set to rights, by the next Day at Ten o'Clock, they sailed with a fair Wind, and without any farther cross Accident arrived safe at *Jamaica*. Here *Tom* had the good Luck to pick up a Woman with a tolerable Fortune; and in about three Years after remitted about £300 home to the *Jeweller*, who had been defrauded of the Watch and Ring, and directed him to pay what was over, after deducting his own Debt, to the People who had trusted him with other Things, and who upon his going off recovered most of them, and by this means obtained a tolerable Satisfaction. He resided in the *West Indies* for about five Years in all, and in that Time, by his own Industry acquired a very handsome Fortune of his own, and therewith returned to *Scotland*. I should be very glad if this Story would incline some People who have got Money in not much honester ways, though perhaps less dangerous,

to endeavour at extenuating the Crimes they have been guilty of, by making such Reparation as in their Power, by which at once they may atone for their Fault and regain their lost Reputation; but I am afraid this Advice may prove both unsuccessful and unseasonable, and therefore shall proceed in my Narrations, as the Course of those Memoirs I have direct me.



The Life of JOSEPH PICKEN, a Highwayman.

THERE cannot perhaps be a greater Misfortune to a Man than his having a Woman of ill Principles about him, whether as a Wife or otherwise. Women when they once lay aside Principles either of Modesty or Honesty, become commonly the most abandoned, and as their Sex renders them capable of seducing, so their Vices tempt them often to persuade Men to such Crimes, as otherwise perhaps they would never have thought of. This was the Case of the Malefactor, the Story of whose Misfortunes we are now to relate. *Joseph Picken*, was the Son of a Tailor in *Clerkenwell*, who worked hard at his Employment, and took Pleasure in Nothing but providing for and bringing up his Family. This unhappy Son *Joseph* was his Darling, and Nothing grieved him so much upon his Death-bed as the Fears of what might befall him, being then an Infant of five Years Old. However his Mother though a Widow, took so much Care of his Education, that he was well enough instructed for the

Business she designed him, *viz.*, that of a *Vintner*, to which Profession he was bound, at a noted Tavern near *Billingsgate*. He served his Time very faithfully and with great Approbation, but falling in Love, or to speak more properly, taking a whim of Marriage in his Head, he accepted of a young Woman in the Neighbourhood as his Partner for Life, soon after which, he removed to *Windsor*, where he took the *Tap* at a well accustomed *Inn*, and began the World in a way of ably doing well. However, partly through his own Mismanagement, and partly through the Extravagance of his Wife, he found himself in a little more than a Twelve Months' Time, thirty Pounds in Debt, and he in no likelihood from his Trade of getting Money to pay it. This made him very melancholy, and Nothing added so great Weight to his Load of Affliction, as the Uneasiness he was under, at the Misfortunes which might befall his Wife, to whom as yet this fall in his Circumstances was not known.

However, fearing it would be too soon discovered in another way, at last he mentioned it to her, at the same time telling her that she must retrench in her Expenses, for he was now so far from being able to support them, that he could hardly get his Family Bread. Her Mother and she thereupon removed to a Lodging, where by the side of the Bed, poor *Picken* used to slumber upon the Boards, heavily disconsolate with the Weight of his Misfortunes. One Day after talking of them to his Wife, he said, *I am now quite at my Wits' End, I have no way left to get anything to support us; what shall I do?* Do, answered she, why what should a Man do that wants Money, and has any Courage? go upon the Highway! The poor

Man, not knowing how else to gain anything, took her Advice, and recollecting a certain Companion of his, who had once upon a Time offered the same Expedient for relieving their joint Misfortunes, *Picken* thereupon found him out, and without saying it was his Wife's Proposal, pretended that his Sorrows had at last so prevailed upon him, that he was resolved to repair the Injuries of Fortune, by taking away Something from those whom she had used better than him. His Comrade unhappily addicted himself still to his old Way of thinking, and instead of dissuading him from his Purpose, seemed pleased that he had taken such a Resolution, and told him, *that for his Part he always thought Danger rather to be chosen than Want, and that while Soldiers hazarded their Lives in War for Sixpence a Day, he thought it was Cowardice made a Man starve, where he had a Chance of getting so much more than those who hazarded as much as they did.* Accordingly *Picken* and his Companion provided themselves that Week with all necessaries for their Expedition, and going upon it in the beginning of the next, set out and had Success, as they called it, in two or three Enterprises, but returning to *London* in the End of the Week, they were apprehended for a Robbery committed on one *Charles Cooper*, on *Finchley-Common*; for which they were tried the next Sessions, and both Capitally convicted.

Joseph Picken, through fear of Death and want of Necessaries, fell into a low and languishing State of Health, under which, however, he gave all the Signs of Penitence and Sorrow for the Crimes he had committed that could be expected. Yet though he loaded his Wife with the Weight of all his Crimes, he forbore any harsh or shocking Reproaches against her,

saying only, *that as she had brought him into all the Miseries he now felt, so she had left him to bear the Weight of them alone, without either ever coming near him, or affording him any Assistance.* However, he said, *he was so well satisfied of the Multitude of his own Sins, and the Need he had of forgiveness from God, that he thought it a small Condition to forgive her, which he did freely from his Heart.* In these Sentiments he took the holy Sacrament, and continued with great Calmness to wait the Execution of his Sentence. In the passage to Execution, and even at the fatal Tree, he behaved himself with Quietness and Resignation, and though he appeared much less fearful than any of those who died with him, he parted with Life almost as soon as the Cart was drawn away. He was about twenty-two years of Age, or somewhat more, at the time he suffered, which was on the 24th of *February, 1724-5*, much pitied by the Spectators, and much lamented by those that knew him.



The Life of THOMAS PACKER, a Highwayman.



THOMAS PACKER, the Companion of the last named Criminal, both in his Crimes and in his Punishment, was the Son of very honest and reputable Parents, not far from *Newgate-Street*. His Father gave him a competent Education, designing always to put him in a Trade, and as soon as he was fit for it, placed him accordingly with a *Vintner* at *Greenwich*. There he served

for some Years, but growing out of Humour with the Place, he made continual appeals to his Friends to be removed. They, willing and desirous to comply with the young Man's Humours, at length after repeated Solicitations prevailed with his Master to consent, and then he was removed to another Tavern in Town, where he completed his Time ; but ever after being of a rambling Disposition, he was continually changing Places and never settled. Amongst those in which he lived, there was a Tavern towards the *New Buildings*, where he had resided as a Drawer for about Six Weeks. Here he got into the Acquaintance of a Woman, handsome indeed, but of no Fortune and little Reputation. His Affection for this Woman, and the Money he spent on her, was the chief Occasion of those Wants which prevailed upon him to join with *Picken* in those Attempts which were fatal to them both. It cannot indeed be said that the Woman in any Degree excited him to such Practices ; on the contrary, the poor Creature really endeavoured by every Method she could to procure Money for their Support, and did all that in her lay, while *Packer* was under his Misfortunes, to prevent the Necessities of this Life from hindering him in that just Care which was necessary to secure his Interest in that which was to come. *Packer* was in himself a Lad of great good Nature, and not without just Principles if he had been well improved ; but the rambling Life he had led, and his tender Affection for the before-mentioned Woman, led him into great Crimes rather than he would see her sustain Want. The Reflection which he conceived his Death would bring upon his Parents, and the Miseries which he dreaded it would draw upon his Wife and

Child, seemed to press him heavier than any Apprehensions for himself of his own Sufferings, which from the Time of his Commitment he bore with the greatest Patience, and improved to the utmost of his Power. As he was sensible there were no Hopes of remaining in this World, he immediately removed his Thoughts, his Wishes and his hopes from thence, applied himself seriously to his Devotions, and never Suffered even the Woman, whom he so much loved, to interfere or hinder them in any Degree. As it had been his first Week of Robbing, and his last too, he had little Confession to make in that Respect; he acknowledged however the Facts which they had done in that Space, and seemed to be heartily Penitent, ashamed and sorry for his Offences. At the place of Execution he behaved with the same Decency which accompanied him through all the sorrowful Stations of his sad Condition. He was asked whether he would say anything to the People, but he declined it, though he had a Paper in his Hand which he had designed to read, which for the Satisfaction of the Public, I have thought fit to annex.

The Paper left by THOMAS PACKER.

GOOD PEOPLE,

I see large Numbers of you assembled here, to behold a miserable End of us, whom the Law Condemns for our Offence to Death, and for the Sake of giving you warning, makes us in our last moments public Spectacles. I submit with the utmost Resignation to the Stroke of the Law, and I heartily pray Almighty God, that the sight of my shameful Death may inspire every one of you with lasting Resolutions of leading an honest life. The Facts for which both Picken and

I die, were really committed by us, and consequently the Sentence under which we suffer is very just; let me then Press ye again, that the warnings of our Deaths may not be in vain, but that you will remember our Fate, and by urging that against your depraved Wishes, prevent following in our Steps, which is all I have to say.

THOMAS PACKER.

He was about twenty years of Age at the time he suffered, which was with the before-mentioned Malefactor at *Tyburn*, much pitied by all the Spectators.

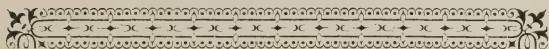


The Life of THOMAS BRADLEY, a Street Robber.



ONE must want Humanity and be totally void of that Tenderness which denominates both a Man and a Christian, if we feel not some kind of Pity for those who are brought to a violent and shameful Death, from a sudden and rash Act, excited either by Necessity, or through the frailty of human Nature, sinking under Misfortune or hurried into Mischief by a sudden Transport of Passion. I am persuaded, therefore, that the greater Part, if not all of my Readers, will feel the same Emotions of Tenderness and Compassion for the miserable Youth of whom I am now going to Speak. *Thomas Bradley*, was the Son of an Officer in the *Custom House* at *Liverpool*. The Father took care of his Education himself, and having qualified him for a seafaring business, in Reading and Writing, placed him therein. He came up accordingly with

the Master of a Vessel to *London*, where some Misfortunes befalling the said Master, *Thomas* was turned out of his Employment and left to shift for himself. Want pinched him ; he had no Friends, nor anybody to whom he might apply to for Relief, and in the Anguish with which his Sufferings oppressed him, he unfortunately resolved to steal rather than submit to starving or to beg. One Fact he committed, but would never be prevailed on to mention the Time, the Person, or the Place. The Robbery for which he was condemned, was upon a Woman, carrying another Woman's Riding-hood home which she had borrowed, and he assaulting her on the Highway took it from her. It was valued at 25s. Upon this he was capitally convicted at the next Sessions at the *Old Bailey*. He could never be prevailed on by a Person who visited him to write to his Friends to apply for a Pardon ; on the contrary, he said, *it was his greatest Grief, that notwithstanding all he could do to stifle it, the News would reach his Father and break his Heart.* He was told that such Thoughts were better omitted, than suffered to disturb him, when he was on the Point of going to another, and if he repented thoroughly, to a better Life. At which he sighed and said, *their Reasoning was very right, and he would comply with it if he could ;* and from that Time appeared more composed and cheerful, and resigned to his Fate. This Temper he preserved to the Time of his Execution, and died with as much Courage and Penitence as is ever seen in any of those unhappy Persons who suffer at the same Place. At the Time of his Death he was not quite nineteen Years of Age. He died between the last mentioned Malefactor and him whose Life we are next to relate.

*The Life of WILLIAM LIPSAT, a Private Thief.*

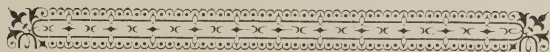
WILLIAM LIPSAT was the Son of a Person at *Dublin* in very tolerable Circumstances, which he strained to the utmost to give this Lad an Education, which when he had acquired, he sent him to an Uncle of his at *Stockden, Worcestershire*, where he lived with more Indulgence than even when at home. His Uncle having no Children, behaved to him with all the Tenderness of a Parent. However, on some little Difference, the Boy having long had an Inclination to see this great City of *London*, he took that Occasion to go away from his Uncle, and accordingly came up to Town, and was employed in the Service of one Mr. *Kelway*, where he had not been long before he received a Letter from his Father, entreating him to return to *Dublin* with all the Speed he was able. This Letter being soon followed by another, which not only desired, but commanded him, to come back to *Ireland*, he was not troubled at thinking of the Voyage and going home to his Friends, but he was very desirous of carrying Money over with him to make a Figure amongst his Relations, which not knowing how to get, he at last bethought himself of stealing it from a Place in which he knew it lay. After several struggles with himself, Vanity prevailed, and he accordingly went and took away the Things, *viz.*, 57 *Guineas* and a Half, 25 *Carolus's*, 5 *Jacobus's*, 3 *Moidores*, six Pieces of Silver, and two Purses

valued at twelve Pence. These as he said, would have made his Journey pleasant and his Reception welcome, which was the Reason he took them. The Evidence was very clear and direct against him, so that the Jury found him guilty without Hesitation.

From the Time of his Condemnation to the Day he died, he neither affected to extenuate his Crime, or reflect as some are apt to do on the Cruelty of the Prosecutor's Witnesses, or the Court that condemned him. So far from it, he always acknowledged the Justice of his Sentence, seemed grieved only for the Greatness of his Sin, and the Affliction of the Punishment of it would bring upon his Relations, who had hitherto born the best of Characters, though by his Failing they were now like to be stigmatised with the most infamous Crimes. However since his Grief came now too late, he resolved as much as he was able to keep such Thoughts out of his Head, and apply himself to what more nearly concerned him, and for which all the little Time he had was too short; in a Word, in his Condition none ever behaved with more Gravity, or to outward Appearance with more Penitence than this Criminal did.

He suffered with the same Resignation which had appeared in every thing he did from the time of his condemnation, on the 1st of *February*, 1724-5, with the before-mentioned Malefactors, being then scarce eighteen Years of Age.





The Life of JOHN HEWLET, a Murderer.

THERE are several Facts which have happened in the World, the Circumstances attending which, if we compare them as they are related by one or other, we can hardly fix in our own Mind any Certainty of Belief concerning them, such an Equality is there in the Weight of the Evidence of one Side and of the other. Such, at the Time it happened, was the Case of the Malefactor before us. *John Hewlet*, born in *Warwickshire*, the Son of *Richard Hewlet*, a Butcher; and though not bred up with his Father, yet bred to the same Employment at *Leicester*, from which malicious People said, *he acquired a bloody and barbarous Disposition*. However, he did not serve his Time out with his Master, but being a strong sturdy young Fellow, and hoping for some extraordinary Preference in the Army, he with that View engaged himself in the First Regiment of Guards during the Reign of the late King *William*. In the War he gained the Reputation of a very brave but a very cruel and rough Fellow; and therefore though relied on by his Officers, never liked by them. Persons of a similar Disposition generally live on good Terms with one another; *Hewlet* found out a Corporal one *Blunt*, much of the same Humour with himself, never pleased when in Safety, nor afraid though in the midst of Danger. At the Siege of *Namur* in *Flanders*, these Fellows happened to be both in the Trenches,

when the *French* made a desperate Sally, and were beat off at last with much Loss, and in such Confusion that their Pursuers lodged themselves in one of the Outworks, and had like to have gained another, in the Attack of which a young *Cadet* of the Regiment in which *Blunt* served was killed. *Blunt*, observing it, went to the Commanding Officer, and told him, *that the Cadet had nineteen Pistols in his Pocket, and it was a Shame the French should have them. Why that's true Corporal*, said the Colonel, *but I don't see at present how we can help it. No!* replied *Blunt*, *give me but Leave to go and search his Pockets, and I'll answer for bringing the Money back. Why, Fool*, said the Colonel, *dost thou not see the Place covered with French, who, should a Man stir from hence, would pour a whole Shower of small Shot upon him? I'll venture that*, says *Blunt*, *but how will you know the Body?* added the Colonel; *I am afraid we have left a Score besides him behind us. Why look ye, Sir*, said the Corporal, *let us have no more Objections, and I'll answer that; he was clapped, good Colonel, do you see, and that to some purpose; so that if I can't know him by his Face, I may know him by somewhat else. Well*, said the Colonel, *if you have a Mind to be knocked on the Head, and take it ill to be denied, you must go I think; on which Blunt*, waiting for no further Orders, marched directly in the midst of the Enemy's Fire to the dead Bodies, which lay within ten Yards of the Muzzle of their Pieces, and turning over several of the dead Bodies, he distinguished that of the *Cadet's*, and brought away the Prize for which he had so fairly ventured. This Action put *Hewlet* on his Mettle; he resolved to do something that might equal it. An Opportunity

offered some time after, of performing such a Service as no Man in the Army would have undertaken. It happened thus: the Engineer who was to set Fire to the Train of a *Mine*, which had been made under a *Bastion* of the Enemy's, happened to have drank very hard over Night, and mistaking the Hour, laid the Match an Hour sooner than he ought. A sentinel immediately as he came out, called out aloud, *what have you clapped Fire to the Train? There's twenty People in the Mine, who will be all blown up. It should not have been fired till 12 o'Clock.* Hewlet on hearing this, ran in with his Sword drawn, and therewith cut off the Train a Moment before it would have given Fire to all the Barrels of Powder that were within, by which he saved the Lives of all the *Pioneers* who were carrying the Mines still forward, at the Time the wild Fire was unseasonably lighted by the Engineer. At the Battle of *Landau*, he had his Skull broke by the Blow of the Butt-end of a Musket. This occasioned his going through the Operation called the *Trepan*, which is performed by an Engine not unlike a Coffee-Mill, which being fixed on the bruised Part of the Bone, is turned round, and cuts out all the black, till the Edges appear white and sound. After this Cure had been performed upon him, he never had his Senses in the same manner he had before, but upon the least drinking he fell into Passions which were but very little removed from Madness. He returned into *England* after the Peace of *Reswick*, and being taken into a Gentleman's Service, he there married a Wife, by whom he had nine Children. Happy was it for them that they were all dead before his disastrous End.

How *Hewlet* came to be employed as a Watchman


a little before his Death, the Papers I have give me no Account of, only that he was in that Station at the Time of the Death of *Joseph Candy*, for whose Murder he was indicted, for giving him a mortal Bruise on the Head with his Staff. On the 26th of *December*, 1724, upon full Evidence of Eye-Witnesses, the Jury found him Guilty, he making no other Defence than great Asseverations of his Innocence, and an obstinate Denial of the Fact. After his Conviction, being visited in the Condemned Hole, instead of showing any Marks of Penitence or Contrition, he raved against the Witnesses who had been produced to destroy him, called them all perjured, and prayed God to inflict some dreadful Judgment on them. Nay, he went so far as to desire that he himself might have the executing thereof, wishing that after his Death his Apparition might come and terrify them to their Graves. When it was represented to him how odd this Behaviour was, and how far distant from that Calmness and Tranquillity of Mind, with which it became him to Clothe himself before he went into the Presence of his Maker, these Representations had no Effect; he still continued to rave against his Accusers, and against the Witnesses who had sworn at his Trial. As Death grew nearer, he appeared not a bit terrified, nor seemed uneasy at all at leaving this Life, only at leaving his Wife, and as he Phrased it, some old Acquaintance in *Warwickshire*. However he desired to receive the Sacrament, and said he would prepare himself for it as well as he could.

He went to the Place of Execution in the same Manner in which he had passed the Days of his Confinement till that Time. At *Tyburn*, he was not

satisfied with protesting his Innocence to the People, but designing to have one of the Prayer Books which was made use of in the Cart, he kissed it as People do when they take Oaths, and then again turning to the Mob, declared as he was a dying Man, he never gave *Candy* a blow in his Life. Thus with many Ejaculations he gave way to Fate in an advanced Age at *Tyburn*, at the same Time with the Malefactors last mentioned.



*The Lives of JAMES CAMMEL, and WILLIAM MARSHAL,
Thieves and Footpads.*

AMES CAMMEL was born of Parents in very low Circumstances, and the Misfortunes arising therefrom were much increased by his Father dying while he was an Infant, and leaving him to the Care of a Widow in the lowest Circumstances of Life. The Consequences were what might be easily foreseen, for he forgot what little he had heard in his youngest Years, loitering away his Time about *Islington*, *Hoxton*, *Moorfields*, and such Places, being continually drinking there, and playing at Cudgels, Skittles, and such like. He never applied himself to Labour or honest Working for his Bread, but either got it from his Mother or a few other Friends, or by Methods of a more scandalous Nature, I mean Pilfering and Stealing from others, for which, after he had long practised it, he came at last to an untimely Death. He was a Fellow of a Froward Disposition, hasty and yet re-

vengeful, and made up of almost all the Vices that go to form a Debauchee in low Life. He had had a long Acquaintance with the Person that suffered with him for their Offences ; but what made him appear in the worst Light was, that he had endeavoured to commit Acts of Cruelty at the time he did the Robbery ; notwithstanding, he insisted not only that he was innocent of the former part of the Offence, but that he never committed the Robbery at all, though *Marshal* his Associate did not deny it. They had been together in these Exploits for some Time, and once particularly, coming from *Sadlers-Wells*, they took from a Gentlewoman a Basket full of Child-bed Linen to a very great Value, which offering to sell to a Woman in *Monmouth-Street*, she privately sent for a Constable to apprehend them, which one of their Companions who went with them observing, he tipped them the Wink to be gone, which the old Woman of the House perceiving, caught hold of *Marshal* by the Coat, and while they struggled, the third Man whipped off a Gold Watch, a Silver Collar and Bells, and a Silver Plate for holding of Snuffers, and pretending to interpose in the Quarrel slipped through them, and out at the Door, as *Cammel* and *Marshal* did immediately after him.

Once upon a Time it happened that *Marshal* had no Money, with which his Credit being at a Par, and a Warrant out to take him for a great Debt, and another to take him for picking of Pockets, he was in a great Quandary how to escape both. He strolled into *St. James's-Park*, and walking there pretty late behind the Trees, a Woman came up to the Seat directly before him ; there she fell to roaring and crying, and *Marshal* being unseen, clapped himself

down behind the Seat, and listened with great attention. He perceived the Woman had her Pocket in her Hand, and heard her distinctly say, a Rogue not to be contented with cutting one Pocket and taking it away, but he must cut the other and let it drop at my Foot. Well, sure Woman was never so unhappy ! then she wiped her Eyes, and laying down her Pocket by her, then began to shake her Petticoats, to see if the other Pocket had not lodged between them as the former had done, *Marshal* took the Opportunity and secretly conveyed that away, thinking one Lamentation might serve for both. Upon turning the Pocket out, he found only a Thread Paper, a Housewife and a Crown piece ; upon this Crown piece he lived a Fortnight at a *Milk-house*, coming twice a Day for Milk, and hiding himself at Nights in some of the Grass Plats, it being Summer ; but his Creditor dying, and the Person whose Pocket he had picked going to *Denmark*, he came abroad again, and soon after engaged with *Cammel* in the Fact for which they were both hanged. It was committed upon a Man and a Woman coming through the Fields from *Islington*, and the Things they took did not amount to above thirty Shillings. After they were convicted and had received Sentence of Death, *Cammel* sent for the *Practice of Piety, the Whole Duty of Man*, and such other good Books as he thought might assist him in the Performance of their Duty. Yet notwithstanding all the outward Appearance of Resignation to the Divine Will, upon the Coming in of a Person to the Chapel the *Sunday* before his Execution, whom he took to be his Prosecutor, he flew into a very great Passion, and expressed his Uneasiness that he had no Instrument there to murder him

with, and notwithstanding all that could be said to him to abate his Passion, he continued restless and uneasy until the Person was obliged to withdraw, and then with great Attention applied himself to hear the Prayers and Discourse that was made proper for that Occasion. *Marshal* in the meanwhile continued very sick, but though he could not attend the Chapel, did all that from a true Penitent could be expected. In this Condition they both continued until the Time of their Death, when *Marshal* truly acknowledged the Fact, but *Cammel* prevaricated about it, and at last peremptorily denied it. They suffered on the 30th of *April*, 1725, *Cammel* appearing with an extraordinary Carelessness and Unconcern, desired them to put him out of the World quickly, and was very angry that they did not do it in less Time.



The Life of JOHN GUY, a Deer-Stealer.



NE would have thought that the numerous Executions which had happened upon the Appearance of those called the *Waltham Blacks*, and the Severity of that Act of Parliament which their Folly had occasioned, would effectually have prevented any Outrages for the Future, upon either the Forests belonging to the Crown or the Parks of private Gentlemen; but it seems, there were still Fools capable of undertaking such mad Exploits. It is said that *Guy*, being at a public House with a young Woman, whom (as the Country phrase it) was his Sweet-heart, a Discourse


arose at Supper concerning the Expeditions of the Deer Stealers, which *Guy's* Mistress took occasion to express great Admiration of, and to regard them as so many Heroes, which had behaved with Courage enough to win the most obdurate Heart, adding, that she was very fond of Venison, and she wished she had known some of them. This silly Accident proved fatal to the poor Fellow, who engaging with one *Biddisford*, an old Deer-Stealer, they broke into both Forests and Parks, and carried off abundance of Deer with Impunity. But the Keepers at last, getting one night a Number of stout young Fellows to their Assistance, when they were informed by the Keeper of an Ale-House that *Guy* and *Biddisford* intended to come for Deer, waylaid them. I must inform my Reader, that the Method these young Men took in Deer Stealing was this : they went into the Park on Foot, sometimes with a Cross Bow, and sometimes with a Couple of Dogs, being armed always however with Pistols for their own Defence. When they had killed a Buck, they trussed him up and put him upon their Backs and so walked off with them, neither of them being able to procure Horses for such Service. On the Night that the *Keepers* were acquainted with their coming, they sent to a Neighbouring Gentleman for the Assistance of two of his Grooms. The Fellows came about eleven o'Clock at Night, and tying their Horses in a little Copse, went to the Place where the Keepers had appointed to keep Guard. This was on a little rising Ground, planted with a Star-Grove, through the Avenues of which they could see all round them without being discerned themselves. No sooner therefore had *Guy* and his Companion entered the Forest, but suffering them to pass by one

of the Entries of the Grove where they were, they immediately issued out upon them, and pursued them so closely, that they were within a few Yards of them when they entered the Coppice, where the two Strangers had left their Horses. They did not stay so much as to untie them, but cutting the Bridles, mounted them and rode off as hard as they could, turning them loose as soon as they were in Safety, and got home secure, because the Keepers could not say they had done anything but walked across the Forest. This Escape of theirs, and some others of the same Nature made them so bold, that not contented with the Deer in *Chases* and such Places, they broke into the Paddock of *Anthony Duncombe, Esq.*, and there killed certain Fallow Deer. One *Charles George*, who was the Keeper, and some of his Assistants hearing the Noise they made, issued out, and a sharp Fight beginning, the Deer-Stealers at last began to fly, but a Blunderbuss being fired after them, two of the Balls ripped the Belly of *Biddesford*, who died upon the Spot, and soon after the Keepers coming up, *John Guy* was taken. For this Offence, being tried at the ensuing Sessions of the *Old-Bailey*, he was convicted and received Sentence of Death, though it was some Days after before he could be persuaded that he should really suffer. But when he found himself included in the Death Warrant, he applied himself heartily to Prayer and other religious Duties, seeming to be thoroughly penitent for the Crimes he had committed, and with great Earnestness endeavoured to make Amends for his Follies, by sending to his Companions who had been guilty of the same Faults, the most tender Letters, to induce them to forsake such Undertakings, which would

surely bring them to the same Fate which he suffered, for so inconsiderable a Thing perhaps as a Haunch of Venison. Whether these Epistles had the Effect for which they were designed, I am not able to say, but this the Papers I have by me inform me of, that the Prisoner *Guy* died with very cheerful Resolution, not above twenty-five Years of Age, the same Day with the Malefactors before mentioned.



The Life of VINCENT DAVIS, a Murderer.

T is an Observation made by some Foreigners, and I am sorry to say there is too much truth in it, that though the *English* are perhaps less Jealous than any Nation under the Heavens, yet more Men murder their Wives amongst us than in any other Nation in *Europe*. *Vincent Davis* was a Man of no Substance, and who for several Years together had lived in a very ill Correspondence with his Wife, often beating and abusing her until the Neighbours cried out Shame; but he, instead of amending addicted himself still more to such villanous Acts, conversing also with other Women. At last, buying a Knife, he had the Impudence to say, *that that Knife should end her*, in which he was as good as his Word; for on a sudden Quarrel he stabbed her to the Heart. For this Murder he was indicted, and also on the Statute for Stabbing, of both of which on the fullest Proof he was found guilty.

When *Davis* was first committed, he thought fit to

appear very melancholy and dejected, but when he found there was no hopes of Life, he threw off all Decency in his Behaviour, and to pass for a Man of Courage, showed as much Vehemence of Temper as a Madman would have done, rattling and raving to every one that came in, saying, *it was no Crime to kill a Wife*, and in all other Expressions he made use of, behaved himself more like a Fool or a Man who had lost his Wits, than a Man who had lived so long and creditably in a Neighbourhood as he had done, excepting in Relation to his Wife. But he was induced with the Hopes of passing for a bold and daring Fellow, to carry on this Scene as long as he could ; but when the Death Warrant arrived, all this Intrepidity left him, he trembled and shook, and never afterwards recovered his Spirits to the time of his Death. The Account he gave of the Reason of his killing his Wife in so barbarous a manner was this, *that a Tailor's Servant having kept him out pretty late one Night, and he coming home elevated with Liquor abused his Wife, upon which she got a Warrant for him and sent him to New-Prison. After this, the Prisoner said, he could never endure her, she was Poison to his Sight, and the Abhorrence he had for her was so great and so strong, that he could not treat her either with the Civility which is due to every indifferent Person, much less with that Regard which Christianity requires of us towards all who are of the same Religion. So that upon every Occasion he was ready to fly out into the greatest Passions, which he vented by throwing every thing at her that came in his Way, by which means the Knife was darted into her Bosom with which she was slain. Notwithstanding the Barbarity which seemed natural to this unhappy*

Man, the Cruelty with which he treated his Wife in her last Moments, the Spleen and Malice with which he always spoke of her, and the little Regret he showed for having imbrued his hands in her Blood, he yet had an unaccountable Tenderness for his own Person, and employed the last Days of his Confinement in Writing many Letters to his Friends, entreating them to be present at his Execution, in order to preserve his Body from the Hands of the Surgeons, which of all things he dreaded, and in order to avoid being Anatomised he affronted the Court at the *Old-Bailey*, at the Time he received Sentence of Death, intending as he said, *to provoke them to hang him in Chains, by which means he should escape the Mangling of the Surgeons' Knives, which to him seemed ten Thousand times worse than Death itself.* Thus confused he passed the last Moments of his Life, and with much ado recollected himself, so as to suffer with some kind of Decency, which he did on the 30th of *April*, at the same time with the last mentioned Malefactor.



The Life of MARY HANSON, a Murderer.



AMONGST the many Frailties to which our Nature is subject, there is not perhaps a more Dangerous one than the indulging ourselves in ridiculous and provoking Discourses, merely to try the Tempers of other People. I speak not this with regard to the *Criminal* of whom we are next to treat, but of the Person who in the

midst of his Sins drew upon himself a sudden and violent Death by using such silly kind of Speeches towards a Woman weak in her Nature, and deprived of what little Reason she had by Drink. This poor Creature flying into an Excess of Passion with this *Francis Peters*, who was some distant Relation to her by Marriage, she wounded him suddenly under the right Pap with a Knife, before she could be prevented by any of the Company, of which Wound he died. The warm Expressions she had been guilty of before the Blow, prevailed with the Jury to think she had a premeditated Malice, and thereupon found her guilty.

Fear of Death, Want of Necessaries, and a natural Tenderness of Body, brought on her soon after Conviction so great a Sickness, that she could not attend the Duties of public Devotion, and reduced her to the Necessity of catching the little Intervals of Ease which her Distemper allowed her, to beg pardon of God for that terrible Crime of which she had been Guilty. There was at the same time, one *Mary Stevens* in the condemned Hole, though she afterwards received a Reprieve, who was very instrumental in bringing this poor Creature to a true Sense of herself and of her sins. She then confessed the Murder with all its Circumstances, reproached herself with having been guilty of so complicated a Crime as to murder the Person who had so carefully took her under his Roof, allowed her a subsistence, and been so peculiarly civil to her, for which he expected no Return but what was easily in her Power to make. This *Mary Stevens* was a weak-brained Woman, full of Scruples and Difficulties, and almost distracted at the Thoughts of having committed several Robberies.

After receiving the Sacrament, she not only persuaded this *Mray Hanson* to behave herself as became a Woman under her unhappy Condition, but also persuaded two or three other Female Criminals in that Place to make the best use of that Mercy which Lenity of the Government had extended them. There was a Man suffered to go twice a day to read to them, and probably it was he who drew up the Paper for *Mary Hanson*, which she left behind her; for though it be very agreeable to the Nature of her Case, yet it is penned in the Manner not likely to come from the hands of a poor ignorant Woman. Certain it is, however, that she behaved herself with great Calmness and Resolution at the time of her Death, and did not appear at all disturbed at that Hurry which (as I shall mention in the next Life) happened at the Place of Execution. The Paper she left ran in these Words, *viz.* :—

A Paper left by MARY HANSON, at the Time of her Death.

Though the Poverty of my Parents hindered me from having any great Education, yet I resolve to do as I know others in my unhappy Circumstances have done, and by informing the World of the Causes which led me to that Crime, for which I so justly suffer, that all by shunning it may avoid such a shameful End; and I particularly desire all Women to take heed how they give Way to Drunkenness, which is a Vice but too common in this Age. It was that Disorder in which my Spirits were, occasioned by the Liquor I had drank, which hurried me to the committing a Crime, at the Thoughts of which on any other time my Blood would

have curdled. I hope you will afford me your Prayers for my departing Soul, as I offer up mine to God that none of you may follow me to this fatal Place. Having delivered this Paper, she suffered at about thirty Years old.



The Life of BRYAN SMITH, a *Threatning Letter Writer.*



HAVE already observed how that called the Black Act was extended for punishing *Charles Towers*, concerned in setting up the *New Mint*, who as he affirmed died only for having his Face accidentally dirty at the time he assaulted the Bailiff's House. I must now put you in Mind of another Clause in the same Act, *viz.*, that for punishing with Death those who send any threatening Letters, in order to affright Persons into a Compliance with their Demands, for fear of being Murdered themselves, or having their Houses Fired about their Ears. This Clause of the Act is General, and therefore did not extend only to Offences of this kind, when committed by *Deer-Stealers*, and those Gangs against whom it was particularly levelled at that Time, but included also whoever should be guilty of writing such Letters to any Person or Persons whatsoever, which was a just and necessary construction of the Act, and not only made use of in the Case of this Criminal, but of many more since, becoming particularly useful of late Years, when this Practice became frequent.

Bryan Smith, who occasioned this observation, was an *Irishman* of Parts so very mean, as perhaps such were never met with in one who passed for a rational Creature. Yet this Fellow, forsooth, took it into his Head that he might be able to frighten *Baron Swasso*, a very rich *Jew* in the City, out of a considerable Sum of Money, by terrifying him with a Letter: for this Purpose he wrote one indeed in a Style I dare say was never seen before or since. Its Spelling was *a-la-mode de Brogue*, and the whole Substance of the Thing filled with Oaths, Curses, Execrations and Threatenings of Murder and Burning, if such a Sum of Money was not sent as he in his great Wisdom thought fit to demand. The Man's Management in sending this, and directing how he would have an Answer was of a piece with his Style, and altogether made Discovery no difficult Matter. So that *Bryan* being apprehended, was at the next Sessions at the *Old-Bailey* tried and convicted on the Evidence of some of his Countrymen. And when after receiving Sentence, there remained no hopes for him of Favour, to make up a consistent Character he declared himself a *Papist*, and as is usual with Persons of that Profession, was forbidden by his Priest to go any more to the public Chapel. However, that Justice may be done him, he appeared as far as outward Circumstances will give us leave to judge very sorry for the Crime he had committed; and having had the Priest with him a considerable Time the Day before his Death, he would needs go to the place of Execution in a Shroud. He repeated as he went along, the *Hail Mary* and *Pater Noster*, but there being many Persons to Suffer, and the Executioner thereby put into a Confusion, *Smith*

observing the hurry slipped the Rope over his Head, and jumped at once over the Copse of the Cart amongst the Mob. Had he been wise enough to have come in his Clothes, and not in a Shroud, it is highly probable he had made his Escape; but his white dress rendering him conspicuous even at a distance, the Sheriffs' Officers were not long before they retook him, and placed him in his former Situation again. Hope and Fear, Desire of Life, and dread of immediate Execution, had occasioned so great an Emotion of his Spirits, that he appeared in his last Moments in a Confusion not to be described; and departed the World in such an Agony that he was a long time before he died, which was at the same Time with the Malefactor before mentioned, *viz.*, on the 30th of *April*, 1725.



The Life of JOSEPH WARD, *a Footpad.*



HERE are some Persons who are unhappy even from their Cradles, and though every Man is said to be born to a Mixture of good and evil Fortune, yet these seem to reap nothing from their Birth, but an entry into Woe, and a passage to Misery. The unhappy Man we are now speaking of, *Joseph Ward*, is a strong Instance of this; for being the Son of Travelling People, he scarce knew either of the Persons to whom he owed his Birth, or the Place where he was Born. However they found a Way to instruct him well enough to read, and that so well that it was after-

wards of great Use to him, in the most miserable State of his Life. He rambled about with his Father and Mother until the Age of fourteen. When they dying he was left to the wide World, with Nothing to provide for himself but his Wits, so that he was almost under Necessity of going into a Gang of *Gipsies*, that passed by that Part of the Country where he was. These *Gipsies* taught him all their Arts of Living; and it happened that the Crew he got into were not of the worst sort neither, for they maintained themselves rather by the Credulity of Country Folks, than by the ordinary Practices of those sort of People, stealing of Poultry and robbing Hedges of what Linen People are careless enough to leave there. I shall have another and more proper Occasion, to give my Readers the History of this sort of People, who were anciently formidable enough to deserve a peculiar Act of Parliament, altered and amended in several Reigns for banishing them the Kingdom; but to go on with the Story of *Ward*, he disliking this Employment, took occasion when they came into *Buckinghamshire*, to leave them at a Common by *Gerard-Cross*, and came up to *London*. When he came here, he was still in the same State, not knowing what to do to get Bread. At last he bethought himself of the *Sea*, and prevailed on a Captain to take him with him a pretty long Voyage. He behaved himself so well in his Passage, that his Master took him with him again, and used him very kindly, but he dying, *Ward* was again put to his Shifts, though on his Arrival in *England* he brought up with him near thirty Guineas to *London*. He took up his Lodging near the Iron Gate at *St. Catherine's*, and taking a Walk one Evening on *Tower Wharf*,

he there met with a young Woman, who after much Shyness suffered him to talk to her. They met there a Second and Third time; she said, *she was Niece to a Pewterer of considerable Circumstances, not far from Tower-Hill, who had promised, and was able to give her five hundred Pounds, but the Fear of dis-obliging him by Marriage, hindered her from thinking of becoming a Wife without his Approbation of her Spouse.* These Difficulties made poor *Ward* imagine, that if he could once persuade the Woman to Marriage, he should soon mollify the Heart of her Relation, and so became happy at once. With much ado Madam was prevailed on to consent, and going to the *Fleet* they were there married, and soon returned to *St. Catherine's*, to new Lodgings which *Ward* had taken, where he had proposed to continue a Day or two and then wait upon the Uncle. Never Man was in his own Opinion, more happy than *Joseph Ward* in his new Wife, but alas! all human happiness is fleeing and uncertain; especially when it depends, in any Degree upon a Woman. The very next Morning after their Wedding, Madam prevailed on him to slip on an old Coat and take a Walk by the House which she had shewn him for her Uncle's. He was no sooner out of Doors, but she gave the Sign to some of her Accomplices, who in a Quarter of an Hour's time helped her to strip the Lodgings, not only of all which belonged to *Ward*, but of some Things of Value that belonged to the People of the House. They were scarce out of Doors before *Ward* returned, who finding his Wife gone, and the Room stripped, set up such an Outcry as alarmed all the People in the House. Instead of being concerned at *Joseph's* Loss, they clamoured at their own, and

told him in so many Words, *that if he did not find the Woman, or make them Reparation for their Goods, they would send him to Newgate*; but alas! it was neither in *Ward's* Power to do one nor the other; upon which the People were as good as their Word, for they sent for a Constable and had him before a Justice: there the whole Fact appearing, the Justice discharged him, and told them, *they must take their Remedy against him at common Law*. Upon this, *Ward* took the Advantage and made off; but taking to drinking to drive away the Sorrows that encompassed him, he at last fell into ill Company, and by them was prevailed on to join in doing ill Actions to get Money. He had been but a short time at this Trade, before he committed the Fact for which he died.

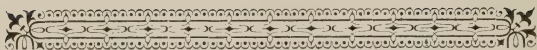
Islington was the Road where he generally took a Purse, and therefore endeavoured to make himself perfectly acquainted with many Ways that lead to that little Town, which he effected so well, that he escaped several times from the strictest Pursuits. At last it came into his Head, that the safest Way would be to rob Women, which accordingly he put in Practice, and committed abundance of Thefts that Way for the Space of six Weeks; particularly on one Mrs. *Jane Vickary* of a Gold Ring Value twenty Shillings, and soon after Mrs. *Elizabeth Barker* of a Gold Ring set with Garnets. For these two Facts being apprehended, he was committed to *New-Prison*, where either refusing or not being able to make Discoveries, he remained in Custody till the Sessions at the *Old-Bailey*, where the Persons swearing positively to his Face, he was after a trivial Defence convicted, and received Sentence of Death accordingly. As he had

no Relations that he knew of, nor so much as one Friend in the World, the Thoughts of Pardon never distracted his Mind a Moment; he applied himself from the Day of his Sentence to a new Preparation for Death, and having in the Midst of all his Troubles accustomed himself to Reading, he was of great Use to his unhappy Companions in reading the Scripture, and assisting them in their private Devotions. He made a just use of that Space which the Mercy of the *English* Law allows to Persons who are to suffer Death for their Crimes to make their Peace with their Creator.

There was but one Person who visited this Offender while under the Sentence of the Law, and he thought that the only Method by which he could do him Service was to save his Life. He therefore proposed to him a very probable Method of escaping, which for Reasons not hard to be guessed at, I shall forbear describing. He pressed him so often and made the Practicability of the Thing so plain, that the Criminal at last condescended to make the Experiment, and his Friend promised the next Day to bring him the Materials for his Escape. That Night *Ward*, who began then to be weak in his Limbs, with the Sickness which had lain upon him ever since he had been in the Prison, fell into a deep Sleep, a Comfort he had not felt since the coming on of his Misfortunes. In this Space he dreamed that he was in a very barren sandy Place, which was bounded before him by a deep River, which in the Middle of the Plain parted itself into two Streams, and after having run a considerable Space, united again, having formed an Island within the Branches. On the other Side of the main River, there appeared one of the most

beautiful Countries that could be thought of, covered with Trees full of Ripe Fruit and adorned with Flowers. On the other Side in the Island which was enclosed, having a large Arm of Water running behind it, and another smaller before, the Soil appeared sandy and barren, like that whereon he stood. While he was musing at this Sight, he beheld a Person of a grave and venerable aspect, in Garb and Appearance like a Shepherd, who asked him twice or thrice, *if he knew the meaning of what he there saw*, to which he answering, *No, well then*, says the Stranger, *I will inform you this Sight which you see, is just your present Case. You have nothing to resolve with yourself, but whether you will prepare by swimming across this River immediately, for ever to possess that beautiful Country that lies before you, or by attempting the Passage over the narrow Board, which crossing the first Arm of the River leads into the Island where you will be again amidst Briars and Thorns, and must at last pass that deep Water, before you can enjoy the pleasant Country you behold on the other Side.* This Vision made so strong an Impression on the poor Man's Spirits, that when his Friend came he refused absolutely to make his Escape, but suffered with great Marks of Calmness and true Repentance at Tyburn, in the twenty-seventh Year of his Age.





The Life of JAMES WHITE, *a Private Thief.*



TUPIDITY, however it may arise, whether from a Natural Imperfection of the rational Faculties, or from want of Education, or from drowning it wholly in bestial and sensual Pleasures, is doubtless one of the highest Misfortunes, which can befall any Man whatsoever; for it not only leaves him little better than the Beast which perish, exposed to a thousand Inconveniences against which there is no Guard but that of clear and unbiassed Reason, but it renders him also base and abject, when under Misfortunes, the Sport and Contempt of that wicked and debauched Part of the human Species, who are apt to scoff at despairing Misery, and to add by their Insults to the Miseries of those who sink under their Load already.

James White, who is to be the subject of the following Narration, was the Son of very honest and very reputable Parents, though their Circumstances were so mean as not to afford wherewith to put their Son to School; and they were so careless as not to procure his Admission into the Charity School, by which it happened that the poor Fellow knew hardly anything better than the Beasts of the Field, and addicted himself, like them, to filling his Belly, and satisfying his Lust. Whenever therefore either of those Brutish Appetites called him, he never scrupled plundering to obtain what might supply the first, or

to use force that might oblige Women to submit against their Wills unto the other.

While he was a mere Boy, and worked about as he could with anybody who would employ him, he found a Way to steal and carry off thirty Pounds' Weight of Tobaccó, the Property of Mr. *Perry*, an eminent *Virginia* Merchant, and for which he was at the ensuing Assizes at the *Old Bailey* tried and convicted, and thereupon ordered for Transportation, and in pursuance of that Sentence sent on board the Transport Vessel accordingly. Their Allowance there was very poor, such as the Miserable Wretches could hardly subsist on, *viz.*, a Pint and a half of fresh Water, and a very small Piece of Salt Meat *per Diem* each; but that wherein their greatest Misery consisted, was the Hole in which they were locked underneath the Deck, where they were tied two and two, in order to prevent those Dangers which the Ship's Crew often runs, by the Attempts made by Felons to escape. In this disconsolate Condition he passed his time until the Arrival of the Ship in *America*, where he met with a Piece of good Luck, if attaining Liberty may be called good Luck without acquiring at the same time a Means to preserve Life in any Comfort. It happened thus: The Supercargo falling sick, under the usual Distemper which visits Strangers at first coming, if they keep not to the exactest Rules of Temperance and Forbearance of strong Liquors, ran quickly so much in Debt with his Physician, that he was obliged immediately to go off; by doing which, fix Felons became their own Masters, of whom *James White* was one. He retired into the Woods, and lived there in a very wretched Manner for some time, till he met with some *Indian*

Families in that Retreat, who according to the natural uncultivated Humanity of that People cherished and relieved him to the utmost of their Power. Soon after this, he went to work amongst some *English* Servants, in order to ease them, telling them how things stood with him, *viz.*, that he had been transported, and that for fear of being seized he fled into the Woods, where he had endured the greatest Hardships. The Servants pitying his desperate Condition relieved him often, without the Knowledge of their Mistress until they got him into a Planter's Service, where though he worked hard he was sure to fare tolerably well. But at length being ordered to carry Water in large Vessels over the Rocks to the Ship that rode in the Bay underneath it, his Feet were thereby so intolerably cut, that he was soon rendered lame and incapable of doing it any longer. The Family thereupon grew weary of keeping him in that decrepit State he was in, and so for what servile Scullion-like Labour he was able to do, a Master of a Ship took him on board and carried him to *England*.

On his Return hither, he went directly to his Friends in *Cripplegate* Parish, and told them what had befallen him, and how he was driven home again almost as much by force as he was hurried abroad. They were too poor to be able to conceal him, and he was therefore obliged to go and cry Fruit about the Street publicly, that he might not want Bread, He went on in this mean but honest enough Way. without committing any new Facts, that I am able to learn for the Space of some Months, when being seen and known by some who at that time were employed, or at least employed themselves, in detecting

and taking up all such Persons as returned from Transportation, *White* amongst the Rest was seized, and at the ensuing Sessions at the *Old-Bailey* convicted on that Statute, and pleaded only that he was a very young Man, and if the Court would have so much Pity on him as to send him over again, he would be satisfied to stay all his Lifetime in *America*. But the Resolution which had been taken to spare none who returned back to *England*, because such Persons were more bloody and dangerous Rogues than any other, and prompted by Despair, apt to resist the Officers of Justice, caused him to be put into the Death-Warrant.

Both before and after receiving Sentence, he not only abandoned himself to a stupid heedless Indolence, but behaved in so rude and troublesome a Manner, as occasioned his being complained of by those miserable Wretches who were under the same Condemnation as a greater Grievance to them than all their other Misfortunes put together. He would sometimes threaten modest Women who came into the Hole to visit, tease them with obscene Discourse, and after his being Prisoner there committed Acts of Lewdness to the Amazement and Horror of the most wicked and abandoned Wretches in that dreadful Place. Being however severely Reprimanded for continuing so beastly a Course of Life, when Life itself was no near being extinguished, he laid the Crime to his own ignorance, and said, *if he were better instructed he would behave better*, but could not bear being abused, threatened, and even maltreated by those who were in the same State with himself. From this Time he addicted himself to attend more carefully to religious Discourses than most of the

Rest, and as far as the amazing Dulness of his Intellect would give him leave, applied to the Duties of his sad State.

Before his Death he gave many Testimonies of a sincere and unaffected Sorrow for his Crimes, but as he had not the least Notion of the Nature, Efficacy, or Preparation necessary for the Sacrament, it was not given him as is usually done to Malefactors on the Day of their Death. At the Place of Execution he seemed to be surprised and astonished, looked wildly round upon the People, and then asking the Minister who attended him, what he must now do? The Person spoke to instructed him, and shutting his Hands close, cried out with great Vehemence, Lord receive my Soul. His age was about twenty-five at the time he suffered, which was on the 6th Day of *November, 1723.*



The Life of JOSEPH MIDDLETON, *a Housebreaker and Private Thief.*

AMONGST the numbers of unhappy Wretches who perish at the Gallows, there seems most Pity to be due to those who pressed by Want and Necessity, commit in the bitter Exigencies of starving, some illegal Act, purely to support Life. But this is a very scarce Case, and such a one as I cannot in Strictness presume to say, I have hitherto met with in all the Loads of Papers I have turned over to this Purpose, though as the

best Motive to excite Compassion, and consequently to obtain Mercy, it is made very often a Pretence.

Joseph Middleton was the Son of a very poor though honest labouring Man, in the County of *Kent*, near *Deptford*, who did all that was in his Power to bring up his Children. This unfortunate Son being taken off his Hands by an Uncle, a *Gardener*, who brought the Boy up to his own Business, and consequently to labour hard enough, which would to an understanding Person appear no such very great Hardship, where a Man had continually been inured to it even from his Cradle, and had neither Capacity nor the least probability of attaining anything better, yet such an intolerable thing did it seem to *Middleton*, that he resolved at any rate to be rid of it, and to purchase an easier way of spending his Days.

In order to this, he very wisely chose to go on board a Man of War then bound for the *Baltic*. He was in himself a stupid clumsy Fellow, and the Officers and Seamen in the Ship treated him so harshly, the fatigue he went through was so great, and the Coldness of the Climate so pinching to him, that he who so impatiently wished to be rid of the Country Work, now as earnestly desired to return thereto; and therefore when on the Return of Sir *John Norris*, the Ship he was in was paid off and discharged, he was in extasy of Joy thereat, and immediately went down again to settle hard to Labour, as he had done before. Experience having convinced him, that there were much more Hardships sustained in one short Ramble, than in a laborious Life. In order, as is the common Phrase, to settle in the World, he married a poor Woman, by whom he had two Children, and thereby made her as unhappy as

himself; for what he was able to earn by his Hands falling much short of what was necessary to keep House in the Way he lived, this reduced him to such Narrowness of Circumstances, that he was obliged as he would have it believed, to take illegal Methods for Support.

His own blockish and dastardly Temper, as it had prevented his ever doing Good in any honest Way, so it as effectually put it out of his Power to acquire anything considerable by the Rapine he committed; for as he wanted Spirit to go into a Place where there was immediate Danger, so his Companions who did the Fact while he scouted about to see if anybody was coming, and to give them Notice, when they divided the Booty gave him just what they thought fit, and kept the Rest to themselves. He had gone on in this miserable Way for a considerable Space, and yet was able to acquire very little, his Wants being very near as great while he robbed every Night as they were when he laboured every Day, so that in the Exchange he got nothing but Danger into the Bargain.

At last being apprehended for breaking into the House of *John de Pais* and *Joseph Gomeroon*, and there taking Jewels and other things to a great Value, he thought his Innocence in not entering the Place, would sufficiently excuse him in the Fact; for he pleaded at his Trial, that he was so far from breaking the House, that he was not so much as on the Ground of the Prosecutor when it was broke, but on the contrary, as appeared by their own Evidence, on the other side of the Way. But it being very fully proved by the Evidence, that *Joseph Middleton* belonged to the Gang, that he waited there only to give

them Intelligence, and shared in the Money they took, the Jury found him guilty.

While he lay under Conviction, he did his utmost Endeavour to understand what was necessary for him to do in order to Salvation; he applied himself with utmost Diligence to praying God to instruct and enlighten his Understanding, that he might be able to improve by his Sufferings and reap a Benefit from the Chastisements of his Maker. In this Frame of Mind he continued with great Steadiness and Calmness till the Time of his Execution, at which he showed some Fear and Confusion, as the Sight of such a Death is apt to create, even in the stoutest and best prepared Breast. This *Joseph Middleton* at the time of his Exit, was in about the fortieth Year of his Age.



The Life of JOHN PRICE, a Housebreaker.

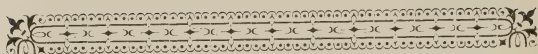


PROFLIGATE Life naturally terminates in Misery, and according to the Vices which it has most pursued, so are its Punishments suited to it. *Drunkenness* besots the Understanding, ruins the Constitution, and leaves those addicted to it in the last Stages of Life, in Want and Misery, equally destitute of all Necessaries, and incapable to procure them. *Lewdness* and Lust after loose Women, enervates both the Vigour of the Brain and Strength of the Body, induces Weaknesses that anticipate old Age, and afflict the declining Sinner with so many Evils, as makes him a Burden to


himself, and a *Spectacle* to others. But if for the Support of all these, Men fall into rapacious and wicked Courses, plundering others who have frugally provided for the supply of Life, in order to indulge their own wicked Inclinations, then indeed the Law of Society interposes generally before the Law of Nature, and cuts off with a sudden and ignominious Death, those who would otherwise probably have fallen by the Fruits of their own Sins. This Malefactor *John Price*, was one of these wretched People, who act as if they thought Life was given them only to commit Wickedness, and to Sate their several Appetites with gross Impunities, without considering how far they offend, either against the Institutions of God, or the Laws of the Land. It does not appear that this Fellow ever followed any Employment that looked like Honesty, except when he was at Sea. The Terrors of a Sick Bed alarmed even a Conscience so hardened as *Price's*, and the Effects of an ill-spent Life appeared so plainly in the weak Condition he found himself in, that he made, as he afterwards owned, the most solemn Vows of Amendment, if through the Favour of *Providence* he recovered his former Health. To this he was by the Goodness of *God* restored, but the Resolutions he made on that Condition were totally forgotten. As soon as he returned home, he sought afresh the Company of those loose Women and those abandoned Wretches, who by the Inconveniences into which they had formerly led him, had obliged him to seek for Shelter by a long Voyage at Sea.

What little Money he had received when the Ship was paid off, was quickly lavished away; so that on the 11th of *August*, 1725, he with two others named

Cliffe and *Sparks*, undertook, after having well weighed the Attempt, to enter the House of the Duke of *Leeds*, by moving the Sash, and so plunder it of what was to be got. *Cliffe* accordingly, by their Assistance, got in at the Window, and afterwards handed out a Cloak, Hat, and other Things to his Companions, *Sparks* and *Price*, but they were all immediately apprehended. *Cliffe* made an Information by which he discovered the whole Fact, and it was fully proved by Mr. *Bealin* that *Price* when first apprehended, owned that he had been with *Cliffe* and *Sparks*. Upon the whole the Jury found him guilty, upon which he freely acknowledged the Justice of their Verdict at the Bar. All the Time he lay under Conviction, he behaved himself as a Person convinced of his own Unworthiness of Life, and therefore repined not at the Justice of that Sentence which condemned him to Death, though in his Behaviour before his Trial, there had appeared much of that rough and boisterous Disposition usual in Fellows of no Education who have long practised such Ways of Living. Yet long before his Death, he laid aside all that Ferocity of Mind, appearing calm and easy under the Weight of his Sufferings, and so much dissatisfied with the Trouble he had met with in the World, that he appeared scarce desirous of remaining in it. He was not able himself to give any Account of his Age, but as far as could be guessed from his Looks, he might be about thirty when executed, which was at the same Time with the Malefactor last mentioned, *Cliffe*, whose Information had hanged him, being reprieved.



The Life of WILLIAM SPERRY, Footpad and Highwayman.

 HERE is not anything more extraordinary in the Circumstances of those who from a Life of Rapine and Plunder come to its natural *Catastrophe*, a violent and ignominious Death, than that some of them, from a Life of Piety and Religion, have on a sudden fallen into so opposite a Behaviour, and without any Stumbles in the Road of Virtue, taken as it were a Leap from the Precipice at once. This Malefactor, *William Sperry*, was born of Parents in very low Circumstances, who afforded him and his Brother scarcely any Education, until having reached the Age of fourteen Years, he, with his younger Brother before-mentioned, were both decoyed by one of the Agents for the Plantations, and transported to *America*, where they were sold for about seven Years. After the Expiration of this Term, *William Sperry* went to live at *Philadelphia*, the Capital of *Pensylvania*, one of the best Plantations the *English* have in *America*. It receives its Name from *William Pen*, the famous *Quaker*, who first planted it. Here, being chiefly instigated thereto from the great Piety and unaffected Purity of Morals in which the Inhabitants of that Colony excel the greater Part of the World besides, *Sperry* began with the utmost Industry to endeavour at retrieving his Reading, and the Master with whom he lived favouring his Inclinations, was at great Pains and

some Expense to have him taught Writing. Yet he did not swerve in his Religion, or fall into *Quakerism*, the predominant Sect here, but went constantly to the Church belonging to the Religion by Law established in *England*, read several good Books, and applied himself with much Zeal to the Service of *God*. Removing from the House of this his kind Master, to that of another Planter, he abated Nothing in his Zeal for Devotion, but went constantly from his Master's House to the Church at *West Chester*, which was near five Miles from his Home. Happening not long after to have the Advantage of going in a Trading Vessel to several Ports in *America*, he gave himself up with great Pleasure to this new Life, but his Happiness therein, like all other Species of human Bliss, very shortly faded; for one Morning just as the Day began to dawn, the Vessel in which he sailed, was boarded, and after a very short Struggle taken, by the famous *Lowe* the Pirate. *Sperry* being a brisk young Lad, *Lowe* would fain have taken him into his Crew, but the Lad having still virtuous Principles remaining, earnestly entreated that he might be excused, which on the Score of his having discovered to *Lowe*, a mutinous Conspiracy of his Crew, the Generosity of that Pirate was so great, that finding no Offer of his could make any Impression, he caused him to be set safe on Shore in the Night, on one of the *Leeward Islands*.

Notwithstanding *Sperry* did not at that Time comply with the Instigations of the Pirate, yet his Mind was so much poisoned by the Sight of what passed on board, that he from that Time had an Itching towards Plunder, and a Desire of getting Money at an easier Rate than by the Sweat of his Brow. While

these Thoughts were floating in his Head, he was entertained on board one of his *Majesty's Men of War*, and while he continued in the Service, saw a Pirate Vessel taken, and the Men, being tried before a Court of *Admiralty* in *New England*, were every one of them executed except five, who manifestly appeared to have been forced into the Pirate's Service. One would have thought this would have totally eradicated all Liking to that Sort of Practice, but it seems it did not. For as soon as *Sperry* came home to *England*, and had married a Wife, by which his Inclinations were chained, though he had no Ability to support her, and falling into great Necessities, he either tempted others, or associated himself with certain loose and abandoned young Men; for, as he himself constantly declared, he was not led into evil Practices by the Persuasions of any. However it was, the Facts he committed were many, and he became the Pest of most of the Roads to the little Villages about *London*, particularly towards *Hampstead*, *Islington*, and *Marylebone*, of some of which, as our Papers serve, we shall inform you.

Sperry and four more of his Associates, hearing that Gaming was very public at *Hampstead*, and that considerable Sums were won and lost there every Night, resolved to share part of the Winnings let them light where they would. In order to this, they planted themselves in a dry Ditch on one Side of the Foot-road, just as Evening came on, intending when it was darker to venture into the Coach-road. They had hardly been at their Posts a Quarter of an Hour before two Officers came by. Some of them were for attacking them; but *Sperry* was of a contrary Opinion. In the Meanwhile they heard one of

the Gentlemen say to the other, *there's D—— M——, the Gamester, behind us; he has won at least sixty Guineas to-night.* Sperry and his Crew had no further Dispute whether they should rob the *Gentlemen* in Red or no, but resolved to wait the Coming of so rich a Prize. It was but a few Minutes before *M——* appeared in Sight; they immediately stepped into the Path, two before him, and two behind, and watching him to the Corner of a Hedge, the two who were behind him caught him by the Shoulders, turned him round, and hurrying him about ten Yards, pushed him into a dry Ditch, which they had no sooner done, but they all four leaped down upon him. There they began to examine his Pockets. *M——* thought to have talked them out of a stricter Search by pretending he had lost a great Deal of Money at Play, and had but fifty Shillings about him, which with a Silver Watch and a Crystal Ring he seemed very ready to deliver; and it is very probable these would have been accepted, if they had not had better Intelligence; but one of the oldest of the Gang perceiving after turning out all his Pockets, that they could discover nothing of Value, he began to exert the Style of a Highwayman upon an Examination, and addressed the Gamester in these Terms: *Nobody but such a Rogue as you would have given Gentlemen of our Faculty so much Trouble. Sir, we have received Advice by good Hands from Bellsizes, that you won sixty Guineas to-day at Play; produce them immediately, or we shall take it for granted you have swallowed them, and in such a Case, Sir, I have an Instrument ready to give us an immediate Account of the Contents of your Stomach.* *M——*, in a dreadful Fright, put his Hand under his Arm, and

from thence produced a Green Purse with a fifty-pound Bank-Note, and eighteen Guineas, which they had no sooner taken, than tying him fast to a Hedge Stake, they ran across the Fields in search of another Booty. They spun out the Time, being a Moonlight Night, until past Eleven, there being so much Company on the Road that they found it impossible to attack without Danger.

As they were returning home, they heard the Noise of a Coach driving very hard, and upon turning about saw it was that of Sir *W—— B——*, himself in the Box, two Ladies of Pleasure in the Coach, and his Servants a great Way behind. One of them therefore seized the Horse on one Side, and another on the other, but Sir *W——* drove so very hard, that the Pull of the Horses brought them both to the Ground, and he at the same Time encouraging them with his Voice and the Smack of his Whip, drove safe off without any Hurt, though they fired two Pistols after him. About three Weeks after this, they were passing down *Drury-Lane*, and observing a Gentleman going with one of the fine Ladies of the *Hundreds* into a Tavern thereabouts, one of the Gang who knew him, and knew that he had married a Lady with a great Fortune to whom his Father was Guardian, and that they lived altogether in a great House near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, thought on a Project immediately. They stepped into an Ale-house, while he wrote an Epistle to the old Gentleman, informing him that they had a Warrant to apprehend a lewd Woman who was with Child by his Son, but that she had made her Escape, and was now actually with him at such a Tavern in *Drury-Lane*; wherefore being apprehensive of Disturbance, and

being unwilling to disgrace his Family, rather than take rougher Methods, they had informed him, in order that by his Interposition the Affair might be made up. As soon as they had written this Letter, they dispatched one of their Number to carry it and to deliver it, as if by Mistake, to the young Gentleman's Wife. This had the desired Effect, for in less than Half-an-hour came the Father, the Wife, and another of her Trustees, who happened to be paying a Visit there when the Letter came. They no sooner entered the Tavern, but hearing the Gentleman's Voice they asked for, they without Ceremony opened the Door, and finding a Woman there, all was believed, and there followed a mighty Uproar. Two of the Rogues who were best dressed, had slipped into the next Room and called for half a Pint. They as if by accident came out at the Noise, and under Pretence of inquiring the Occasion, took the Opportunity of picking the Gentleman's Pockets of twenty-five Guineas, one Gold Watch, and two silver Snuff-Boxes, which it is to be presumed were never missed until after the Affair was over.

The last Robbery *Sperry* committed was upon one *Thomas Golding*, not far from *Bromley*, who not having any Money about him, *Sperry* endeavoured to make it up by taking all his Clothes; for which being apprehended, at the next Sessions at the *Old-Bailey*, he was convicted for this Offence, and having no Friends, could not entertain the least Hopes of Pardon. From the Time therefore that he was convicted, and indeed from that of his Commitment, he behaved like a Person on the Brink of another World, ingenuously confessing all his Guilt, and acknowledging readily the Justice of that Sentence by which

he was doomed to Death. His Behaviour was perfectly uniform, and as he never put on an Air of Contempt towards Death, so at its nearest Approach he did not seem exceedingly terrified therewith, but with great Calmness of Mind prepared for his Dissolution. On the Day of his Execution his Countenance seemed rather more cheerful than ordinary, and he left this World with all exterior Signs of true Penitence and Contrition, on *Monday*, the 24th of *May*, 1725, at *Tyburn*, being then about twenty-three Years of Age.



The Life of ROBERT HARPHAM, a *Coiner*.

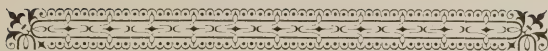


ON a former Occasion, in the Life of *Barbara Spencer*, I have mentioned the Laws against *Coining* as they stand at present in this *Kingdom*. I shall not therefore detain my Readers here with any unnecessary Introduction, but proceed to inform them that a Multitude of false Guineas being talked of, the natural Consequence of a few being detected, great Pains were taken by the Officers belonging to the *Mint* to detect those by whom such Frauds had been committed. It was not long before Information was had of one *Robert Harpham* and *Thomas Broom*, who were suspected of being the Persons by whom such false Guineas had been made. Upon these Suspicions, *Search-warrants* were granted, and a large *Engine* of Iron was discovered at *Harpham's* House, with other Tools supposed to be made use of for that Purpose. The Mob on this Occasion immediately gave out,

that a Cart-load of Guineas had been carried from thence, because those Instruments were so cumbrous as to be fetched in that Manner; but the Truth indeed was, no great Number of false Guineas had been coined, though the Instruments undoubtedly were fitted and made use of for that Purpose. *Harpham*, who well knew what Evidence might be produced against him, never flattered himself with Hopes after he came into *Newgate*, but as he believed he should die, so he prepared himself for it as well as he could.

At his Trial the Evidence against him was very full and direct. *Mr. Pinkney* deposed flatly, that the Instruments produced in Court, and which were sworn to be taken from the Prisoner's House, could not serve for any other Use than that of Coining. These Instruments were an *Iron Press* of very great Weight, a *cutting Instrument* for forming *Blanks*, an *Edging Tool for indenting*, with two *Dies* for Guineas, and two *Dies* for half Guineas. To strengthen this, *William Fordham* deposed in Relation to the Prisoner's Possession, and *Mr. Hornbey* swore directly to his striking an half Guinea in his Presence. *Mr. Oakley* and *Mr. Yardley* deposed further that they had flatted very considerable Quantities of a mixed Metal for the Prisoner, made up of Brass, Copper, &c., sometimes to the Quantity of thirty or forty Pounds' Weight at a Time. The Defence he made was weak and trifling, and the Jury after a very short Consideration brought him in guilty of the Indictment. He never entertained any Hopes of Pardon, but bent all his Endeavours in making his Peace with *God*. Some Persons in the Prison had been very civil to him, and one of them presuming thereon,

asked him wherein the great Secret of his Art of Coining lay? Mr. *Harpham* thanked him for the Kindnesses he had received of him, but said, *that he should make a very ill Return for the time afforded him by the Law for Repentance, if he should leave behind him anything of that Kind which might farther detriment his Country.* Some Instances were also made to him, that he should discover certain Persons of that same Profession with himself, who were likely to carry on the same Frauds long after his Decease. Mr. *Harpham*, notwithstanding the Answer he had made the other Gentleman, refused to comply with this Request, for he said, *that the Instruments seized would effectually prevent that, and he would not take away their Lives and ruin their Families, when he was sure they were incapacitated from Coining anything for the Future.* However that he might discharge his Conscience as far as he could, he wrote several *Pathetic Letters* to the Persons concerned, earnestly exhorting them for the Sake of themselves and their Families to leave off this wicked Employment, and not hazard their Lives and their Salvation in any farther Attempt of that Sort. Having thus disengaged himself from all wordly Concerns, he dedicated the last Moments of his Life entirely to the Service of *God*; and having received the Sacrament the Day before his Execution, he was conveyed the next Noon to *Tyburn* in a Sledge, where he was not a little disturbed, even in the Agonies of Death, by the Tumult, and the Insults the Mob offered to *Jonathan Wild*, which he complained much of and seemed very uneasy at. He suffered on the same Day with the last-mentioned Malefactor, appearing to be then about two or three and forty Years of Age.



The Life of the Famous JONATHAN WILD, Thief-taker.

WAS no Person in this Collection ever made so much Noise as he whom we are now speaking of, so never any Man perhaps in any Condition of Life whatever had so many romantic Stories fathered upon him in his Life or so many fictitious legendary Accounts published of him after his Death. It may seem a low Kind of Affectation to say, that the Memoirs we are now giving of *Jonathan Wild* are founded on Certainty and Fact, and that though they are so founded, they are yet more extraordinary than any of those fabulous Relations pushed into the World to get a Penny at the time of his Death—a proper Season for vending such Forgeries, the Public looking with so much Attention on his *Catastrophe*, and greedily catching up whatever pretended to give an Account of his Actions. But to go on with the History in its proper Order.

Jonathan Wild was the Son of Persons in a mean and low State of Life, yet for all that I have ever heard of them both honest and industrious. Their Family consisted of three Sons and two Daughters, whom their Father and Mother maintained and educated in the best Manner they could from their joint Labours, he as *Carpenter*, and she by selling Fruit in *Wolverhampton* Market, in *Staffordshire*, which in future Ages may perhaps become famous, as the

Birthplace of the celebrated Mr. *Jonathan Wild*. He was the eldest of the Sons, and received as good an Education as his Father's Circumstances would allow him, being taught at the Free-School to read and write, to both of which having attained to a tolerable Degree, he was put out an Apprentice to a *Buckle-Maker* in *Birmingham*. He served his Time with much Fidelity, and came up to Town in the Service of a Gentleman of the long Robe, about the Year 1704, or perhaps a little later ; but he, not liking his Service, or his Master not altogether so well pleased with him, he quitted it and retired again to his old Employment in the Country, where he continued to work diligently for some Time. But at last, growing sick of Labour, and still entertaining a Desire of tasting the Pleasures of *London*, he came hither a second Time, and worked Journey-work at the Trade to which he was bred. This not producing Money enough to support the Expenses *Jonathan's* Love of Pleasure threw him into, he got pretty deeply in Debt, and some of his Creditors not being endued with altogether as much Patience as his Circumstances required, he was suddenly arrested, and thrown into *Wood-Street* Compter. Having no Friends to do anything for him, and having very little in his Pocket when this Misfortune happened, he lived very hardly there, scarcely getting Bread enough to support him from the Charity allowed to Prisoners, and what little Services he could render to Prisoners of the better Sort in the Gaol. However, as no Man wanted Address less than *Jonathan*, so nobody could have employed it more properly than he did upon this Occasion. He thereby got so much into the Favour of the Keepers, that they quickly permitted him the

Liberty of the Gate, as they call it, and he thereby got some little Matter for going of Errands. This set him above the very Pinch of Want, and that was all, but his Fidelity and Industry in these mean Employments procured him such Esteem amongst those in Power there, that they soon took him into their Ministry, and appointed him an Underkeeper to those disorderly Persons who were brought in every Night, and are called, in their Cant, *Rats*. *Jonathan* now came into a comfortable Subsistence, having learnt how to get Money of such People by putting them into the Road of getting Liberty for themselves. But there, says my Author, he met with a Lady who was confined on the Score of such Practices very often, and who went by the Name of *Mary Milliner*, and who soon taught him how to gain much greater Sums than in this Way of Life, by Methods which he until then never heard of, and will, I am confident, to this Day carry the Charms of Novelty to most of my Readers. Of these, the first she put him upon was going on what they call the *Twang*, which is thus managed : the Man who is the Confederate goes out with some noted Woman of the Town, and if she fall into any Broil, he is to be at a proper Distance, ready to come to her Assistance, and by making a sham Quarrel, give her an Opportunity of getting off, perhaps after she has dived for a Watch or a Purse of Guineas, and was in Danger of being caught in the very Fact. This proved a very successful Employment to Mr. *Wild* for a Time. *Moll* and he therefore resolved to set up together, and for that Purpose took Lodgings and lived as Man and Wife, notwithstanding *Jonathan* had a Wife and a Son at *Wolverhampton*, and the fair Lady was married to a

Waterman in Town. By the Help of this Woman, *Jonathan* grew acquainted with all the notorious Gangs of loose Persons within the Bills of Mortality, and was also perfectly versed in the Manner by which they carried on their Schemes. He knew where and how their Enterprises were to be gone upon, and after what Manner they disposed of their ill-gotten Goods, when they came into their Possession. *Wild*, having always an intriguing Head, set up for a *Director* amongst them, and soon became so useful to them, that though he never went out upon any of their Lays, yet he got as much or more Money by their Crimes, than if he had been a Partner with them, which upon one Pretence or other he always declined. He had long ago got rid of that Debt for which he had been imprisoned in the *Compter*, and having by his own Thought projected a new Manner of Life, he began in a very little Time to grow weary of Mrs. *Milliner*, who had been his first Instructor. What probably contributed thereto were the Dangers to which he saw himself exposed, by continuing a *Bully* in her Service. However, they parted without falling out, and as he had Occasion to make use of her pretty often in his new Way of Business, so she proved very faithful and industrious to him in it, though she still went on in her old Way. It is now Time, that both this and the remaining Part of my Discourse may be intelligible, to explain the Methods by which Thieves became the better for Thieving where they did not steal ready Money; and of this we will now speak in the clearest and most concise Manner that we can.

It must be observed, that anciently when a Thief had got his Booty, he had done all that a Man in his

Profession could do; and there were Multitudes of People ready to help him off, with whatever Effects he had got without any more to do; but this Method being totally destroyed by an Act passed in the Reign of King *William*, by which it was made Felony for any Person to buy Goods stolen, knowing them to be so, and some Examples having been made on this Act, there were few or no Receivers to be met with, those that still carried on the Trade taking exorbitant Sums for their own Profit, and leaving those who had run the Hazard of their Necks in obtaining them the least Share in the Plunder. This (as an ingenious Author says) had like to have brought the Thieving Trade to Nought; but *Jonathan* quickly thought of a Method to put things again in Order, and give new Life to the Practisers in the several Branches of that ancient Art and Mystery called Stealing. The Method he took was this: as soon as any considerable Robbery was committed, and *Jonathan* received Intelligence by whom, he immediately went to the Thieves, and instead of offering to buy the Whole, or any part of the Plunder, he only inquired how the Thing was done, where the Persons lived who were injured, and what the Booty consisted in that was taken away; then pretending to chide them for their Wickedness in doing such Actions, and exhorting them to live honestly for the Future, he gave it them as his Advice, to lodge what they had taken in a proper Place which he appointed them, and then promised he would take some Measures for their Security, by getting the People to give them somewhat to have them restored again. Having thus wheedled those who had committed a Robbery into a Compliance with his Measures, his next Business was to

divide the Goods into several Parcels, and cause them to be sent to different Places, always avoiding taking them into his own Hands. Things being in this Position, *Jonathan*, or *Mrs. Milliner*, went to the Persons who were robbed, and after condoling the Misfortune, pretended that they had an Acquaintance with a Broker, to whom certain Goods were brought, some of which they suspected to be stolen, and hearing that the Person to whom they thus applied had been robbed, they said they thought it the Duty of one honest Body to another, to inform them thereof, and to inquire what Goods they were they lost, in order to discover whether those they spoke of were the same or no. People who have had such Losses, are always ready after the first Fit of Passion is over, to hearken to anything that has a Tendency towards recovering their Goods. *Jonathan*, or his Mistress therefore, who could either of them play the Hypocrite nicely, had no great Difficulty in making People listen to such Terms. In a Day or two therefore they were sure to come again, with Intelligence that having called upon their Friend, and looked over the Goods, they had found Part of the Things there, and provided nobody was brought into Trouble, and the Broker had Something in Consideration of his Care, they might be had again. He generally told the People when they came on this Errand, that he had heard of another Parcel at such a Place, and that if they would stay a little, he would go and see whether they were such as they described theirs to be which they had lost. This Practice of *Jonathan's*, if well considered, carries in it a great deal of Policy; for first it seemed to be a very honest and good-natured Act to prevail on evil Persons to restore the Goods

which they had stole ; and it must be acknowledged to be a great Benefit to those who were robbed, thus to have their Goods again on a reasonable Premium. *Jonathan* or his Mistress all the while took apparently nothing, their Advantages arising from what they took out of the Gratuity left with the Broker, and out of what they had bargained with the Thief to be allowed out of the Money which they had procured him. Such People finding this Advantage in it thus, the Rewards were very near as large as the Price is now given by Receivers, since receiving became so dangerous, and they reaped a certain Security also by the Bargain. With Respect to *Jonathan*, the Contrivance placed him in Safety, not only from all the Laws then in Being, but perhaps would have secured him as effectually from those that are made now, if Covetousness had not prevailed with him to take bolder Steps than these. For in a short Time he began to give himself out for a Person who made it his Business to recover stolen Goods to their right Owners. When he first did this, he acted with so much Art and Cunning, that he acquired a very great Reputation, not only as an honest Man from those who dealt with him to procure what they had lost, but even from People of higher Station, who observing the Industry with which he prosecuted certain Malefactors, took him for a Friend of Justice, and as such afforded him Countenance and Encouragement. Certain it is, that he brought more Villains to the Gallows than perhaps any Man ever did, and consequently by diminishing their Number, made it much more safe for Persons to Travel, or even to reside with Security in their own Houses ; and so sensible was *Jonathan* of that Necessity there was for him to

act in this Manner, that he constantly hung up two or three of his *Clients* at least in a Twelve-month, that he might keep up that Character to which he had attained, and so indefatigable was he in the Pursuit of those he endeavoured to apprehend, that it never happened in all his Course of acting, so much as one single Person escaped him; nor need this appear so great a Wonder, if we consider that the exact Acquaintance he had with their Gangs, and the Haunts they used, put it out of their Power almost to hide themselves so as to avoid his Searches.

When this Practice of *Jonathan's* became noted, and the People resorted continually to his House in order to hear of the Goods which they had lost, it produced not only much Discourse, but some Enquiries into his Behaviour. *Jonathan* foresaw this, and in order to evade any ill Consequence that might follow upon it, put on upon such Occasions an Air of Gravity, and complained of the evil Disposition of the Times, which would not permit a Man to serve his Neighbours and his Country without Censure. *For do I not, quoth Jonathan, do the greatest Good to the one, when I persuade those wicked People who have deprived them of their Properties, to restore them again for a reasonable Consideration. And with respect to the Villains whom I have so industriously brought to suffer that Punishment, which the Law, for the Sake of its honest Subjects, thinks fit to inflict upon them: does not their Deaths, I say, shew how much Use I am of to the Country?* Why, then, added *Jonathan*, should People asperse me, or endeavour to take away my Bread? This kind of Discourse served, as my Readers must all know, to keep *Wild* safe in his Employment for many Years, while not a

Step he took, but trod on Felony, nor a Farthing did he obtain but what deserved the Gallows. Two great Things there were which contributed to his Preservation, and they were these: the great readiness the Government always shews in detecting Persons guilty of capital Offences; in which Case we know it is common to offer not only Pardon but Rewards to Persons guilty, provided they make Discoveries; and this *Jonathan* was so sensible of, that he did not only screen himself behind this Lenity of the Supreme Power, but made use of it also as a sort of Authority, and behaved himself with a very presuming Air, and taking upon him the Character of a sort of Minister of Justice, which assumed Character of his, however ill founded, proved of great Advantage to him in the Course of his Life. The other Point, which, as I have said, contributed to keep him from any Prosecutions on the Score of these illegal and unwarrantable Actions, was the great Willingness of People who had been robbed to recover their Goods, and who, provided for a small Matter they could regain Things of a considerable Worth, were so far from taking Pains to bring the Offenders to Justice, that they thought the Premium a cheap Price to get off. And thus by the Rigour of the *Magistrate*, and the Lenity of the *Subject*, *Jonathan* claimed constant Employment; and according as wicked Persons behaved, they were either trussed up to satisfy the just Vengeance of the one, or protected and encouraged, that by bringing the Goods they stole, he might be enabled to satisfy the Demands of the other. And thus we see the Policy of a mean and scandalous *Thief-Taker*, conducted with as much Prudence, Caution, and necessary Courage, as the Measures

taken by even the greatest Persons upon Earth; nor perhaps is there in all History an Instance of a Man who thus openly dallied with the Laws, and played even with Capital Punishment. As I am persuaded my Readers will take a Pleasure in the Relation of *Jonathan's* Maxims of Policy, I shall be a little more particular in Relation to them than otherwise I should have been, considering that in this Work I do not propose to treat of the Actions of a single Person, but to consider the Villanies committed throughout the Space of a dozen Years, such especially as have reached to public Notice, by bringing the Authors of them to the Gallows. But Mr. *Wild* being a Man of such Eminence, as to value himself in his Lifetime on his Superiority to meaner Rogues, so I am willing to distinguish him, now he is dead, by shewing a greater Compliance, in recording his History, than that of any other *Hero* in this Way whatsoever.

Nor to speak properly was *Jonathan* ever an Operator, as they call it, that is, a practiser in any one Branch of Thieving; no, his Method was to acquire Money at an easier Rate, and if any Title can be devised suitable to his great Performance, it must be that of *Director-General* of the united *Forces of Highwaymen, Housebreakers, Footpads, Pickpockets, and private Thieves*. Now, according to my Promise, for the Maxims by which he supported himself in this dangerous Capacity. In the first Place he continually exhorted the Plunderers that belonged to his several Gangs to let him know punctually what Goods they at any Time took, by which Means, he had it in his Power to give, for the most Part, a direct Answer to those who came to make their Enquiries after they had lost their Effects, either by their own

Carelessness, or the Dexterity of the Thief. If they complied faithfully with his Instructions, he was a certain *Protector* on all Occasions, and sometimes had Interest enough to procure them Liberty when apprehended, either in the committing a Robbery, or upon the Information of one of the Gang ; in which Case, *Jonathan's* usual Pretence was *that such a Person who was the Man he intended to save, was capable of making a larger and more effectual Information*, for which Purpose *Jonathan* would sometimes supply him with Memorandums of his own, and thereby establish so well the Credit of his Discovery, as scarce ever to fail of producing its Effect. But if they pretended to become independent, and despise his Rules, and endeavour for the Sake of Profit, to vend the Goods they got some other Way without making Application to *Jonathan*, or if they threw out any threatening Speeches against their Companions, or grumbled at the Compositions he made for them, in such Cases as these, *Wild* took the first Opportunity of talking to them in a new Style, telling them, *that he was well assured they did very ill Acts, and plundered poor honest People, to indulge themselves in their Debaucheries, that they would do well to think of amending, before the Justice of their Country fell upon them ; and that after such Warning they must not expect any Assistance from him in Case they should fall under any Misfortune.* The next Thing that followed after this fine *Harangue* was, they were put into the information of some of *Jonathan's* Creatures ; or the first fresh Fact they committed, and *Jonathan* was applied to for the Recovery of the Goods, he immediately set out to apprehend them, and laboured

so indefatigably therein, that they never escaped him ; and thus he not only procured the Reward for himself, but also gained an Opportunity of pretending, that he not only restored Goods to the right Owners, but also apprehended the Thief as often as it was in his Power. As to Instances, I shall mention them in a proper Place. I shall now go on to another Observation, *viz.*, that in those Steps of his Business which were most hazardous, *Jonathan* made the People themselves take the first Steps, and by publishing Advertisements of Things lost, directing them to be brought to Mr. *Wild*, who was empowered to receive them, and pay such a Reward as the Person that lost them thought fit to offer ; and *Jonathan* in this Capacity appeared no otherwise than as a Person on whose Honour these sort of People could rely, by which his Assistance became necessary for retrieving whatever had been pilfered. After he had gone on in this Trade for about ten Years with Success, he began to lay aside much of his former Caution, giving way to the natural Vanity of his Temper, taking a larger House in the Great *Old-Bailey* than that in which he formerly lived ; giving the Woman, whom he called his Wife, abundance of fine Things ; and keeping open Office for restoring stolen Goods, appointing Abundance of under Officers to receive Goods, carry Messages to those who stole them, bring him exact Intelligence of the several Gangs, and the Places of their Resort, and in fine, for such other Purposes as this their supreme Governor directed. His Fame being at last come to that Height, that Persons of the *highest Quality* would condescend to make use of his Abilities, when at an *Installation, public Entry*, or some other great So-

lemnity they had the Misfortune of losing *Watches, Jewels*, or other things, whether of great, real or imaginary Value. But as his Method of treating those who applied to him for his Assistance has been much misrepresented, I shall next give an exact and impartial Account thereof, that the fabulous History of *Jonathan Wild* may not be imposed upon Posterity.

In the first Place, then, when a Person was introduced to Mr. *Wild's* Office, it was first hinted to him, that a Crown must be deposited by way of Fee for his Advice; when this was complied with, a large Book was brought out, then the Loser was examined with much Formality as to the Time, Place, and Manner that the Goods became missing, and then the Person was dismissed with a Promise of careful Enquiries being made, and of hearing more concerning them in a Day or two. When this was adjusted, the Persons took their Leave, with great Hopes of being acquainted shortly with the Fruits of Mr. *Wild's* Industry, and highly satisfied with the methodical Treatment they had met with, when at the bottom this was all Grimace. *Wild* had not the least Occasion for these Queries, but to amuse the Persons he asked; for he knew beforehand all the Circumstances of the Robbery much better than they did; nay, perhaps had the very Goods in his House when the Folks came first to enquire for them, though for Reasons not hard to guess he made use of all this Formality, before he proceeded to return them. When therefore according to his Appointment the Enquirer came the second Time, *Jonathan* then took care by a new Scene to amuse him. He was told that Mr. *Wild* had indeed made

some Enquiries, but was very sorry to communicate the Event of them ; the Thief, who was a bold impudent Fellow, rejected with scorn the Offer which proceeded from the Losers. Instructions had been made him, pretended he, that he could sell the Goods at double the Price ; and in short, would not hear a Word of Restitution unless upon better Terms. But notwithstanding all this, says *Jonathan*, *if I can but come to the Speech of him, I don't doubt bringing him to Reason.* At length, after one or two more Attendances, Mr. *Wild* gave the definitive Answer, that provided no Questions were asked, and you gave so much Money to the *Porter* who brought them, you might have your Things returned at such an Hour precisely. This was transacted with all outward Appearances of Friendship and honest Intention on his Side, and with great seeming Frankness and Generosity ; but when you came to the last Article, *viz.*, what Mr. *Wild* expected for his Trouble, then an Air of Coldness was put on, and he answered with equal Pride and Indifference, *that what he did was purely from a Principle of doing Good, as to a Gratuity for the Trouble he had taken, he left it totally to yourself, you might do in it what you thought fit.* And even when Money was presented to him, he received it with the same negligent Grace, always putting you in mind that it was your own Act, that you did it merely out of your Generosity, and that it was no way the Result of his Request, and that he took it as a Favour, not as a Reward.

Thus by this Dexterity in his Management, he fenced himself against the Rigour of the Law, in the Midst of these notorious Transgressions of it ; for what could be imputed to Mr. *Wild* ? He neither

saw the Thief, who took away your Goods, nor received them after they were taken ; the Method he pursued in order to procure you your Things again, was neither dishonest nor illegal, if you will believe his Account of it, and no other than his Account of it could be gotten. It was performed after this manner : after having enquired amongst such loose People as he acknowledged he had Acquaintance with, and hearing that such a Robbery was committed at such a Time, and such and such Goods taken, he thereupon had caused it to be intimated to the Thief, that if he had any Regard for his own Safety, he would cause such and such Goods to be carried to such a Place, in Consideration of which, he might reasonably hope such a Reward, naming a certain Sum, which if it excited the Thief to return the Goods, it did not thereby fix any Guilt or Blame upon *Jonathan*, and by this Description, I fancy my Readers will have a pretty clear Idea of the Man's Capacity, as well as of his Villainy.

Had Mr. *Wild* continued satisfied with this Way of dealing, in all human Probability he might have gone to his Grave in Peace, without any Apprehensions of Punishment but what he was to meet with in a *World* to come ; but he was greedy, and instead of keeping constant to this safe Method, came at last to take the Goods into his own Custody, giving those that stole them what he thought proper, and then making such a Bargain with the Loser, as he was able to bring him up to, sending the *Porter* himself, and taking without Ceremony whatever Money had been given him. But as this happened only in the two last Years of his Life, it is fit I should give you some Instances of his Behaviour before, and these

not from the Hear-say of the Town, but within the Compass of my own Knowledge. A Gentleman who dealt in Silks near *Covent-Garden*, had bespoke a Piece of extraordinary rich Damask, on Purpose for the *Birth-day* Suit of a certain *Duke*, and the *Laceman* having brought such Trimming as was proper for it, the *Mercer* had made the whole up in a Parcel, tied it at each End with blue Ribband, sealed with great Exactness, and placed on one End of the Counter, in Expectation of his *Grace's* Servant, who he knew was directed to call for it in the After-noon. Accordingly the Fellow came, but when the *Mercer* went to deliver him the Goods, the Piece was gone, and no Account could possibly be had of it, as the Master had been all Day in the Shop, so there was no Pretence of charging anything, either upon the Carelessness or Dishonesty of Servants; after an Hour's fretting, therefore, seeing no other Remedy, he even determined to go and communicate his Loss to Mr. *Wild*, in hopes of receiving some Benefit by his Assistance, the Loss consisting not so much in the Value of the Things, as in the Disappointment it would be to the *Nobleman* not to have them on his *Birth-day*. Upon this Consideration an *Hackney-Coach* was immediately called, and away he was ordered to drive directly to *Jonathan's* House in the *Old-Bailey*. As soon as he came into the Room, and had acquainted Mr. *Wild* with his Business, the usual Deposit of a Crown being made, and the common Questions of the *how, when, and where*, having been asked, the *Mercer* being very impatient, said with some kind of Heat, Mr. *Wild*, *the Loss I have sustained, though the intrinsic Value of the Goods be very great, lies much more in disobliging my Customer.*

Tell me, therefore, in a few Words, if it be in your Power to serve me; if it is, I have thirty Guineas here ready to lay down, but if you expect that I should dance Attendance for a Week or two, I assure you I shall not be willing to part with above half the Money. Good Sir, replied Mr. Wild, *have a little more Consideration, I am no Thief, Sir, nor no Receiver of stolen Goods, so that if you don't think fit to give me Time to enquire, you must even take what Measures you please.* When the Mercer found he was like to be left without any hopes, he began to talk in a milder Strain, and with abundance of entreaties fell to persuading Jonathan to think of some Method to serve him, and that immediately. Wild stepped out a Minute or two, as if to the Necessary-House. As soon as he came back, he told the Gentleman, *it was not in his Power to serve the Gentleman in such a Hurry, if at all; however, in a Day or two he might be able to give some Answer?* The Mercer insisted that a Day or two would lessen the Value of the Goods one half to him, and Jonathan insisted as peremptorily that it was not in his Power to do anything sooner. At last a Servant came in a Hurry, and told Mr. Wild, there was a Gentleman below desired to speak with him. Jonathan bowed and begged the Gentleman's Pardon, told him, *he would wait on him in one Minute*, and without staying for a Reply withdrew, clapped the Door after him. In about five Minutes he returned with a very smiling Countenance; and turning to the Gentleman, said, *I protest, Sir, you are the luckiest Man I ever knew, I spoke to one of my People just now, to go to a House where I know some Lifters resort, and directed him to talk of the Robbery that had been committed in your*

House, and to say, the Gentleman had been with me and offered thirty Guineas, provided the Things might be had again ; but he declared, if he did not receive them in a very short Space, he would give as great a Reward for the Discovery of the Thief, whom he would prosecute with the utmost Severity. This Story has had its Effect, and if you go directly home, I fancy you will hear more News of it yourself than I am able to tell you ; but pray, Sir, remember one thing, that the thirty Guineas was your own Offer, you are at Liberty to give them, or let them alone ; do which you please, it is nothing to me ; but take Notice, Sir, that I have done all for you in my Power, without the least Expectation of Gratitude. Away went the Mercer, confounded in his Mind, and wondering where this Affair would End ; but as he walked up Southampton Street a Fellow overtook him, patted him on the Shoulder, and delivered him the Bundle unopened, told him the Price was twenty Guineas ; the Mercer paid it him directly, and returning to Jonathan in half an Hour's time, readily expressed Abundance of thanks to Mr. Wild for his Assistance, and begged him to accept of the ten Guineas he had saved him for his Pains. Jonathan told him, that he had saved him Nothing, but supposed that the People thought twenty Demand enough, considering that they were now pretty safe from Prosecution. The Mercer still pressed the ten Guineas upon Jonathan, who after taking them out of his Hand returned him Five of them, and assured him, there was more than enough, adding, it is Satisfaction enough, Sir, to an honest Man, that he is able to procure People their Goods again. This you will say was a remarkable Instance of his Moderation. I will join to it as extraordinary

an Account of his Justice, Equity, or what else you will please to call it. It happened thus :

A Lady, whose Husband was out of the Kingdom, and had sent her Over-Draughts for her Assistance to the Amount of between fifteen Hundred and two Thousand Pounds, lost the Pocket-Book in which they were contained, between *Bucklersbury* and the *Magpye Ale House* in *Leadenhall Street*, where the Merchant lived upon whom they were drawn. She, however, went to the Gentleman, and he advised her to go directly to Mr. *Jonathan Wild*. Accordingly to *Jonathan* she came, and deposited the Crown, and answered the Questions he asked her. *Jonathan* then told her that in an Hour or two's Time possibly some of his People might hear who it was that had picked her Pocket. The Lady was vehement in her Desire to have it again, and for that Purpose went so far as to offer a hundred Guineas. *Wild* upon that, made Answer, *though they are of much greater Value to you, Madam, yet they cannot be worth anything like it to them ; therefore keep your own Counsel, say Nothing in the Hearing of my People, and I will give the best Directions I am able for the Recovery of your Notes. In the meanwhile, if you will go to any Tavern near, and endeavour to eat a Bit of Dinner, I will bring you an Answer before the Cloth is taken away.* She said she was unacquainted with any House thereabouts, upon which Mr. *Wild* named the *Baptist Head*. The Lady would not be satisfied unless Mr. *Wild* promised to eat with her ; he at last complied, and she ordered a Fowl and Sausages at the House he had appointed. She waited there about three Quarters of an hour, when Mr. *Wild* came over and told her he had heard News of her Book, de-

The Life of

sired her to tell out ten Guineas upon the Table in case she should have Occasion for them, and as the *Cook* came up to acquaint her that the Fowl was ready, *Jonathan* begged she would just step down to the Street door, and see whether there was any Woman waiting. The Lady, without minding the Mystery, did as he desired her, and perceiving a Woman in a Scarlet Riding-hood walk twice or thrice by Mr. *Wild's* house, her Curiosity prompted her to go near her, but recollecting she had left the Gold upon the Table up Stairs, she went and snatched it up without saying a Word to *Jonathan*, and then running down again went towards the Woman in the red Hood, who was still walking before his Door. It seems she had guessed right, for no sooner did she approach towards her but the Woman came directly up to her, and presenting her her Pocket-Book, desired, *she would open it and see that all was safe; the Lady did so, and answering it was all right, the Woman in the red Riding-Hood said, here's another little Note for you, Madam, upon which she gave her a little Billet, on the Outside of which was writ ten Guineas. The Lady, delivered her the Money immediately, adding also a Piece for herself, and returned with a great deal of Joy to Mr. Wild, told him she had got her Book, and would now eat her Dinner heartily. When the Things were taken away, she thought it was Time to go to the Merchants, who probably now was returned from Change, but first thought it necessary to make Mr. Wild a handsome Present, for which purpose, putting her Hand in her Pocket, she with great Surprise found her Green Purse gone, in which was the Remainder of fifty Guineas she had borrowed of the Merchant in the*

Morning. Upon this she looked very much confused, but did not speak a Word. *Jonathan* perceived it, *and asked her if she was not well.* I am in tolerable Health; Sir, answered she, but am amazed that the Woman took but ten Guineas for the Book, and at the same Time picked my pocket of thirty-nine. Mr. *Wild* hereupon appeared in as great a Confusion as the *Lady*, said, *he hoped she was not in earnest, but if it were so, begged her not to disturb herself, she would not lose one Farthing.* Upon which *Jonathan*, begging her to sit still, stepped over to his own House, and gave, as may be supposed, necessary Directions; for in less than half an Hour, a little *Jew* (called *Abraham*) that *Wild* kept, bolted into the Room, and told him the Woman was taken, and on the Point of going to the *Compter*. You shall see, *Madam*, replied *Jonathan*, turning to the *Lady*, *what exemplary Punishment I'll make of this infamous Woman.* Then turning himself to the *Jew*, *Abraham*, says he, *was the Green Purse of Money taken about her;* yes, Sir, replied his Agent. O la! then, said the *Lady*, *I'll take the Purse with all my Heart;* I would not prosecute the poor Wretch for the World. Would not you so, *Madam*, replied *Wild*? Well, then, *we will see what's to be done.* Upon which he first whispered his Emissary, and then dispatched him. He was no sooner gone, than *Jonathan* said the *Lady* would be too late at the *Merchant's* unless they took Coach; which thereupon they did, and stopped over against the *Compter Gate*, by *Stocks Market*. She wondered at all this, but by the Time they had been in a Tavern there a very little Space, back comes *Jonathan's Emissary* with the green Purse and the Gold in it. *She says, Sir, said the*

Fellow to Wild, she has only broke a Guinea of the Money for Garnish and Wine, and here is all the Rest of it. Very well, says Jonathan, give it to the Lady. Will you please to tell it, Madam? The Lady accordingly did, and found there was forty-nine. Bless me! says she, I think the Woman's bewitched, she has sent me ten Guineas more than I should have had. No, Madam, replied Wild, she has sent you the ten Guineas back again, which she received for the Book; I never suffer any such Practices in my Way. I obliged her therefore to give up the Money she had taken as well as that she had stole; and therefore hope, whatever you may think of her, that you will not have a worse Opinion of your humble Servant for this Accident. The Lady was so much confounded and confused at these unaccountable Incidents, that she scarce knew what she did. At last recollecting herself, well Mr. Wild, says she, then I think the least I can do is to oblige you to accept of these ten Guineas; no, replied he, nor of ten Farthings, I scorn all Actions of such a sort as much as any Man of Quality in the Kingdom. All the Reward I desire, Madam, is, that you will acknowledge I have acted like an honest Man, and a Man of Honour. He had scarce pronounced these Words, before he rose up, made her a Bow, and went immediately down Stairs. The Reader may be assured there is not the least Mixture of Fiction in this Story, and yet perhaps there was not a more remarkable one which happened in the whole Course of Jonathan's Life. I shall add but one more Relation of this Sort, and then go on with the Series of my History; this which I am now going to relate, happening within a few Doors of the Place where I lived, and was transacted in

this manner. There came a little Boy with Vials to sell in a Basket to the shop of a *Surgeon*, who was my very intimate Acquaintance. It was in the Winter, and the Weather Cold, when one Day after he had sold the Bottles that were wanted, the Boy complained he was almost chilled to Death with Cold, and almost starved for want of Victuals. The *Surgeon's Maid*, in Compassion to the Child, who was not above nine or ten Years old, took him into the Kitchen, and gave him a Porringer of Milk and Bread, with a Lump or two of Sugar in it. The Boy eat a little of it, then said, *he had enough*, gave her a thousand Blessings and Thanks, and marched off with a *Silver Spoon*, and a *pair of Forceps* of the same Metal, which lay in the Shop as he passed through. The Instrument was first missed, and the Search after it occasioned their missing the Spoon; and yet nobody suspected anything of the Boy, though they had all seen him in the Kitchen. The Gentleman of the House, however, having some Knowledge of *Jonathan Wild*, and not living far from the *Old Bailey*, went immediately to him for his Advice. *Jonathan* called for a Bottle of white Wine, and ordered it to be mulled. The Gentleman knowing the Custom of the House, laid down the Crown, and was going on to tell him the Manner in which the Things were missed, but Mr. *Wild* soon cut him short, by saying, *Sir, step into the next Room a Moment; here's a Lady coming hither; you may depend upon my doing anything that is in my Power, and presently we will talk the Thing over at Leisure.* The Gentleman went into the Room where he was directed, and saw, with no little Wonder, his *Forceps* and *Silver Spoon* lying upon the Table. He had

hardly taken them up to look at them, before *Jonathan* entered. So, Sir, said he, *I suppose you have no farther Occasion for my Assistance*; yes, indeed I have, said the *Surgeon*, there are a great many Servants in our Family, and some of them will certainly be blamed for this Transaction, so that I am under a Necessity of begging another Favour, which is, that you will let me know how they were stolen? *I believe the Thief is not far off, quoth Jonathan, and if you will give me your Word he shall come to no Harm I will produce him immediately.* The Gentleman readily condescended to this Proposition, and Mr. *Wild*, stepping out for a Minute or two, brought in the young *Vial Merchant* in his Hand; here, Sir, says *Wild*, do you know this hopeful Youth? Yes, answered the *Surgeon*, but I could never have dreamt that a Creature so little as he could have had so much Wickedness in him; however, as I have given you my Word, and as I have my Things again, I will not only pass by his robbing me, but if he will bring me Bottles again, shall make use of him as I used to do. I believe you may, added *Jonathan*, when he ventures into your House again. But it seems he was therein mistaken, for in less than a Week afterwards the Boy had the Impudence to come and offer his Vials again, upon which the Gentleman, not only bought of him as usual, but ordered two Quarts of Milk to be set on the Fire, put into it two Ounces of *Glisten Sugar*, crummed it with a couple of *penny Bricks*, and obliged this nimble-fingered Youth to eat it every Drop up before he went out of the Kitchen Door, and then without farther Correction hurried him about his Business.

This was the Channel in which *Jonathan's* Busi-

ness usually ran, but to support his Credit with the *Magistrates*, he was forced to add Thief-catching to it, and every Sessions or two, strung up some of the Youths of his own bringing up to the Gallows; but however this did not serve his Turn. *An honourable Person* on the Bench took Notice of his manner of acting, which being become at last notorious, an Act of Parliament was passed, levelled directly against such Practices, whereby Persons who took Money for the Recovery of stolen Goods, and did actually recover such Goods without apprehending the *Felon*, should be deemed guilty in the same Degree of *Felony* with those who committed the Fact in taking such Goods as were returned. And after this became Law, the same honourable Person sent to him to warn him of going on any longer at his old Rate, for that it was now become a capital Crime, and if he was apprehended for it, he could expect no Mercy. *Jonathan* received the Reproof with Abundance of Thankfulness and Submission, but what was strange, never altered the Manner of his Behaviour in the least, but on the Contrary, did it more openly and publicly than ever. Indeed to compensate for this, he seemed to double his Diligence in apprehending Thieves, and brought a vast Number of the most notorious amongst them to the Gallows, even though he himself had bred them up in the Art of Thieving, and given them both Instructions and Encouragement to take that Road ruinous enough in itself, and even by him made fatal. Of these none was so open and apparent a Case as that of *Blake, alias Blueskins*. This Fellow had from a Child been under the Tuition of *Jonathan*, who paid for the curing his Wounds, whilst he was in the Compter,

allowed him three and sixpence a Week for his Subsistence, and afforded his Help to get him out there at last. Yet soon after this he abandoned him to his own Conduct in such Matters, and in a short Space caused him to be apprehended for breaking open the House of Mr. *Kneebone*, which brought him to the Gallows. When the Fellow came to be tried, *Jonathan* indeed vouchsafed to speak to him, and assured him that his Body should be handsomely interred in a good Coffin at his own Expense. This was strange Comfort, and such as by no Means suited with *Blueskin*. He insisted peremptorily upon a Transportation Pardon, which he said he was sure *Jonathan* had Interest enough to procure for him. But upon *Wild's* assuring him that he had not, and that it was in vain for him to flatter himself with such Hopes, but that he *had better dispose himself to thinking of another Life, in order to which, good Books and such like Helps should not be wanting*; all which put *Blueskin* at last into such a Passion, that though this Discourse happened upon the *Leads* at the *Old Bailey*, in the Presence of the Court then sitting, *Blake* could not forbear taking a Revenge for what he took to be an Insult on him, and therefore, without ado, clapped one Hand under *Jonathan's* Chin, and with the other, taking a sharp Knife out of his Pocket, cut him a large Gash across the Throat, which everybody at the Time it was done judged Mortal. *Jonathan* was carried off, all covered with Blood, and though at that Time he professed the greatest Resentment for such base Usage, affirming that he had never deserved to be so treated, having done all that lay in his Power for the Man who had so cruelly designed against his Life, yet when he

afterwards came to be under Sentence of Death himself, he regretted prodigiously the Escape he then made from Death, often wishing that the Knife of *Blake* had put an End to his Life, rather than left him to linger out his Days till so ignominious a Fate befell him. Indeed it was not *Blake* alone, who had entertained Notions of putting him to Death ; he had disobliged almost the whole Group of Villains with whom he had had concern, and there were Numbers of them who had taken it into their Heads to deprive him of Life. His Escapes in the apprehending such Persons were sometimes very narrow, having received Wounds in almost every part of his Body, had his Skull twice fractured, and his whole Constitution so broken by these Accidents, and the great Fatigue he went through, that when he fell under the Misfortunes which brought him to his Death, he was scarcely able to stand upright, and never in a Condition to go to Chapel. But we have broken a little into the Thread of our History, and must therefore go back in order to trace the Causes which brought on *Jonathan's* last Adventures, and finally his violent Death, which we shall now relate in the clearest and concisest Manner that the thing will allow ; being furnished for that Purpose, having to personal Experience added the best Intelligence that could be procured, and that too from Persons the most deserving of Credit.

The Practices of this Criminal, in the Manner we have before mentioned, continued long after the *Act of Parliament*, and that in so notorious a Manner at last, that both the Magistrates in *London* and *Middlesex*, thought themselves obliged by the Duty of their Offices to take Notice of him. This occasioned a Warrant to be granted against him, by a worshipful

Alderman of the City, upon which Mr. *Wild* being apprehended somewhere near *Wood Street*, he was carried into the *Rose Spunging House*. There I myself saw him sitting in the Kitchen at the Fire, waiting the Leisure of the *Magistrate* who was to examine him. In the meantime the Crowd was very great, and *Jonathan* with his usual Hypocrisy harangued them to this purpose: *I wonder, good People, what it is you would see? I am a poor honest Man, who have done all I could to serve People when they have had the Misfortune to lose their Goods by the Villany of Thieves. I have contributed more than any one Man living to bringing the most Daring and notorious Malefactors to Justice; yet now by the Malice of my Enemies, you see I am in Custody, and am going before a Magistrate who I hope will do me Justice. Why should you insult me therefore? I don't know that I ever injured any of you? Let me entreat you, therefore, as you see me lame in Body, and afflicted in Mind, not to make me more uneasy than I can bear; if I have offended against the Law it will punish me, but it gives you no right to use me ill, unheard, and unconvicted.* The People of the House and the *Compter* Officers by this time, had pretty well cleared the Place; upon which he began to compose himself, and desired them to get a Coach to the Door, for that he was unable to walk. About an Hour after, he was carried before a Justice and examined, and I think was thereupon immediately committed to *Newgate*; he lay there a considerable time before he was tried, at last he was convicted capitally upon the following Fact, which appeared on the Evidence, exactly in the same Light in which I shall State it.

He was indicted on the afore-mentioned Statute,

for receiving Money for the restoring stolen Goods, without apprehending the Persons by whom they were stolen. In order to support this Charge, the Prosecutrix, *Catherine Stephens*, deposed as follows : On the 22nd of *January*, two Persons came into my Shop under Pretence of buying some Lace ; they were so difficult to please that I had none below would suit them ; so leaving my Daughter in the Shop, I stepped up Stairs and brought down another Box. We could not agree about the Price, and so they went away together. In about half an Hour after I missed a Tin Box of Lace that I valued at £50. The same Night, and the next I went to *Jonathan Wild's* House, but not meeting with him at home, I advertised the Lace that I had lost with a Reward of fifteen Guineas, and no Questions asked ; but hearing nothing of it, I went to *Jonathan's* House again, and then met with him at home. He desired me to give him a Description of the Persons that I suspected, which I did as near as I could ; and then he told me, *that he would make Enquiry, and bid me call again in two or three Days.* I did so, and then he said, *that he had heard something of my Lace, and expected to know more of the Matter in a very little Time.* I came to him again on the Day he was apprehended (I think it was the 15th of *February*). I told him that though I had advertised but fifteen Guineas Reward, yet I would give twenty or twenty-five Guineas, rather than not have my Goods. *Don't be in such a Hurry, said Jonathan, I don't know but I may help you to it for less, and if I can I will ; the Persons that have it are gone out of Town ; I shall set them to quarrelling about it, and then I shall get it the cheaper.* On the 10th of *March* he sent me

Word, *that if I could come to him in Newgate, and bring ten Guineas in my Pocket, he would help me to the Lace.* I went; he desired me to call a *Porter*, but I not knowing where to find one, he sent a Person who brought one that appeared to be a *Ticket-Porter*. The Prisoner gave me a Letter, which he said was sent him as a Direction where to go for the Lace, but I could not read, and so I delivered it to the *Porter*; then he desired me to give the *Porter* the ten Guineas, or else, he said, the Persons that had the Lace would not deliver it. I gave the *Porter* the Money, he went away and in a little time returned, and brought me a Box that was sealed up, but not the same that was lost; I opened it and found all my Lace but one Piece. Now Mr. *Wild*, says I, what must you have for your Trouble? *Not a Farthing*, says he, *not a Farthing for me; I don't do these things for worldly Interest, but only for the Good of poor People that have met with Misfortunes.* As for the Piece of Lace that is missing, *I hope to get it for you soon, and I don't know but that I may help you not only to your Money again, but to the Thief, too, and if I can, much good may it do you.* And as you are a good Woman and a Widow, and a Christian, *I desire Nothing of you but your Prayers, and for them I shall be thankful. I have a great many Enemies, and God knows what may be the Consequence of this Imprisonment.*

The Fact suggested in the Indictment was undoubtedly fully proved by this Deposition, and though the Fact happened in *Newgate*, and after his Confinement, yet it still continued as much and as great a Crime as if it had been done before; the Law, therefore, condemned him upon it, but if he had even

escaped this, there were other Facts of a like Nature which inevitably would have destroyed him ; for the last Years of his Life instead of growing more prudent, he undoubtedly became less so. The Blunders committed in this Fact, were very little like the Behaviour of *Jonathan* in the first Years in which he carried on this Practice, when nobody behaved with greater Caution ; and though he had all along great Enemies, yet he conducted his Affairs so, that the Law could not possibly lay hold of him, nor his Excuses be easily detected, even in respect of Honesty itself. When he was brought up to the Bar to receive Sentence, he appeared to be very much dejected, and when the usual Question was proposed to him, *What have you to say, why Judgment of Death should not pass upon you ?* he spoke with a very feeble Voice in the following Terms :

My Lord, I hope I may even in the sad Condition in which I stand, pretend to some little Merit in respect to the Service I have done my Country, in delivering it from some of the greatest Pests with which it was ever troubled. My Lord, I have brought many bold and daring Malefactors to just Punishment, even at the Hazard of my own Life, my Body being covered with Scars I received in these Undertakings. I presume, my Lord, to say I have done some Merit, because at the Time the Things were done, they were esteemed meritorious by the Government ; and therefore I hope, my Lord, some Compassion may be shown on the Score of those Services. I submit myself wholly to his Majesty's Mercy, and humbly beg a favourable Report of my Case. When Sir William Thomson, now one of the Barons of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer, as Recorder of London pronounced Sentence of

Death, he spoke particularly to *Wild*, put him in Mind of those Cautions he had had of going on in those Practices, rendered Capital by Law, made on purpose for preventing that infamous Trade of becoming *Broker* for Felony, and standing in the middle between the Felon and the Person injured, in order to receive a *Premium* for Redress; and when he had properly stated the Nature and Aggravations of his Crime, he exhorted him to make a better Use of that small Portion of Time which the Tenderness of the Law of *England* allowed Sinners for Repentance, and desired he would remember this Admonition, though he had slighted others. As to the Report, he told him he might depend on Justice, and ought not to hope for more.

Under Conviction, no Man who appeared upon other Occasions to have so much Courage, ever showed so little; he had constantly declined ever coming to Chapel, under Pretence of Lameness and Indisposition. When *Clergymen* took the Pains to visit him, and instruct him in those Duties which it became a dying Man to Practice; though he heard them without Interruption, yet he heard them coldly, and instead of desiring to be instructed on that Head, was continually suggesting Scruples and Doubts about a future State, asking impertinent Questions as to the State of Souls departed, and putting frequent cases of the Reasonableness and Lawfulness of *Suicide*, where an ignominious Death was inevitable, and the Thing was perpetrated only to avoid Shame. He was more especially swayed to such Notions, he pretended, from the Examples of the famous Heroes of Antiquity, who to avoid dishonourable Treatment had given themselves a speedy Death. As such Dis-

courses took up most of the Time between his Sentence and Death, so they occasioned some very useful Lectures upon this Head, from the charitable Divines who visited him ; but though they would have been of great Use in all such Cases for the Future, yet being pronounced by Word of Mouth only, they are now totally lost. One Letter indeed was written to him by a learned Person on this Head, of which a Copy has been preserved, and it is with very great Pleasure that I give it to my Readers. It runs thus :

“ *A Letter from the Rev. Dr. —, to Mr. WILD, in Newgate.*

“ I am very sorry that after a Life so spent as yours is notoriously known to have been, you should yet, instead of repenting of your former Offences, continue to swell their Number even with greater. I pray God it be not the greatest of all Sins, affecting Doubts as to a future State, and whether you shall ever be brought to answer for your Actions in this Life before a *Tribunal* in that which is to come.

“ The *Heathens* it must be owned, could have no Certainty as to the Immortality of the Soul, because they had no immediate Revelation ; for though the Reasons which incline us to the Belief of those two Points of future Existence and future Tribulation be as strong as any of the other Points in natural Religion ; yet as none return from that Land of Darkness, or escape from the Shadow of Death, to bring News of what passeth in those Regions whether all Men go, so without a direct Revelation from the Almighty, no positive Knowledge could be had of

Life in the World to come, which is therefore properly said to be derived to us through *Christ Jesus*, who in plain Terms, and with that Authority which confounded his Enemies, the *Scribes* and *Pharisees*, taught the Doctrine of a final Judgment, and by affording us the *Means of Grace*, raised in us at the same time *the Hopes of Glory*.

“The Arguments therefore which might appear sufficient unto the *Heathens* to justify killing themselves to avoid what they thought greater Evils, if they had any Force then, must have totally lost it now; indeed the far greater Number of Instances which *History* has transmitted to us, show that *Self-Murder* even then proceeded from the same Causes as at present, *viz.*, *Rage*, *Despair*, and *Disappointment*. Wise Men in all Ages despised it, as a mean and despicable Flight from Evils the Soul wanted Courage and Strength to bear. This has not only been said by *Philosophers*, but even by Poets, too, which shows that it appeared a Notion, not only Rational but *Heroic*. There are none so timorous, says *Martial*, but extremity of Want may force upon a voluntary Death; those few alone are to be accounted brave, who can support a Life of Evil and the pressing Load of Misery, without having Recourse to a Dagger. But if there were no more in it than the Dispute of which was the most gallant Act of the two, to suffer, or die, it would not deserve so much Consideration. The Matter with you is of far greater Importance; it is not how, or in what Manner you ought to die in this World, but how you are to expect Mercy and Happiness in that which is to come. This is your last Stake, and all that now can deserve your Regard; even Hope is lost as to

present Life, and if you make use of your Reason, it must direct you to turn all your Wishes and Endeavours towards attaining Happiness in a future State. What then Remains to be examined in Respect of this Question is, whether Persons who slay themselves can hope for Pardon or Happiness in the Sentence of that Judge from whom there is no Appeal, and whose Sentence, as it surpasses all Understanding, so is it executed immediately.

“ If we judge only from Reason, it seems that we have no Right over a Life which we receive not from ourselves, or from our Parents, but from the immediate Gift of him who is the *Lord* thereof, and the Fountain of *Being*. To take away our own Life, then, is contradicting as far as we are able the Laws of Providence, and that Disposition which his Wisdom has been pleased to direct. It is as though we pretended to have more Knowledge or more Power than he ; and as to that Pretence which is usually made use of, that Life is meant as a Blessing, and that therefore when it becomes an Evil, we may if we think fit resign it, it is indeed but mere Sophistry. We acknowledge God to be infinite in all Perfections, and consequently in Wisdom and Power ; from the latter we receive our Existence in this Life, and as to the Measure it depends wholly on the Former ; so that if we from the shallow Dictates of our Reason, contemptuously shorten that Term which is appointed us by the Almighty, we thereby contradict all his Laws, throw up all Rights to his Promises, and by the very last Act we are capable of, put ourselves out of his Protection.

“ This I say is the Prospect of the Fruits of *Suicide*, looked on with the Eye only of natural Religion, and

the Opinion of Christians is unanimous in this respect, and that Persons who wilfully deprive themselves of Life here, involve themselves also in Death everlasting. As to your particular Case, in which you say, it is only making choice of one Death, rather than another, there are also the strongest Reasons against it. The Law intends your Death, not only for the Punishment of your Crimes, but as an Example to deter others. The Law of *God*, which hath commanded that the *Magistrates* should not bear the Sword in vain, hath given Power to denounce this Sentence against you, but that Authority which you would assume, defeats both the Law of the Land in its Intention, and is opposite also unto the Law of *God*. Add unto all this the Example of our blessed *Saviour*, who submitted to be hung upon a Tree, though he had only need of praying to his Father to have sent him thousands of *Angels*; yet chose he the Death of a Thief, that the *Will of God*, and the Sentence even of an unrighteous Judge might be satisfied.

“Let then the Testimony of your own Reason, your Reverence towards *God*, and the Hopes which you ought to have in *Jesus Christ*, determine you to expect with Patience the Hour of your Dissolution, dispose you to fill up the short Interval which yet remains with sincere Repentance, and enable you to support your Sufferings with such a Christian Spirit of Resignation as may purchase for you an eternal Weight of Glory. In the which you shall always be assisted with my Prayers to God.”

Jonathan at last pretended to be overcome with the Reasons which had been offered to him on the

Subject of Self-Murder ; but it plainly appeared that in this he was a Hypocrite ; for the Day before his Execution, notwithstanding the Keepers had the strictest Eye on him imaginable, somebody conveyed to him a Bottle of *liquid Laudanum*, of which having taken a very large Quantity, he hoped it would prevent his dying at the Gallows. But as he had not been sparing in the Dose, so the Largeness of it made a speedy Alteration, which being perceived by his fellow Prisoners, seeing he could not keep open his Eyes at the time that Prayers were said to them as usual in the *Condemned Hole*, they thereupon walked him about, which first made him sweat exceedingly, and then very sick ; at last he vomited, and they continuing still to lead him, he threw the greatest Part of the *Laudanum* off from his Stomach. He continued notwithstanding that, very drowsy, stupid, and unable to do anything but gasp out his Breath until it was stopped by the Halter. He went to Execution in a Cart, and the People, instead of expressing any kind of Pity or Compassion for him, continued to throw Stones and Dirt all the Way he went along, reviling and cursing him to the last, and plainly showing by their Behaviour, how much the Blackness and Notoriety of his Crimes had made him abhorred, and how little Tenderness the Enemies of Mankind meet with when overtaken by the Hand of Justice. When he arrived at *Tyburn*, having at that Time gathered a little Strength, Nature recovering from the Convulsions in which the *Laudanum* had thrown him, the Executioner told him, *he might take what Time he pleased to prepare for Death*. He therefore sat down in the Cart for some small Time, during which the People were so uneasy

that they called out incessantly to the Executioner to dispatch him, and at last threatened to tear him in Pieces if he did not tie him up immediately. Such a furious Spirit was hardly ever discovered in the Populace upon such an Occasion. They generally look on Blood with Tenderness, and behold even the Stroke of Justice with Tears, but so far were they from it in this Case, that had a Reprieve really come, it is highly questionable whether the Prisoner would ever have been brought back with safety, it being far more likely that as they wounded him dangerously in the Head in his Passage to *Tyburn*, they would have knocked him on the Head out-right, if it had been attempted to have brought him back.

Before I part with Mr. *Wild*, it is requisite that I inform you in Respect to his Wives, or those who were called his Wives, concerning whom so much Noise has been made. His first was a poor honest Woman who contented herself to live at *Wolverhampton*, with the Son she had by him, without ever putting him to any trouble, or endeavouring to come up to Town to take upon her the Style and Title of *Madam Wild*, which the last Wife he lived with did with the greatest Affectation. The next whom he thought fit to dignify with the Name of his Consort, was the aforementioned Mrs. *Milliner*, with whom he continued in very great Intimacy after they lived separately, and by her means first carried on his Trade in detecting stolen Goods. The Third was one *Betty Man*, a Woman of the Town in her younger Years, but so suddenly struck with the Horror of these Offences which she had committed, that on the Persuasion of a *Romish Priest* she turned *Papist*; and as she appeared in her Heart exceed-


ingly devout and thoroughly Penitent for all her Sins, it is to be hoped such Penitence might merit Forgiveness. However erroneous the Principles of that *Church* might be, in the Communion of which she died, *Wild* even retained such an Impression of the Sanctity of this Woman after her Decease, and so great Veneration for her, that he ordered his Body to be buried next to hers in *Pancras Church Yard*, which his Friends saw accordingly performed, about two o'Clock in the Morning after his Execution. The next of Mr. *Wild's Sultanas* was *Sarah Perrin*, alias *Graystone*, who survived him. The next was *Judith Nunn*, by whom he had a Daughter, who at the Time of his Decease might be about ten Years old, both Mother and Daughter being then living. The sixth and last was the no less celebrated Mrs. or Madam *Wild*, than he was remarkable by the Style of *Wild the Thief-Catcher*, or by way of *Irony* of *honest Jonathan*. This remarkable Damsel before her first Marriage was known by the Name of *Mary Brown*, afterwards by that of Mrs. *Dean*, being Wife to *Skull Dean*, who was executed about the Year 1716 for House-breaking. Some malicious People have reported that *Jonathan* was accessory to the hanging him, merely for the Sake of the Reward, and the Opportunity of taking his Relict, who whatever Regard she might have for her first Husband, is currently reported to have been so much affected with the Misfortunes that happened to the latter, that she twice attempted to make away with herself, after she had the News of his being under Sentence; however, by this his last Lady he left no Children, and but two by his three other Wives, who were living at the time of his Decease.

As to the Person of the Man, it was homely to the greatest Degree; there was something remarkably villanous in his Face, which Nature had imprinted more strongly than perhaps she ever did upon any other. He was strong and active, a Fellow of prodigious Boldness and Resolution, which made the Pusillanimity shown at his Death more remarkable. In his Lifetime he was not at all shy in owning his Profession; but on the Contrary bragged of it upon all Occasions, into which perhaps he was led by that ridiculous Respect which was paid him, and the Meanness of Spirit some Persons of Distinction were guilty of in talking to him freely. Common Report has swelled the Number of Malefactors executed through his means, to no less than one hundred and twenty; certain it is, that they were very numerous, as well in Reality as in his own Reckoning. The most remarkable of them were these; *White, Thurland*, and *Dunn*, executed for the Murder of Mrs. *Knap*, and robbing *Thomas Micklethwait*, Esq.; *James Lincoln*, and *Robert Wilkinson*, for robbing and murdering *Peter Martin*, the *Chelsea* Pensioner (but it must be noted that they denied the Murder even with their last Breath); *James Shaw*, convicted by *Jonathan*, for the Murder of Mr. *Potts*, though he had been apprehended by others; *Humphry Angier*, who died for robbing Mr. *Luen*, the City *Marshall*; *John Levee* and *Matthew Flood*, for robbing the Honourable Mr. *Young* and Colonel *Cope*, of a Watch and other things of Value; *Richard Oakey* for robbing of Mr. *Betts* in *Fig Lane*; *John Shepherd* and *Joseph Blake* for breaking into the House of Mr. *Kneebone*, with many others, some of which, such as *John Malony*, and *Val. Carrick*, were

of an older Date. It has been said that there was a considerable Sum of Money due to him for his Share in the Apprehension of several Felonies at the very Time of his Death, which happened as I have told you at *Tyburn*, on *Monday*, the 24th of *May*, 1725, he being then about forty-two Years of Age.



*The Life of JOHN LITTLE, a Housebreaker and
Private Thief.*

 HE Papers which I have in Relation to this Malefactor speak Nothing with Regard to his Parents and Education. The first Thing that I meet with concerning him is his being at Sea, where he was at the Time my Lord *Torrington*, then Sir *George Byng*, went up the *Mediterranean*, as also in my Lord *Cobham's* Expedition to *Vigo*; and such a knack he had of plundering in these Expeditions, that he could never bring himself afterwards to thinking it was a Sin to plunder anybody, which wicked Principle he did not fail to put in Practice by stealing every Thing he could lay his Hands on, when he afterwards went into *Sweden* in a Merchant Ship; and indeed there is too common a Case for Men who have been inured to robbing and maltreating an Enemy, now and then to revive the same Talents at home, and make as free with the Subjects of their own Sovereign as they did with those of the Enemy. Weak Minds sometimes do not really so well apprehend the Difference, but thief under little Apprehension of Sin, provided

they can escape the Gallows. And others of better Understandings acquire such an Appetite for Rapine, that they are not afterwards able to lay it aside, so that I cannot help observing, that it would be more prudent for Officers to encourage their Men to do their Duty against the Enemy from generous Motives of serving their Country, and vindicating its Rights, rather than proposing the Hopes of Gain, and the Reward arising from destroying those unhappy Wretches who fall under their Power ; but enough of this, and perhaps too much here. Let us return again to him of whom we are now speaking. When he came home into *England*, he fell into ill Company, particularly that of *John Bewle, alias Hanley*, and one *Belcher*, who it is to be supposed first inclined him to look upon robbing as a very entertaining Employment, in which they met with abundance of Pleasure, and might, with a little Care, avoid all the Danger. This was Language very likely to work upon *Little's* Disposition, who had a great Inclination to all Sorts of Debauchery, and no Sort of Religious Principles to check him ; and over and above all this, he was unhappily married to a Woman of the same Way of Living, one who got her Bread by walking the Streets and picking of Pockets, and therefore instead of persuading her Husband to quit such Company as she saw him inclined to follow, on the Contrary encouraged, prompted and offered her Assistance in the Expeditions she knew they were going about. And thus *Little's* Road to Destruction lay open for him to rush into without any *Let*, or the least Check upon his vicious Inclinations.

He and his Wicked Companions became very busy in the Practice of their Employment : they disturbed

most of the Roads near *London*, and were particularly good Customers to *Sadler's Wells*, *Bellsizes*, and the Rest of the little Places of Junketting and Entertainment, which are most frequented in the Neighbourhood of this Metropolis. Their Method upon such Occasions was to observe who was most drunk, and to watch such Persons when they came out, suffering them to walk a little before them till they came to a proper Place ; then jostling them, and next picking a Quarrel with them, they fell to fighting, and in Conclusion picked their Pockets, snatched their Hats and Wigs, or took any other Methods that were the most likely to obtain something wherewith to support their Riots in which they indulged every Night. At last finding their Comings in not so large as they expected, they took next to Housebreaking, in which they had somewhat better Luck ; but their Expenses continuing still too much for even their large Booty to supply them, they were continually pushed upon hazarding their Lives, and hardly had any Respite from the Crimes they committed, which, as they grew numerous, made them the more known, and consequently increased the Danger. Those who make it their Business to apprehend such People having had Intelligence of most of them, which is generally the first Step in the Road to *Hyde Park Corner*.

It is remarkable that the Observation which most of all shocks Thieves, and convinces them at once both of the Certainty and Justice of a *Providence* is this, that the Money never thrives with them which they amass by such unrighteous Dealings ; that though they thief continually, they are, notwithstanding that, always in Want, pressed on every Side

with Fears and Dangers, and never at Liberty from the uneasy Apprehensions of having incurred the Displeasure of *God*, as well as run themselves into the Punishments inflicted by the Law. To these general Terrors, there was added to *Little* the distracting Fears of a discovery from the rash and impetuous Tempers of his Associates, who were continually defrauding one another in their Shares of the Booty, and then quarrelling, fighting, threatening, and what not, till *Little* sometimes at the Expense of his own Allotment, reconciled and put them in Good Humour. Nor were his fatal Conjectures on this Head without Cause ; for *Bewle*, though *Little* always declared he had drawn him into such Practices, put him into an Information he made for the Sake of procuring a Pardon. A few Days after *Little* was taken into Custody, and at the next *Sessions* indicted for breaking open the House of one Mr. *Deer*, and taking from thence several Parcels of Goods named in the Indictment. Upon his Trial the Prosecutor swore to the Loss of his Goods, and *Bewle*, who had been a Confederate in the Robbery, gave Testimony also as to the Manner in which they were taken. *Little*, as he was conscious of his Guilt, made a very poor Defence, pretending that he was utterly unacquainted with this *Bewle*, hoping that if he could persuade the Jury to that, the Prosecutor's Evidence, as it did not affect him personally, might not convict him ; but his Hope was vain, for *Bewle* confirmed what he said by so many Circumstances, that the *Jury* gave Credit to his Testimony, and thereupon found the Prisoner guilty. *Little*, though he entertained scarcely any Hopes of Success, moved the Court earnestly to grant him Transportation ; but as

they gave him no Encouragement upon the Motion, so it must be acknowledged, he did not amuse himself with any vain Expectations.

During the Time he remained under Conviction, he behaved with great Marks of Penitence, assisted constantly at the public Devotions in the Chapel, and prayed often and fervently in the Place where he was confined. He made no Scruple of owning the Falsehood of what he had asserted upon his Trial, and acknowledging the Justice of that Sentence which doomed him to Death. He seemed to be in very great Concern lest his Wife, who was addicted to such Practices, should follow him to the same Place ; in order to prevent which, as far as it lay in his Power, he wrote to her in the most pressing Terms he was able, entreating her to take Notice of that melancholy Condition in which he then lay, miserable through the Wants under which he suffered, and still more miserable from the Apprehensions of a shameful Death, and the Doubt of being plunged also into everlasting Torment. Having finished this Letter, he began to withdraw as much as possible his Thoughts from this World, and to fix them wholly where they ought to have been placed throughout his Life, praying to God for his Assistance, and endeavouring to render himself worthy of it by a sincere Repentance. In fine, as he had been enormously wicked through the Course of his Life, so he was extraordinarily penitent throughout the Course of his Misfortunes, deeply affected from the Apprehensions of temporal Punishment, but apparently more afflicted with the Sense of his Sins, and the Fear of that Punishment which the Justice of *Almighty God* might inflict upon him ; and therefore, to

the Day of his Execution, he employed every Moment in crying for Mercy, and with wonderful Piety and Resignation, submitted to that Death which the Law had appointed for his Offences, on the 13th of *September*, 1725, at *Tyburn*. As to his own Age, that I am not able to say anything of, it not being mentioned in the Papers before me.



The Life of JOHN PRICE, a Housebreaker and Private Thief.



AMONGST the ordinary kind of People in *England* Debauchery is so common, and the true Principles of Honesty and a just Life so little understood, that we need not be surprised at the numerous Sessions we see so often held in a Year at the *Old Bailey*, and the Multitudes which in Consequence of them are yearly executed at *Tyburn*. Fraud, which is only robbing within the Limits of the Law, is at this Time of Day, especially amongst the common People, thought a Sign of Wit, and esteemed as fair a Branch of their Calling as their Labours. *Mechanics* of all Sorts practice it, without showing any great Concern to hide it, especially from their own Family, in which, on the Contrary, they encourage and admire it. Their Children, instead of being reproved for their first Essays in Dishonesty, are called *smart Boys*, and their Tricks related to Neighbours and Visitors as Proofs of their *Genius* and *Spirit*. Yet when the Lads proceed in the same Way, after being grown

up, nothing too harsh or too severe can be inflicted upon them, in the Opinion of these very Parents, as if cheating at *Chuck*, and filching of *Marbles* were not as real Crimes in Children of eight Years old, as stealing of Handkerchiefs and picking of Pockets in Boys of Thirteen or Fourteen. But with the Vulgar, it is the Punishment annexed, and not the Crime, that is dreaded; and the Commandments against *Stealing* and *Murder* would be as readily broke, as those against *Swearing* and *Sabbath-breaking*, if the *Civil Power* had not set up a Gallows at the End of them. *John Price*, of whom we are now to speak, has very little preserved concerning him in the Memoirs that lie before me; all that I am able to say of him is that by Employment he was a *Sailor*, and in the Course of his Voyages had addicted himself to the Gratifying such Inclinations, as he had towards Drink or Women, without the least Concern as to the Consequences here or hereafter; he said, *indeed, that falling sick at Oporto in Portugal, and becoming very weak, and almost incapable of moving himself, the Fear of Death gave him Apprehensions of what the Justice of God might inflict on him through the Number and Heinousness of his Sins, which at last made so great an Impression on his Mind, that he put up a Solemn Vow to God, of thorough Repentance and Amendment, if it should please him to raise him once more from that Bed of Sickness, and restore him again to his former Health.* But when he had recovered, his late good Inclinations were forgotten, and the evil Examples he had before his Eyes of his Companions, who according to the Custom in *Portugal* addicted themselves to all sorts of Lewdness and Debauchery prevailed. He returned like the Dog

to the Vomit, and his last State was worse than his first. On his return into *England*, he had still a Desire towards the same sensual Enjoyments, was ever coveting Debauches of Drink, accompanied with the Conversation of lewd Women: but caring little for Labour, and finding no honest Employment to support the Expenses into which his Lusts obliged him to run, he therefore abandoned all Thoughts of Honesty at once, and took to Thieving, as the proper Method of supporting him in his Pleasures. When this Resolution was once taken, it was no difficult Thing to find Companions to engage with him, Houses to receive him, and Women to caress him; on the contrary, it seemed difficult for him to choose out of the Number offered, and as soon as he had made the Choice, he and his Associates fell immediately to the Practice of that miserable Trade they had chosen. How long they continued to practice it before they fell into the hands of Justice, I am not able to say, but from several Circumstances it seems probable, that there was no long Time intervening; for *Price*, in Company with *Sparks* and *James Cliff*, attempted the House of the *Duke of Leeds*; and thrusting up the Sash-window, *James Cliff* was put into the Parlour, and handed out some Things to *Price* and *Sparks*, but it seems they were seen by Mr. *Best*, and upon their being apprehended, *Cliff* confessed the whole Affair, owned that it was concerted between them, and that he handed out the Things to his Companions, *Price* and *Sparks*. At the ensuing Sessions, *Price* was tried for that Offence, and upon the Evidence of Mr. *Best*, the Confession of *James Cliff*, and *Benjamin Belings* acknowledging at the time of his being apprehended,

that he had been in the Company of *Cliff* and *Sparks*, the *Fury* found him Guilty, as they did *Cliff* also, upon his own Confession. Under Sentence he seemed to have a just Sense of his preceding wicked Life, and was under no small Apprehensions concerning his Repentance, since it was forced and not voluntary. However, the *Ordinary* having satisfied his Scruples of this Sort, as far as he was able, recommended it to him, without oppressing his Conscience with curious Fears and unnecessary Scruples, to apply himself to Prayer and other Duties of a Dying Man; to which he seemed sufficiently inclined, but complained that *James Cliff*, who was in the condemned Hole, prevented both him and the rest of the Criminals from their Duty, by extravagant Speeches, wild and profane Expressions, raving after the Woman he had conversed with, and abusing every Body who came near him, which partly arose from the Temper of that unhappy Person, and was also owing to his Indisposition of Body, labouring all the while he lay in the Hole under a high Fever. Another great Misfortune to *Price*, in the Condition in which he was, consisted in his Incapacity to supply the Want of the *Minister's* Instructions when from Chapel, through his Incapacity of Reading. However, he endeavoured to make up for it as well as he could, by attending constantly at Chapel, and not only behaving gravely at Prayers, but listening attentively at Sermon, by which means he constantly brought away a great Part, and sometimes lost very little out of his Memory of what he heard there. In a Word, all the Criminals who were at this time under Sentence (excepting *Cliff*) seemed perfectly disposed to make a just Use of that time, which the

peculiar Clemency of the *English* Law affords to Malefactors, that they may make their Peace with *God*, and by their Sufferings under the Hands of Men, prevent eternal Condemnation. They expressed also a great Satisfaction that their Crimes were of an ordinary Nature, and that they had no very remarkable Criminal amongst them, to occasion staring and whispering when they came to *Chapel*, a thing they were much afraid of, inasmuch as it would have hindered their Devotions and discomposed their Minds. At the same time with *Price*, there lay under Condemnation one *Woolridge*, who was convicted for entering the House of *Elizabeth Fell*, in the Night-time, with a felonious Intent to take away the Goods of *Daniel Brooks*, but it seems he was apprehended, before he could so much as open the Chest he had designed to rob. The Thieves in *Newgate* usually take upon them to be very learned in the Laws, especially in respect to what relates to Evidence, and they had persuaded this unhappy Man that no Evidence which could be produced against him would affect his Life. There is no doubt but his Conviction came, therefore, upon him with great Surprise, and certain it is, that such Practices are of the utmost ill Consequence to those unhappy Malefactors. However, when he found that Death was inevitable, he by Degrees began to reconcile himself thereto, and as he happened to be the only one amongst the Criminals who could read, so he with great Diligence applied himself to supply that Deficiency in his Fellow-Prisoners; and even after he was seized with Sickness, which brought him exceedingly low, he ceased not to strive against the Weakness of his Body, that he might do good to his Fellow-Convicts.

In a Word, no Temptations to Drink, nor the Desire of pleasing those who vend it, Circumstances which too often induce others in that Condition to be guilty of strange Enormities, ever had force enough to obtrude on them more than was necessary to support Life, and to keep up such a Supply of Spirits as enabled them to perform their Duties ; from whence it happened that the Approach of Death did not affect them with any extraordinary Fear, but both suffered with Resignation on the same Day with the former Criminals at *Tyburn*.



The Life of FOSTER SNOW, a Murderer.



HERE cannot be anything more dangerous in our Conduct through human Life, than a too ready Compliance with any Inclination of the Mind ; whether it be lustful or of an irascible Nature, either transports us on the least Check into wicked Extravagancies, which are fatal in their Consequences, and suddenly overwhelm us both with Shame and Ruin. There is hardly a Page in this work but carries in it Examples which are so many strong Proofs of the Veracity of this Observation. But with respect to the Criminal we are now speaking of, his is yet a more extraordinary Case than any of the Rest ; and therefore I shall, in the Course of my Relation, make such Remarks as to me seem most likely to render his Misfortunes, and my Account of them, useful to my Readers. *Foster Snow*, was the Son of very honest and reputable Parents, who gave

him an Education suitable to their Station in Life, which was also the same they intended to bring him up to, *viz.*, that of a *Gardener*, in which Capacity, or as a *Butler*, he served Abundance of *Persons* of *Quality* with an untainted Reputation. About fourteen Years before his Death, he married and set up an *Ale-house*, wherein his Conduct was such that he gained the Esteem and Respect of his Neighbours, being a Man who was without any great Vices, except only Passions, in which he too much indulged himself, and whenever he was in Drink, would launch out into unaccountable Extravagancies, both in his Words and Actions. However, it is likely this proceeded in a great Measure from Family Uneasiness, which undoubtedly had for a long Time discomposed him before his committing that Murder for which he died. When sober he might have Wisdom enough to conceal his Resentment, yet when the Fumes of Wine had clouded his Reason, he (as it is no uncommon Case) gave vent to his Passion, and treated with uniform Surliness all who came in his Way. Now as to the Source of these Domestic Discontents, it is apparent from the Papers I have, that they were partly occasioned by family Mismanagement, and partly from the haughty and imprudent Carriage of the unfortunate Person who fell by his Hands; for it seems that the Woman whom *Snow* married, had a Daughter by a former Husband, and this Daughter she brought home to live with Mr. *Snow*, who was so far from being angry therewith, or treating her with that Coldness which is usual to Fathers-in-Law, that on the Contrary, he gave her the sole Direction of his House, put everything into her Hands; and was so fond of the young Daughter she had, that

greater Tenderness could not have been shown to the Child, if she had been his own. It seems that a Mr. *Rawlins* had found a Way to ingratiate himself with both the Mother and Daughter, but especially the latter, that although his Circumstances were not extraordinary, they gave him very extensive Credit ; and as he had a Family of Children, they sometimes suffered them to get little Matters about their House, thereby so effectually encouraging them there, that at last they were never out of it. Mr. *Snow* it seems took Umbrage at this, and spared not to tell Mr. *Rawlins* flatly, *he did not desire he should come thither*, which was frequently answered by the other, in opprobrious and undervaluing Terms, which gave Mr. *Snow* Uneasiness enough, considering that the Man at the same Time owed him Money. This Carriage on both Sides having continued for a pretty While, and broken out in several Instances, it at last made Mr. *Snow* so uneasy that he could not forbear expressing his Resentment to his Wife and Family. But it had little Effect, they went on still at the same Rate ; Mr. *Rawlins* was frequently at the House, his Children received no less Assistances there than before ; and, in short, everything went on in such a Manner that poor Mr. *Snow* had enough to aggravate the Suspicions he entertained. At last it unfortunately happened that he having got a little more Liquor in his Head than ordinary, Mr. *Rawlins* coming into the House, he asked him for his Money, and upbraided him with his Treatment in very harsh Terms, to which the other making no less gross Replies, it kindled such a Resentment in this unfortunate Man, that after several Threats which sufficiently expressed the Rancour of his Disposition, he snatched up a

Case Knife, and pursuing the unfortunate Mr. *Rawlins*, gave him therewith a mortal Wound, of which he instantly died. For this Fact he was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*. At the next Sessions he was indicted, first for the Murder of *Thomas Rawlins*, by giving him with a Knife a mortal Wound of the Breadth of an Inch, and of the Depth of seven Inches, whereby he immediately expired. He was a second Time indicted on the *Statute of Stabbing*, and a third Time also on the *Coroner's Inquest*, for the same Offence. Upon each of the Indictments the Evidence was so clear, that the *Jury*, notwithstanding some Witnesses which he called to his Reputation, and which indeed deposed that he was a very civil, honest, and peaceable Neighbour, found him guilty on them all, and he thereupon received Sentence of Death; in passing which, the then *Deputy Recorder*, Mr. *Raby*, took particular Notice of the Heinousness of the Crime of Murder, and expatiated on the Equity of the *Divine Law*, whereby it was required that *he who had shed Man's Blood by Man should his Blood be shed*; and from thence took Occasion to warn the Prisoner from being misled into any delusive Hopes of Pardon, since the Nature of his Offence was such as he could not reasonably expect it from the *Royal Breast*, which had ever been cautious of extending Mercy to those who had denied it unto their Fellow Subjects. Under Sentence of Death, this unhappy Man behaved himself very devoutly, and with many Signs of true Penitence. He was from the first very desirous to acquaint himself with the true Nature of that Crime which he had committed, and finding it at once repugnant to Religion, and contrary even to the Dictates of human

Nature, he began to loathe himself and his own Cruelty, crying out frequently when alone, *Oh ! Murder ! Murder !* it is the Guilt of that great Sin which distracts my Soul. When at *Chapel* he attended with great Devotion to the Duties of *Prayer* and *Service* there ; but whenever the Commandments came to be repeated, at the Words, *Thou shalt do no Murder*, he would tremble, turn pale, shed Tears, and with a violent Agitation of Spirit, pray to *God* to pardon him that great Offence. To say Truth, never any Man seemed to have a truer Sense or a more quick Feeling of his Crimes, than this unhappy Man testified during his Confinement. His Heart was so far from being hardened, as is too commonly the Case with those Wretches who fall into the same Condition, that he on the Contrary afflicted himself continually, and without ceasing, as fearing that all his Penitence would be but too little in the Sight of *God*, for destroying his Creature, and taking away a Life which he could not restore. Amidst these Apprehensions, covered with Terrors and sinking under the Weight of his Afflictions, he received the spiritual Assistance of the *Ordinary* and other *Ministers*, with much Meekness, and it is to be hoped with great Benefit, since they encouraged him to rely on the Mercy of *God*, and not by an unseasonable Diffidence to add the throwing away his own Soul by Despair, to the taking away the Life of another in his Wrath. What added to the heavy Load of his Sorrows, was the Unkindness of his Wife, who did not visit him in his Misfortunes, and administered but indifferently to his Wants. It seems the Quarrels they had had so embittered them towards one another, that very little of that Friendship was to be seen in either

which makes the marriage Bond easy, and the Yoke of Matrimony light. His Complaints with Respect of her occasioned some Enquiries whether he were not jealous of her Person, such Suspicions being generally the Cause of the greatest Dislikes of married People. What he spoke on this Head was exceedingly modest, and far from that Rancour which might have been expected from a Man whom the World insinuated had brought himself to Death by a too violent Resentment of what related to her Conduct, though no such Thing appeared from what he declared to those who attended him. He said, *he was indeed uneasy at the too large Credit she gave to the Deceased, but that it was of her Purse only that he entertained Suspicions; and that as he was a dying Man, he had no ill Thoughts of her in any other Way.* But with Regard to his Daughter, he expressed a very great Dislike to her Behaviour, and said, *her Conduct had been such as forced her Husband to leave her; and that though he had treated her with the greatest Kindness and Affection, yet such was the Untowardness of her Disposition, that he had received but very sorry Returns.* However, he to the last expressed great Uneasiness, lest after his Decease his little *Grand Daughter-in-Law* might suffer in her Education, of which he intended to have taken the greatest Care, this Dislike to the Mother being far enough from giving him any Aversion to the Child. It seems from the Time he had taken it home he had placed his Affections strongly upon it, and did not withdraw them even to the Hour of his Departure. As Death grew near, he was afflicted with a violent Disease, which reduced him so low, that he was incapable of coming to the *Chapel*; and

when it abated a little, it yet left his Head so weak, that he seemed to be somewhat distracted, crying out in *Chapel the Sunday* before he died like one grievously disturbed in Mind, and expressing the greatest Agonies under the Apprehensions of his own Guilt, and the strict Justice of Him to whom he was shortly to answer. However, he forgave with all outward Appearance of Sincerity, all who had been in any Degree accessory to his Death. Being carried in a *Mourning Coach* to the Place of Execution, he appeared somewhat more composed than he had been for some Time before. He told the People, *that except the Crime for which he died, he had never been guilty of anything which might bring him within the Fear of meeting with such a Death.* And in this Disposition of Mind he suffered at *Tyburn* on the 3rd Day of *November, 1725*, being about fifty-five Years of Age. Immediately after his Death, a Paper was published under the Title of his Case, full of Circumstances tending to extenuate his Guilt, but such as in no way appeared upon his Trial.

The Court of *Old-Bailey*, at the next *Sessions*, taking this Paper into their Consideration, were of Opinion that it reflected highly on the Justice of those who tried him, and therefore ordered the *Printer* to attend them to answer for this Offence. Accordingly, he attended the next Day, and being told that the Court were highly displeased with his publishing a Thing of that Nature, in order to misrepresent the Justice of their Proceedings, and that they were ready to punish him for his Contempt in the aforesaid Publication of such a Libel, Mr. *Leech* thought fit to prevent it by making his most humble Submission, and asking Pardon of the Court for his Offence,

assuring them that it proceeded only from Inadvertence, and promising never to print anything of the like Sort again, whereupon the Court were graciously pleased to dismiss him only with a Reprimand, and to admonish others of the same Profession, that they should be cautious for the Future of doing anything which might reflect in any Degree upon the Proceedings before them.



The Life of JOHN WHALEBONE, *alias* WELBONE,
a Thief, &c.



HIS Malefactor was born in the Midst of the City of *London*, in the Parish of *St. Dionis Back Church*. His Parents were Persons in but mean Circumstances, who, however, strained them to the uttermost to give their Son a tolerable Education. They were especially careful to instruct him in the Principles of *Religion*, and were therefore under an excessive Concern when they found that neglecting all other Business, he endeavoured only to qualify himself for the *Sea*. However, finding his Inclinations so strong that Way, they got him on board a Man-of-war, and procured such a Recommendation to the Captain, that he was treated with great Civility during the Voyage, and if he had had any Inclination to have done well, would in all Probability have been much encouraged. But he, after several Voyages to *Sea*, took it as strongly in his Head to go no more, as he had before to go, whether his Parents would or no.

He then cried old Clothes about the Streets ; but not finding any great Encouragement in that Employment, he was easily drawn in by some wicked People of his Acquaintance, to take what they called the shortest Method of getting Money, which was, in plain *English*, to go Thieving. He had very ill Luck in his new Occupation, for in six Weeks' Time after his first setting out, he, on the Information of one of his Companions, was apprehended, tried, convicted, and ordered for *Transportation*.

It was his Fortune to be delivered to a *Planter* in *South Carolina*, who employed him to labour in his Plantations, afforded him good Meat and Drink, and treated him rather better than our *Farmers* treat their Servants here, which leads me to say something concerning the Usage such People meet with, when carried, as the Law directs, to our Plantations, in order to rectify certain gross Mistakes, as if *Englishmen* abroad had totally lost all Humanity, and treated their fellow Creatures and fellow Countrymen as Slaves or as Brutes.

The *Colonies* on the *Continent* of *America* now take off the greatest Part of the Criminals who are transported for Felony from *Britain*, most of the *Island Colonies* having long ago refused to receive them. The Countries into which they are now sold, trade chiefly in such kind of Commodities as are produced in *England*, unless it be *Tobacco*. The Employment therefore of Persons thus sent over, is either in attending *Husbandry*, or in the Culture of this Plant, being thereby exposed to no more Hardships than they would have been obliged to have undergone at home in order to have got an honest Livelihood ; so that unless their being obliged to

work for their Living, is to pass for great Hardship, I do not conceive where it can else lie, since the Law, rather than shed the Blood of Persons for small Offences, or where they appear not to have gone on for a Length of Time in them, by its Lenity, changes the Punishment of Death into sending them amongst their own Countrymen at a Distance from their ill-disposed Companions, who might probably seduce them to commit the same Offences again, and directs also that this Banishment shall be for such a Length of Time, as may be suitable to the Guilt of the Crime, and render it impracticable for them on their Return to meet with their old Gangs and Acquaintance, making by this Means a happy Mixture both of Justice and Clemency, dealing mildly with them for the Offence already committed, and endeavouring to put it even out of their own Power by fresh Offences to draw a heavier Judgment upon themselves. But to return to this *Whalebone*.

The kind Usage of his Master, the easiness of the Life which he lived, and the certainty of Death if he attempted to return home, could not all of them prevail upon him to lay aside the Thoughts of coming back again to *London*, and there giving himself up to those sensual Delights which he had formerly enjoyed. Opportunities are seldom wanting where Men incline to make Use of them, especially to one who had been bred as he was to the Sea ; so that in a Year and a-half after his being settled there, he took such Ways of recommending himself to a certain *Captain*, as induced him to bring him home, and set him safe on Shore near *Harwich*. He travelled on Foot up to *London*, and was in Town but a few Days before being accidentally taken Notice of by a


Person who knew him, he caused him to be apprehended, and at the next *Sessions* at the *Old Bailey* he was convicted of such illegal Return, and ordered for *Execution*. At first he pretended that he thought it no Crime for a Man to return into his own Country, and therefore did not think himself bound to repent of that. Whatever Arguments the *Ordinary* made use of to persuade him to a Sense of his Guilt I know not, but because this is an Error into which such People are very apt to fall, and as there want not some of the *Vulgar* who take it for a great Hardship, also making it one of those Topics upon which they take Occasion to harangue against the Severity of a Law that they do not understand, I think it will not therefore be improper to explain it.

Transportation is a Punishment whereby the *British Law* commutes for Offences which would otherwise be capital; and therefore a Contract is plainly presumed between every *Felon* transported, and the Court by whose Authority he is ordered for Transportation, that the said *Felon* shall remain for such a term of Years as the Law directs, without returning into any of the *King's European Dominions*, and the Court plainly acquaints the *Felon*, that if in Breach of his Agreement he shall so return, in such Case the Contract shall be deemed void, and the capital Punishment remaining uncommuted by such Default shall then take Place. To say, then, that a Person who enters into an Agreement like this, and is perfectly acquainted with its Conditions, knowing that no less than his Life must be forfeited by the Breach of them, and yet wilfully breaks them—to say that such a Person as this is guilty of no Offence, must in the Opinion of every Person of common

Understanding be the greatest Absurdity that can be asserted ; and to call that Severity, which only is the Law taking its Forfeit, is a very great Impropriety, and proceeds from a foolish and unreasonable Compassion. This I think so plain that Nothing but Prepossession or Stupidity can hinder People from comprehending it. As to *Whalebone*, when Death approached, he laid aside all these Excuses, and applied himself to what was much more material, the making a proper Use of that little Time which yet remained for Repentance. He acknowledged all the Crimes which he had committed in the former Part of his Life, and the Justice of that Sentence by which he had been condemned to Transportation, and having warned the People at his Execution to avoid of all Things being led into ill Company, he suffered with much seeming Penitence, together with the afore-mentioned Malefactors at *Tyburn*, being then about thirty-eight Years of Age.



The Life of JAMES LITTLE, *Footpad and Highwayman.*

AMES LITTLE was a Person descended from Parents very honest and industrious, though of small Fortune ; they bred him up with all the Care they were able, and when he came to a fit Age, put him out to an honest Employment. But he in his Youth having taken a peculiar Fancy to his Father's Profession of a *Painter*, he thereto attained in so great a Degree as to be


able to earn twelve or fifteen Shillings in a Week, when he thought fit to work hard, but that was very seldom, and he soon contracted such a Hatred to working at all, that associating with some wild young Fellows, he kept himself continually drunk and mad, not caring what he did for Money so he supplied himself with Enough to procure him Liquor. Amongst the Rest of those debauched Persons with whom he conversed, there was especially one *Sandford*, with whom he was peculiarly intimate. This Fellow was a *Soldier*, of a rude, loose Disposition, who took a particular Delight in making Persons whom he conversed with as bad as himself. Having one *Sunday*, therefore, got *Little* into his Company, and drank him to such a Pitch that he had scarcely any Sense, he next began to open to him a new Method of Living, as he called it, which was neither more nor less than going on the Highway. *Little* was so far gone in his Cups, that he did not so much as know what he was saying. At last *Sandford* rose up, and told him, *it was a good Time now to go out upon their Attempts*, upon which *Little* got up too, and went out with him. They had not gone far before the *Soldier* drew out a Pair of Pistols, and robbed two or three Persons, while *Little* stood by so very drunk, that he was both unable to have hurt the Persons or to have defended himself. He said, *he robbed no more with the Soldier*, who was soon after taken up and hanged, at the same Time with *Jonathan Wild*. Yet the sad Fate of his Companion had very little Effect upon this unhappy Lad; he fell afterwards into an Acquaintance with some of *John Shepherd's* Mistresses, and they continually dinning in his Ears what great Exploits that famous

Robber had committed, they unfortunately prevailed upon him to go again into the same Way, but it was as fatal to him as it had been to his Companion; for *Little* having robbed one *Lionel Mills* in open Fields, put him in Fear, and taken from him a Handkerchief, three Keys, and sixteen Shillings in Money, not contented with which, he pulled the Turnover off from his Neck hastily, and thereby had like to have strangled him,—for this Offence the Man pursued him with unwearied Diligence, and he being taken up thereupon, was quickly after charged with another Robbery, committed on one Mr. *Evans*, in the same Month, who lost a Cane, three Keys, and twenty Pounds in Money. On these two Offences he was convicted at the next Sessions at the *Old Bailey*, and having no Friends, could therefore entertain little Expectation of Pardon, especially considering how short a Time it was since he received Mercy before, being under Sentence at the same Time with the *Soldier* before-mentioned, and *Jonathan Wild*, and discharged then upon his making certain Discoveries. He pretended to much Penitence and Sorrow, but it did not appear in his Behaviour, having been guilty of great Levity when brought up to Chapel, to which perhaps the Crowds of Strangers, who, from an unaccountable Humour desire to be present on those melancholy Occasions, did not a little contribute. At other Times, it must be owned, he did not behave himself in any such Manner, but seemed rather grave and willing to receive instruction, of which he had a sufficient Want, knowing very little but of Debauchery and Vice. However, he reconciled himself by Degrees to the Thought of Death, and behaved with Tranquillity enough during the small Space that was

left him to prepare for it. At the Place of Execution he looked less astonished, though he spoke much less to the People than the Rest, and died seemingly composed, at the same Time with the other Malefactors, *Snow* and *Whalebone*, being at the Time of his Execution in his seventeenth Year.



The Life of JOHN HAMP, Footpad and Highwayman.

 HIS unhappy Person, *John Hamp*, was born of honest and reputable Parents in the Parish of *St. Giles's without Cripplegate*. They took great Pains with his Education, and the Lad seemed in his juvenile Years to deserve it; he was a Boy of Abundance of Spirits, and his Friends at his own Request put him out Apprentice to a Man whose Trade it was to lath Houses. He did not stay out his Time with him; but being one Evening with some drunken Companions at an Ale-house, near the *Iron Gate* by the *Tower*, three of them *Sailors* on board a Man-of-war, (there being at that Time a great Want of Men, and a Squadron fitting out for the *Baltic*), these *Sailors*, therefore, observing all the Company very drunk, put it into their Heads to make an Agreement for their going altogether this Voyage to the North. Drink wrought powerfully in their Favour, and in less than two Hours' Time, *Hamp* and two other of his Companions fell in with the *Sailors'* Motion, and talked of Nothing but braving the *Czar*, and seeing the Rarities of *Copenhagen*. The fourth Man of

Hamp's Company stood out a little, but half-an-hour's Rhodomontade and another Bowl of Punch brought him to be a *Sailor*. Upon this one of the *Séamen* stepped out, and gave Notice to his *Lieutenant*, who was drinking not far off, of the great Service he had performed. The *Lieutenant* was mightily pleased with *Jack Tar's* Diligence, promised to pay the Reckoning, and give each of them a Guinea besides. In a quarter of an hour after the *Lieutenant* came in; the Fellows were all so drunk that he was forced to send for more Hands belonging to the Ship, who carried them to the long Boat, and therein laying them down, and covering them with Men's Coats, conveyed them on board that Night. There is no Doubt but *Hamp* was very much surprised when he found the Situation he was in the next Morning, but as there was no Remedy, he acquiesced without making any Words, and so began the Voyage cheerfully. Everybody knows there was no fighting in these *Baltic* Expeditions, so that all the Hardships they had to combat with were those of the Sea and the Weather, which were indeed bad enough to People of an *English* Constitution, and who were very unfit to bear the extreme Cold. While they lay before *Copenhagen* an Accident happened to one of *Hamp's* Acquaintance, which much affected him at that Time, and it would certainly have been happy for him if he had retained a just Sense of it always. There was one *Scrimgeous*, a very merry *debonair* Fellow, who used to make not only the Men, but sometimes the Officers merry on board the Ship. He was particularly remarkable for being always full of Money, of which he was no Niggard, but ready to do anybody a Service, and consequently was very far from being

ill-beloved. This Man being one Day on Shore, and going to purchase some fresh Provision to make merry with amongst his Companions, somebody took Notice of a *Dollar* that was in his Hand, and *Scrimgeous* wanting Change, the Man readily offered to give smaller Money. *Scrimgeous* thereupon gave him the *Dollar*, and having afterwards bargained for what he wanted, was just going on board, when a *Danish* Officer, with a File of Men, came to apprehend him for a *Coiner*. The Fellow, conscious of his Guilt, and suspicious of their Intent, seeing the Man amongst them who had changed the *Dollar*, took to his Heels, and springing into the Boat, the Men rowed him on board immediately, where as soon as he was got, *Scrimgeous* fancied himself out of all Danger. But in this he was terribly mistaken, for early the next Morning, three *Danish* Commissaries came on board the *Admiral's* Ship, and acquainted him that a Seaman on board his Fleet had counterfeited their Coin to a very considerable Value, and was yesterday detected in putting off a *Dollar*; that thereupon an Officer had been ordered to seize him, but that he had made his escape by jumping into the long Boat of such a Ship, on board of which they were informed he was; they therefore desired he might be given up in order to be punished. The *Admiral* declined that, but assured him, upon due Proof he would punish him with the greatest Severity on board. Having in the meanwhile dispatched a *Lieutenant* and twenty Men on board *Scrimgeous's* Ship, with the *Dane* who detected him in putting off false Money, he was secured immediately, and upon searching his Trunk, they found there near a hundred false *Dollars*, so artificially made, that none of the Ship's Crew could

have distinguished them from the true. He was immediately carried on board the *Admiral's* Ship, who ordered him to be confined. Soon after a Court-martial which sat condemned him to be whipped from Ship to Ship, which was performed in the View of the *Danish* Commissary, with so much Rigour, that instead of expressing any Notion of the *English* showing Favour to their Countrymen upon any such Occasion, they interposed to mitigate the Fellow's Sufferings, and humbly besought the *Admiral* to omit lashing him on board three of the last Ships, but in this Request, they were civilly refused, and the Sentence which had been pronounced against him, was executed upon him with the utmost Severity. It happening that *Hamp* was one of the Persons who rowed him from Ship to Ship, it filled him with so much Terror that he was scarcely able to perform his Duty. The Wretch himself was made such a terrible Spectacle of Misery, that not only *Hamp*, but all the Rest who saw him after his last Lashing, were shocked at the Sight; and though it was shrewdly suspected that some others had been concerned with him, yet this Example had such an Effect, that there were no more Instances of any false Money uttered from that Time. It was near five Years after *Hamp* went first to Sea, that he began to think of returning home and working at his Trade again; and after this Thought had once got into his Head, as is usual with such Fellows, he was never easy until he had accomplished it, for doing which, an Opportunity offered soon after. The Ship he belonged to was recalled and paid off, and *John* having very little to receive, the great Delight he took in drinking made him so constant a Customer

to a certain Officer in the Ship, that all was near spent by the time he came home. That however would have been no great Misfortune, had he stuck close to his Employment, and avoid those Excesses of which he had been formerly guilty, but alas ! this was by no Means in his Power. He drank rather harder after his Return than he had done before ; and if he might be credited at that Time, when the Law allows what is said to pass for Evidence, *viz.*, in the Agony of Death, it was this Love of Drink that brought him, without any other Crime, to his shameful End, the Manner of which I shall next fully relate.

Hamp, passing one Night very drunk through the Street, a Woman, as is usual enough for common *Street-walkers* to do, took him by the Sleeve, and after some immodest Discourse, asked him, if he would not go into her Mother's and take a Pot with her. To this Motion *Hamp* readily agreed, and had not been long in the House before he fell fast asleep in the Company of *James Bird*, who was hanged with him, the Woman who brought him into the House, and an old Woman, whom she called her Mother. By-and-bye certain Persons came, who apprehended him and *James Bird*, for being in a disorderly House, and having carried them to the *Watch-house*, they were there both charged with robbing and beating, in a most cruel and barbarous Manner, a poor old Woman near *Rag Fair*. At the next *Old Bailey* Sessions they were both tried for this Fact, and the Woman's Evidence being positive against them, they were likewise convicted. *Hamp* behaved himself with great Serenity while under Sentence, declaring always, that he had not the least

Knowledge of *Bird*, until the Time they were taken up ; that in all his Lifetime he had never acquired a Halfpenny in a dishonest Manner, and that although he had so much abandoned himself to Drinking and other Debaucheries, yet he constantly worked hard at his Employment, in order to get Money to support them. As to the Robbery, he said, *he knew no more of it than the Child unborn* ; that he readily believed all that the Woman swore to be true, except her Mistake in the Persons ; and that as to *Bird*, he could not take upon himself to say that he was not concerned in it. A *Divine* of Eminence in the Church, being so charitable as to visit him, spoke to him very particularly on this Head. He told him *that a Jury of his Countrymen on their Oaths had unanimously found him Guilty, that the Law upon such a Conviction had appointed him to Death, and that there appeared not the least Hopes of his being any ways able to prevent it ; that the denying of his Guilt, therefore, could not possibly be of any Use to him here, but might probably ruin him for ever hereafter, that if he would act wisely in this unfortunate Situation, into which his Vices had brought him, he would make an ample Acknowledgement of the Crime he had committed, and own the Justice of Providence in bringing him to Condemnation, instead of leaving the World in the Assertion of a Falsehood, and rushing into the Presence of Almighty God with a Lie in his Mouth.* This Exhortation was made publicly, and *Hamp* after having heard it with great Attention, answered it in the following Terms : *I am very sensible, Sir, of your Goodness in affording me this Visit, and am no less obliged to you for your pressing Instances. to induce me to Confession ; but then as I know*

the Matter of Fact, so I am sure if it be not true, you would not press me to own it. I aver that the Charge against me is utterly false in every Particular. I freely acknowledge that I have led a most dissolute Life, and abandoned myself to all kind of Wickedness ; but should I to satisfy some Persons' Importunities, own also the Justice of my present Sentence, as arising from the Truth of the Fact, I should thereby become Guilty of the very Crime you warn me of, and go out of the World indeed, in the very Act of telling an Untruth. Besides, of what Use would it be to me, who have not the least Hopes of Pardon, to persist in a Lie, merely for the Sake of deceiving others, who may talk of my miserable Death as a Piece of News, and at the same Time cheat myself in what is my last and greatest Concern ? I beg, therefore, to be troubled no more on this Head, but to be left to make my Peace with God for those Sins which I have really committed, without being pressed to offend him yet more by taking upon me that which I really know nothing of. The Ordinary of Newgate hereupon went into the Hole to examine Bird, who lay there in a sick and lamentable Condition. He confirmed all that Hamp had said, declared he never saw him in his Life before the Night in which they were taken up, acknowledged himself to be a great Sinner and an old Offender, that he had been often taken up before for Thefts ; but as to the present Case he peremptorily insisted on his Innocence, and that he knew Nothing of it. At the Place of Execution Hamp appeared very composed, and with a Cheerfulness that is seldom seen in the Countenances of Persons when they come to the Tree, and are on the very Verge of Death. He spoke for a few Minutes to the People to this

Purpose : that he had been a grievous Sinner, much addicted to Women, and much more to Drinking ; that for these Crimes he thought the Justice of God righteous in bringing him to a shameful Death ; but as to assaulting the Woman in *Rag Fair* he again protested his Innocence, and declared he never committed any Robbery whatsoever, desired the Prayers of the People in his last Moments, and then applying himself to some short private Devotions, resigned himself with much Calmness to his Fate, on *Wednesday*, the 22nd of *December*, 1725, at *Tyburn*, being then in the 25th Year of his Age. *Bird* confirming, as well as the Craziiness of his distempered Head would give him Leave, the Truth of what *Hamp* had said.



The Lives of JOHN AUSTIN, a Footpad, JOHN FOSTER, a Housebreaker, and RICHARD SCURRIER, a Shop-lifter.

AMONGST the Number of those extraordinary Events which may be remarked in the Course of these melancholy Memoirs, of those who have fallen *Martyrs* to Sin, and *Victims* to Justice, there is scarce anything more remarkable than the finding a Man who hath led an honest and reputable Life, till he hath attained to the Summit of Life, and then without abandoning himself to any notorious Vices, that may be supposed to lead him into Rapine and Stealth in order to support him, to take himself on a sudden to robbing on the

Highway, and so finish a painful and industrious Life by a violent and shameful Death. Yet this is exactly the Case before us. The Criminal of whom we are first to speak, *viz.*, *John Austin*, was the Son of very honest People, having not only been bred up in good Principles, but seeming also to retain them. He was put out young to a *Gardener*, in which Employment being brought up he became afterwards a Master for himself, and lived, as all his Neighbours report it, with a very fair Character as any Man thereabout. On a sudden he was taken up for assaulting and knocking down a Man in *Stepney Fields*, with a short, round, heavy Club, and taking from him his Coat, in the beginning of *November*, 1725, about Seven o'clock in the Morning. The Evidence being clear and direct, the *Jury*, notwithstanding the Persons he called to his Character, found him guilty. He received Sentence of Death accordingly, and after a Report had been made to his Majesty was ordered for Execution. During the Space he lay under Conviction, he at first denied, then endeavoured to extenuate his Crime, by saying he did indeed knock the Man down, but that the Man struck him first with an iron Rod he had in his Hand; and in this Story for some Time he firmly persisted. But when Death made a nearer Approach, he acknowledged the Falsity of these Pretences, and owned the Robbery in the Manner in which he had been charged therewith. Being asked how a Man in his Circumstances, being under no Necessities, but on the Contrary, in a Way very likely to do well, came to be guilty of so unaccountable an Act, as the knocking down a poor Man and taking away his Coat, he said, *that though he was in a fair Way of living, and had a very*

careful and industrious Wife; yet for some Time last past he had been disturbed in his Mind, and that the Morning he committed the Robbery he took the Club out of his own House, being an Instrument made use of by his Wife in the Trade of a Silk Throster, and from a sudden Impulse of Mind attacked the Man in the Manner which had been sworn against him. He appeared to be a Person of no vicious Principles, had been guilty of very few Crimes, except drinking to Excess sometimes, and that but seldom, the Sin which most troubled him, being his ordinary Practice as a Gardener, in spending the Lord's Day mostly in hard Work, *viz.*, in packing up Things for Monday's Market. He was very penitent for the Offence which he had committed, and attended the Service of *Chapel* duly, prayed constantly and fervently in the Place of his Confinement, and suffered Death with much Serenity and Resolution, averring with his last Breath, that it was the first and last Act which he had ever committed, being at the Time of his Death about thirty-seven Years old.

The second of these Malefactors, *John Foster*, was the Son of a very poor Man, who yet did his utmost to give his Son all the Education that was in his Power; and finding he was resolved to do Nothing else, sent him with a very honest Gentleman to Sea. He continued there about seven Years, and as he met with no remarkable Accidents in the Voyages he made himself, my Readers may perhaps not be displeased if I mention a very singular one which befel his *Master*. His Ship having the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of the *French*, they plundered it of everything that was in the least Degree valuable, and then left him, with thirty-five Men, to the Mercy

of the Waves. In this distressed Condition, he with much Difficulty made the Shore of *Newfoundland*, and had Nothing to subsist on but Biscuit and a little Water. Knowing it was to no Purpose to ask those who were settled there for Provisions without Money or Effects, he landed himself and eighteen Men, and carried off a Dozen Sheep and eight Hogs. They were scarce returned on Board, before it sprung up a brisk Gale, and driving them from their Anchors, obliged them to put to Sea. It blew very hard all that Day and the next Night. The Morning following the Wind abated, and they discovered a little Vessel before them, which, by crowding all the Sails she was able, endeavoured to bear away. The *Captain* thereupon gave her Chase, and coming at last up with her perceived she was *French*, upon which he gave her a Broadside, and the Master knowing it was impossible to defend her immediately struck. They found in her a large Quantity of Provisions, and in the *Master's Cabin* a Bag with seven hundred Pistols. No sooner had the *English* taken out the Booty, but they gave the *Captain* and his *Crew* Liberty to sail where they pleased, leaving them sufficient Provisions for a Subsistence. They stood in again for *Newfoundland*, where the *Captain* paid the Person who was owner of the Sheep and Hogs he had taken, as much as he demanded, making him also a handsome Present besides, thereby giving *Foster* a remarkable Example of Integrity and Justice, if he had had Grace enough to have followed it. When the Ship came home, and its Crew were paid off, he betook himself to loose Company, loved drinking and idling about, especially with ill Women. At last he was drawn in by some of his Companions to

assist in breaking open the House of *Capt. Tolson*, and stealing thence Linen and other Things to a great Value. For this Offence being apprehended, some Promises were made him in Case of Discoveries, which, as he said, he made accordingly, and therefore thought it a great Hardship that they were not performed; but the Gentleman whoever he was that made him those Promises took no further Notice of him, so that *Foster* being tried thereupon, the Evidence was very clear against him, and the *Jury*, after a very short Consideration, found him guilty. Under Sentence he behaved with great Sorrow for his Offence; he wept whenever any Exhortations were made to him, confessed himself one of the greatest of Sinners, and with many heavy Expressions of Grief seemed to doubt whether, even from the Mercy of *God*, he could expect Forgiveness. Those whose Duty it was to instruct him how to prepare himself for Death, did all they could to convince him that the greatest Danger of not being forgiven arose from such Doubtings, and persuaded him to allay the Fears of Death by a settled Faith and Hope in *Jesus Christ*. When he had a while reflected on the Promises made in Scripture on the Nature of Repentance itself, and the Relation there is between *Creatures* and their *Creator*, he became at last better satisfied, and bore the Approach of Death with tolerable Cheerfulness. When the Day of Execution came he received the Sacrament, as is usual for Persons in his Condition. He declared then that he heartily forgave all who had injured him, and particularly the Person who, by giving him Hopes of Life, had endangered his eternal Safety. He submitted cheerfully to the Decrees of *Providence* and

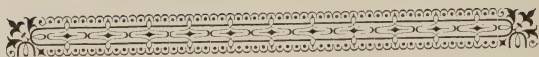
the Law of the Land, being at the Time he suffered about thirty-seven Years of Age.

Richard Scurrier was the Son of a *Blacksmith*, residing at *Kingston-upon-Thames*. He followed for a Time his Father's Business, but growing totally weary of working honestly for his Bread he left his Relations, and without any just Motive or Expectation came up to *London*. He here betook himself to driving a *Hackney Coach*, which as he himself acknowledged, was the first Inlet into all his Misfortunes, for thereby he got into loose and extravagant Company, living in a continued Series of Vices, unenlightened by the Grace of God, or any Intervals of a virtuous Practice. Such a Road of Wickedness soon induced him to take illegal Methods for Money to support it. The Papers which I have in my Hands concerning him do not say whether the Fact he committed was done at the Persuasion of others, or merely out of his own wicked Inclinations. Nay, I cannot be so much as positive whether he had any Associates or no; but he in the Beginning of his thievish Practices committed a *Petty Larceny*, which was immediately discovered. He thereupon was apprehended and committed to *Newgate*. At the next Sessions he was tried, and the Fact being plain, convicted, but being very young, the Court, with its usual Tenderness, determined to soften his Punishment into a private Whipping. But before this was done, he, joining with some other desperate Fellows, forced the outward Door of the Prison as the Keeper was going in and escaped. He was no sooner at Liberty, but he fell to his old Trade, and was just as unlucky as he had been before; for taking it into his Head to run off with a Firkin of Butter, which he

saw standing in a *Cheesemonger's Shop*, he was again taken in the Fact, and within the Space of a few Weeks recommitted to his old Lodging. At first he apprehended the Crime to be so trivial, that he was not in the least afraid of Death, and therefore his Amazement was the greater when he was capitally convicted. During the first Day after Sentence had been pronounced, the Extremity of Grief and Fear made him behave like one distracted. As he came a little to himself, and was instructed by those who charitably visited him, he owned the Justice of his Sentence, which had been passed upon him, and the notorious Wickedness of his mispent Life. He behaved with great Decency at Chapel, and as well as a mean Capacity and a small Education would give him Leave, prayed in the Place of his Confinement. As there is little remarkable in this Malefactor's Life permit me to add an Observation or two concerning the Nature of Crimes punished with Death in *England*, and the Reasonableness of any Project which would answer the same End as Death, *viz.*, securing the Public from any of their future Rapine, without sending the poor Wretches to the Gallows, and pushing them headlong into the other World for every little Offence. The Gallies in other Nations serve for this Purpose, and the Punishment seems well suited to the Crime. A Man steals once, and is condemned to hard Labour all his Life after. He suffers sufficiently for his Offence; yet his Life is preserved, and he is notwithstanding effectually deprived of all means of doing further Mischief. We have no Gallies, it is true, in the Service of the *Crown of Britain*, but there are many other laborious Works to which they might be put, so as to be useful to

their Country. As to Transportation, though it may at first Sight seem intended for the Purpose, yet if we look into it with ever so little Attention, we shall see that it does not at all answer the End; for we find by Experience, that in a Year's Time, many of them are here again, and are ten Times more dangerous Rogues than they were before. And in the Plantations they generally behave themselves so ill, that many have refused to receive them, and have even laid Penalties on the Captains who shall land them within the Bounds of their Jurisdiction. It were certainly, therefore, more advantageous to the Public that they worked hard here, than be either forced upon the *Planters* abroad, or left in a Capacity to return to their Villanies at home, where the Punishment being capital, serves only to make them less merciful and more resolute. This I propose only, and pretend not to dictate. But it is now time we return to the last-mentioned Criminal, *Richard Scurrier*, and inform you that at the Time he suffered he was scarcely eighteen Years of Age, dying with the Malefactors *Hamp*, *Bird*, *Austin*, and *Foster*, before-mentioned, on the twenty-second of *December*, 1725, at *Tyburn*.





The Life of FRANCIS BAILEY, a notorious Highwayman.

THAT ill Company, and an habitual Course of indulging vicious Inclinations of a Nature not punishable by human Laws, should at last lead Men to the Commission of such Crimes as from the Injury done to Society require capital Punishment to be inflicted, is a Thing we so often meet with that its Frequency alone is sufficient to warn Men of the Danger there is in becoming acquainted, much more of conversing familiarly with, wicked and debauched Persons. This Criminal, *Francis Bailey*, was one of the Number of those Examples from whence this Observation arises. He was born of Parents of the lowest Degree in *Worcestershire*, who were either incapable of giving him any Education, or took so little Care about it, that at the Time he went out into the World he could neither write nor read. However, they bound him Apprentice to a *Baker*, and his Master took so much Care of him that he was in a fair Way of doing well if he would have been industrious, but instead of that he quitted his Employment to fall into that Resort of Vice and Laziness, the entering into a *Regiment* as a *common Soldier*. However, he behaved himself in this State so well that he became a *Corporal* and *Sergeant*, which last, though a Preferment of small Value, is seldom given to Persons of no Education. But it seems *Bailey* had Address enough to get that passed by, and lived with a good Reputa-

tion in the Army near twenty Years. During this Space, with whatever Cover of Honesty he appeared abroad, yet he failed not to make up whatever Deficiencies his irregular Course of Life might occasion, by robbing upon the *Highway*, though he had the good Luck never to be apprehended, or indeed suspected, till the Fact which brought him to his End.

His first Attempt in this Kind happened thus : The *Regiment* in which he served was quartered at a great *Road Town*. *Bailey* having no Employment for the greatest Part of his Time, and being incapable of diverting himself by *Reading* or innocent Conversation, knew not therefore how to employ his Hours. It happened one Evening that in a Crew of his idle Companions there was one who had been formerly intimate with a famous *Highwayman*. This Fellow entertained the Company with the Relation of Abundance of Adventures which had befallen him on the *Road*, till he had saved about seven hundred Pounds, wherewith he retired (as this Man said) to *Jamaica*, and lived there in great Splendour, having set up a *Tavern*, and by his facetious Conversation, acquired more Custom thereto than that of any other Public-house in the *Island*. As *Bailey* had listened with great Attention to this Story, so it ran in his Head that Night that this was the easiest Method of obtaining *Money*, and that with Prudence there was no great Danger of being detected. Money at that Time ran low, and he resolved the next Day to make the Experiment. Accordingly he procured a Horse and Arms in the Evening, and at Dusk sallied out, with the Intent of stopping the first *Passenger* he should meet. A Country *Clergyman* happened to be the Man. No sooner did *Bailey* approach him with

the usual Salutation of *Stand* and *Deliver*, but putting his Hand in his Pocket, and taking out some *Silver*, he in a great Fright, and as it were trembling, put it into *Bailey's* Hat, who thereupon carelessly let go the Reins of his Horse, and went to put the Money up in his own Pocket. The Parson upon seeing that clapped Spurs to his Horse, and throwing his right Elbow with all his Force under *Bailey's* left Breast, gave him such a Blow as made him tumble backwards off his Horse, the Parson riding off as hard as he could with a good Watch and near forty Pounds in Gold in his Purse. So ill a setting out might have marred a *Highwayman* of less Courage than him of whom we are speaking. But *Frank* was not to be frightened either from Danger or Wickedness, when he had once got it into his Head. So as soon as he came a little to himself, and had caught his Horse, he resolved, by looking more carefully after the next Prize, to make up what he fancied he had lost by the Parson. With this Intent he rode on about a Mile, when he met with a Waggon, in which were three or four *young Wenches*, who had been at Service in *London*, and were going to several Places in the Country to see their Relations. *Bailey*, notwithstanding there were three Men belonging to the *Waggon*, stopped it, and rifled it of seven Pounds, and then very contentedly retired to his Quarters. Flushed with this Success, he never after wanted Money, but took this Method of supplying himself, managing, after the Affair of the *Parson*, with so much Caution, that though he robbed on the greatest Road, he was never so much as once in Danger by a Pursuit. Perhaps he did not owe a little of his Security to the never taking any *Partner* in the Com-

mission of his Villanies, to which he was once inclined, though diverted from it by an Accident, which to a less obstinate Person might have proved a sufficient Warning to have quitted such Exploits for good and all.

Bailey being one Day at an Ale-house, not far from *Moorfields*, fell into the Conversation of an *Irishman* of a very gay and lively Temper, perfectly suited to the Humour of our *Knight* of the *Road*. They talked together with mutual Satisfaction for about two Hours, and then the *Stranger* whispered *Bailey*, that if he would step to such a *Tavern*, he would give him part of a *Bottle* and *Fowl*. Thither accordingly he walked. His Companion came in soon after; to Supper they went, and parted about twelve in high good Humour; appointing to meet the next Evening but one. *Bailey* the Day after was upon the *Barnet Road*, following his usual Occupation, when looking by Chance over the Hedges, he perceived the Person he parted with the Night before stop a Chariot with two Ladies in it, and as soon as he had robbed them rode down a cross Lane. *Bailey* hereupon, after taking nine Guineas from a *Nobleman's Steward*, whom he met about a quarter of an Hour after, returned to his Lodgings at a little blind *Brandy Shop* in *Piccadilly*, resolving the next Day to make a Proposal to his new Acquaintance of joining their Forces. With this View he staid at home all Day, and went very punctually in the Evening to the Place of their Appointment, but to his great Mortification the other never came; and *Bailey*, after waiting some Hours, went away. As he was going home he happened to step into an *Ale-house* in *Fore Street*, where, recollecting that the House in which

he had first seen this Person was not far off, it came into his Head that if he went thither he might possibly hear some News of him. Accordingly he went to the Place, where he had hardly called for a *Mug* of *Drink* and a *Pipe* of *Tobacco*, but the Woman saluted him with *O lack, Sir!* don't you remember a Gentleman in red you spoke to here the other Day? Yes, replied *Bailey*, does he live hereabouts? I don't know, says the Woman, indeed where he lives, but he was brought to a *Surgeon's* hard by, about three Hours ago, terribly wounded. My Husband is just going to see him. Though *Bailey* could not but perceive that there might be Danger in his going thither, yet his Curiosity was so strong that he could not forbear. As soon as he entered the Room the wounded Man, who was just dressed, beckoned to him, and desired to speak with him. He went near enough not to have anything overheard, when the Man in a low Voice told him that he was mortally wounded in riding off after robbing a *Gentleman's Coach*, and advised him to be cautious of himself; for (says the Dying Man) *I knew you to be a Brother of the Road as soon as I saw you, and if ever you trust any Man with that Secret, you may even prepare yourself for Execution, as much as if you had surrendered yourself into the Hands of Justice.* In half-an-hour he fell into fainting Fits, and then became Speechless, and died in the Evening, to the no little Concern of his new Acquaintance *Bailey*. Some Months after this *Frank* was apprehended for breaking open a House in *Piccadilly*, and stealing *Pewter, Table Linen*, and other *Household Stuff*, to a considerable Value. He was convicted at the ensuing Sessions at the *Old Bailey* for this Crime, upon the

Oath of a Woman who had no very good Character. Though he acknowledged abundance of Crimes of which there was no Proof against him, yet he absolutely denied that for which he was *condemned*, and persisted in that denial to his Death, notwithstanding that the *Ordinary* and other *Ministers* represented to him how great a Folly, as well as Sin, it was for him to go out of the World with a Lie in his Mouth. He said indeed he had been guilty of a Multitude of *heinous Sins* and *Offences*, for which *God* did with great Justice bring him unto that ignominious End. Yet he persisted in his Declarations of Innocence as to *Housebreaking*, in which he affirmed he had never been at all concerned, and with the strongest Asseverations to this Purpose, he suffered Death at *Tyburn*, the fourteenth of *March*, 1725, being then about thirty-nine Years old, in Company with *Jones*, *Barton*, *Gates*, and *Swift*, of whose Behaviour under Sentence we shall have Occasion to speak by-and-bye.



*The Life of JOHN BARTON, a Robber, Highwayman,
and Housebreaker.*



IT is often thought that Education is a trouble to Persons in their *Junior* Years, who heartily repent of their Neglect of it in the more advanced Seasons of their Lives. *John Barton*, the Subject of our Discourse, was born in *London* of Parents capable enough of affording him tolerable Education, which they were willing

to bestow upon him if he had been just enough to have applied himself while at School; but he instead of that raked about with Boys of his own Age, without the least Consideration of the Expense his Parents were at, idled away his Time, and forgot what little he learned almost as soon as he had acquired it. It is a long Time before Parents perceive that in their Children which is evident to every one else. However, *Barton's* Father soon saw no Good was to be done with him at School, upon which he took him away, and placed him Apprentice with a *Butcher*. There he continued for some Time, behaving to the liking of his Master, yet even then so much out of Humour with work that he associated himself with some idle young Fellows, who afterwards drew him in to those illegal Acts which proved fatal to his Reputation and his Life. However, he did make a Shift to pass through the Time of his Apprenticeship with a tolerable Character, and was afterwards, through the Kindness of his Friends, set up as a *Butcher*, in which Business he succeeded so well as to acquire Money enough thereby to have kept his Family, if he could have been contented with the Fruits of his honest Labour. But his old Companions, who by this Time were become perfectly versed in those felonious Arts by which Money is seemingly so easy to be attained, were continually soliciting him to take their Method of Life, assuring him that there was not half so much Danger as was generally apprehended, and that if he had but Resolution enough to behave gallantly, he need not fear any Adventure whatsoever. *Barton* was a Fellow rather of too much than too little Courage; he wanted no encouragements of this sort to egg him to

such Proceedings, the Hopes of living idle, and in the Enjoyment of such lewd Pleasures as he had addicted himself to were sufficient. He therefore soon yielded to their Suggestions, and went into such Measures as they had before followed, especially Housebreaking, which was the particular Branch of Villany to which he had addicted himself ; at this he became a very dexterous Fellow, and thereby much in Favour with his wicked Associates, amongst whom to be impious argues a great Spirit, and to be ingenious in Mischief is the highest Character to which Persons in their miserable State can ever attain.

Amongst the Rest of *Barton's* Acquaintance, there was one *Yorkshire Bob*, who was reckoned the most adroit Housebreaker in Town. This Fellow one Day invited *Barton* to his House, which at that time was not far from *Red Lion Fields*, and proposed to him two or three Schemes by which some Houses in the Neighbourhood might be broken open. *Barton* thought all the Attempts too hazardous to be made, but *Bob*, to convince him of the Possibility with which such Things might be done, undertook to rob a Widow Lady's House of some Plate, which stood in the *Butler's* Room at Noonday, and without Assistance. Accordingly thither he went, dressed in the Habit of a *Footman* belonging to a Family which were well acquainted there. The Servants conversed with him freely, as my Lady such-a-one's new Man, while he entertained them with Abundance of merry Stories until Dinner was upon the Table, when taking Advantage of that Clatter in which they were, he slyly lighted a Fire-ball at the Fireside, clapped into a Closet on the Side of the Stairs in which the foul Clothes were kept, and then perceiving the Smoke

cried out with the utmost Vehemence, *Fire! Fire!* This naturally drew everybody down Stairs, and created such a Confusion that he found little or no Difficulty in laying hold of the silver Plate which he aimed at. He carried it away publicly, while the Smoke confounded all the Spectators, and until the next Morning nobody had the least Suspicion of him; but upon sending to the Lady for the Plate which her new Servant had carried away the Night before, and she denying that she had any Servant in the House that had not lived with her a Twelve-month, they then discovered the Cheat, though at a Time too late to mend it.

Barton, however, did not like his Master's Method entirely, choosing rather to strike out a new One of his own, which he fancied might as little mischief him as that audacious Impudence of the other did in his several Adventures; for which Reason he was very cautious of associating with this Fellow, who was very dexterous in his Art, but was more ready in undertaking dangerous Exploits than any of the Crew at that Time about Town. *John's* Way was by a certain Knack of shifting the Shutters, whereby he opened a speedy Entrance for himself; and as he knew in how great Danger his Life was from each of these Attempts, so he never made them but upon Shops or Houses where so large a Booty might be expected as would prevent his being under Necessity of Thieving again in a Week or two's Time. Yet when he had in this Manner got Money, he was so ready to throw it away on Women and at Play, that in a short Space his Pocket was at as low an Ebb as ever. When his Cash was quite gone, he associated himself sometimes with a Crew of *Footpads*, and in

that Method of Plunder got sufficient to subsist him until something offered in his own way, to which he would willingly have kept. At last hearing of a *Goldsmith's* not far from where he lodged, who had a very considerable Stock of fine Snuff-Boxes, Gold Chains, Rings, &c., he fancied he had now an Opportunity of getting Provision for his Extravagancies for at least a Twelvemonth ; the Thoughts of which encouraged him so far that he immediately went about it, and succeeded to his Wish, obtaining two Gold Chains, five Gold Necklaces, seventy-two Silver Spoons, and an immense Cargo of little Things of Value, yet this did not satisfy him. He had ventured a few Days afterwards, having a proper Opportunity, on the House and Shop of one Mrs. *Higgs*, from whence he took a hundred Pair of Stockings, and other Things to a large Value ; but as is common with such Persons his Imprudence betrayed him in the disposing of them, and by the Diligence of a *Constable* employed for that Purpose he was caught, and committed to *Newgate*. At the next Sessions he was for these Facts convicted, and as he had no Friends so it was not in any Degree probable that he should escape Execution, and therefore it is highly possible he might be the Projector of that Resistance, which he and the rest under Sentence with him made in the condemned Hole, and of which we shall give an exact Account under the next Life.

The peculiar Humour of *Barton* was to appear equally gay and cheerful, though in these sad Circumstances, as he had ever done in the most dissolute Part of his foregoing Life. In Consequence of which foolish Notion he smiled on a Person's telling him his Name was included in the *Dead Warrant*, and at

Chapel behaved in a Manner very unbecoming one who was soon to answer at the *Bar* of the *Almighty* for a Life led in open Defiance both of the Laws of God and Man. Yet that Surprise, which People naturally express at Behaviour of such a Kind on such an Occasion, seemed in the Eyes of this poor Wretch so high a Testimony in Favour of his Gallantry, that he could not be prevailed on, either by the Advices of the Ministers, or the Entreaties of his Relations, to abate anything of that Levity which he put on when he attended Divine Service. He saw it disturbed some of his Fellow-Sufferers, who were at first inclined to apply themselves strictly to their Duties, but at last, so fatal is evil Communication even in the latest Moments of our Life, his ludicrous Carriage corrupted the Rest, and instead of reproving him as they had formerly done, they now seemed careful only of imitating his Example, and in this Disposition he continued even to the last Minute of his Life, which ended at *Tyburn*, on the fourteenth of *March*, 1725, he being then hardly twenty-three Years of Age.



*The Life of WILLIAM SWIFT, a Thief, &c.*

WITH regard to the Multitude of Reasons which ought to incline Men to an honest Life, there is one very strong Motive which hitherto has not, I think, been touched upon at all, and that is the Danger a Man runs from being known to be of ill Life and Fame, of having himself accused from his Character only of Crimes, which he, though guiltless of, in such a Case might find it difficult to get his Innocence either proved or credited, if any unlucky Circumstance should give the least Weight to the Accusation. The Criminal whose Life exercises our present Care was a Fellow of this Cast. He was born but of mean Parents, had little or no Education, and when he grew strong enough to Labour would apply himself to no Way of getting his Bread but by driving a Wheelbarrow with Fruit about the Streets. This led him to the Knowledge of Abundance of wicked disorderly People, whose Manners agreeing best with his own, he spent most of his Time in sopping with them at their Haunts, when by bawling about the Streets he had got just as much as would suffice to sot with. There is no doubt but that he now and then shared with them, at least in what amongst such Folks passes for trivial Offences, but that he engaged in the grand Exploits of the Road did not appear in any other Case than that for which he died, *viz.*, taking four Table-Cloths, eight Napkins, two Shifts, and other Things, from *Mary Cassel*. The Woman swore positively to him

upon his Trial, and his Course of Life being such as I have represented it, nobody appeared to speak to his Reputation, so as to bring the Thing into the least Suspense with the Jury, whereupon he was convicted, and received Sentence of Death.

The Concern *Swift* was under when he found not the least Hopes of Life remaining, he having no Friends who were capable, had they been willing, to have solicited a Pardon, or a Reprieve, shocked him so much that he scarce appeared to have his Senses. However, he persisted obstinately in denying that he had the least Hand in the Robbery which was sworn against him; and as he had made no Scruple of acknowledging a Multitude of other Crimes, his Denial of this gained some Belief, more especially when *Barton* confessed that he with two or three others were the Persons who committed the Robbery on the Woman who swore against this Criminal. It must be acknowledged that there was no Appearance of any sinister Motive, at least in *Barton*, to take upon himself a Crime of which otherwise he would never have been accused; and the Behaviour of *Swift* was at first of such a Nature that it is not easy to conceive why, when all Hopes of Safety were lost, and he was full of Acknowledgment as to the Justice of his Sentence for the many other evil Deeds he had done, he should yet obdurately persist in denying this, if there had been no Truth at all in his Allegations. As this Fellow had neither natural Courage, nor had acquired any religious Principles from his Education, there is no Wonder to be made he behaved himself so poorly in the last Moments of his Life, in which Terror, Confusion, and Self-Condemnation wrought so strongly as to make the Igno-

miny of the Halter the least dreadful Part of his Execution.

The Day on which the three last-mentioned Persons, together with *Yates* or *Gates*, alias *Vulcan*, a *Deer-stealer*, and *Benjamin Jones*, a *Housebreaker*, were to have been Executed, these miserable Persons framed to themselves the most absurd Project of preserving their Lives that could possibly have entered into the Heads of Men ; for, getting by some Means or other an *Iron Crow* into the *Hole*, they therewith dug out a prodigious Quantity of Rubbish and some Stones, which it is hardly credible could have been removed with so small Assistance as they had. With these they blocked up the Door of the *Condemned Hole* so effectually that there was no possibility of getting it open by any Force whatsoever on the outside. The *Keepers* endeavoured to make them sensible of the Folly of their Undertaking, in Hopes they would thereby be induced to prevent any firing upon them, which was all that those who had the Custody of them were now capable of doing, to bring them to Submission. The *Ordinary* also joined in dissuading them from thus mispending the last Moments of their Lives, which were through the Mercy of the Law extended to them for a better Purpose, but they were inexorable, and as they knew their Surrender would bring them immediately to a shameful Death, so they declared positively they were determined to kill or be killed in the Position in which they then were. Sir *Jeremiah Murden*, one of the *Sheriffs* for the Time being, was so good as to go down upon this Occasion to *Newgate*. The *Keepers* having opened a sort of *Trap-Door* in the Room over the *Hole*, from thence discharged several

Pistols loaded with small Shot to no Purpose. The *Criminals*, retiring to the farther End of the Room, continued there safe and out of reach, though *Barton* and *Yates* received each of them a slight Wound in crowding backwards. Sir *Jeremy* went himself to this Place, and talked to them for a considerable Space, and one of the *Fellows* insisting to see his *Gold Chain*, that they might be sure they were treating with the *Sheriffs* themselves, his Condescension was so great as to put down Part of it through the Hole, upon which they consulted together, and at last agreed to surrender. Whereupon they began immediately to remove the Stones, and as soon as the Door was at Liberty one of the *Keepers* entered. Just as he was within it, *Barton* snapped a *Steel Tobacco-Box* in his Face, the Noise of which resembling a *Pistol* made him start back, upon which *Barton* said, *D—n you, you was afraid*. Sir *Jeremy*, when they were brought out, ordered the *Ordinary* to be sent for, and Prayers to be said in the *Chapel*, where he attended himself. Whether the Hurry of this Affair, or that Stench which is natural to so filthy a Place as the *Condemned Hole*, affected the *Sheriff's* Constitution, it is hard to say; but upon his Return home he was seized with a violent *Fever*, which in a very short Space took away his Life. But to return to *Swift*.

When they came to *Tyburn*, and the *Minister* had performed his last Office towards them, this Criminal made a Shift in a faint Tone to cry out, *Good People, I die as innocent of the Crime for which I suffer as the Child unborn*, which *Barton* with a loud Voice confirmed, saying, *I am the Man who robbed the Person for which this Man dies, he was not*

concerned with me, but one Capell and another were Companions with me therein. Swift at the Time of his Execution was about twenty-seven Years of Age, or a little over.



The Lives of EDWARD BURNWORTH, *alias* FRAZIER, WILLIAM BLEWIT, THOMAS BERRY, EMANUEL DICKENSON, WILLIAM MARJORAM, JOHN HIGGS, &c., *Robbers, Footpads, Housebreakers, and Murderers.*

AS Society intends the Preservation of every Man's Person and Property from the Injuries which might be offered unto him from others, so those who in Contempt of its Laws go on to injure the one, and either by Force or Fraud to take away the other, are, in the greatest Proprieties of Speech, *Enemies* to Mankind, and as such are reasonably rooted out and destroyed by every *Government* under *Heaven*. In some Parts of *Europe* certain *Outlaws*, *Banditti*, or whatever other Appellation you please to bestow on them, have endeavoured to preserve themselves by Force from the Punishments which should have been executed upon them in *Justice*, and finding Mankind in general, from a Spirit of Self-Preservation were become their *Enemies*, they exerted themselves to the utmost, in order to render their Bodies so formidable as still to carry on their *Ravages* with Impunity, and in open Defiance of the Laws made against them. But an

Attempt of this sort was scarce ever heard of in *Britain*, even in the most early Times, when as in all other Governments, the Hands of the Law wanted Strength most, so that from the Days of *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, to those of the Criminals of whom we are now writing, there was never any *Scheme* formed for an open Resistance of Justice, and carrying on a direct War against the *Lives* and *Properties* of Mankind.

Edward Burnworth, alias Frazier, was the extraordinary Person who framed this Project for bringing *Rapine* into Method, and bounding even the Practice of Licentiousness within some kind of Order. It may seem reasonable therefore to begin with his Life, preferable to the Rest, and in so doing, we must inform our Readers, that his Father was by Trade a *Painter*, though so low in his Circumstances as to be able to afford his Son but a very mean Education. However, he gave him as much as would have been sufficient for him in that Trade, to which he bound him Apprentice, *viz.*, to a *Buckle-Maker*, in *Grub Street*, where for some Time *Edward* lived honestly and much in the Favour of his Master; but his Father dying, and his unhappy Mother being reduced thereby into very narrow Circumstances, Restraint grew uneasy to him, and the Weight of a Parent's Authority being now lost with him, he began to associate himself with those loose incorrigible *Vagrants*, who frequent the *Ring* at *Moorfields*, and from *Idleness* and *Debauchery* go on in a very swift Progression to *Robbery* and *picking of Pockets*. *Edward* was a young Fellow, active in his *Person*, and enterprising in his *Genius*. He soon distinguished himself in *Cudgel-playing*, and such other *Moorfields*

Exercises as qualify a Man first for the *Road*, and then for the *Gallows*. The *Mob* who frequented this Place, where one *Frazier* kept the *Ring*, were so highly pleased with *Burnworth's* Performances, that they thought nothing could express their Applause so much as conferring on him the Title of *Young Frazier*. This agreeing with the Ferocity of his Disposition, made him so vain thereof, that quitting his own Name he chose to go by this, and accordingly was called so by all his Companions.

Burnworth's grand Associates were these, *William Blewit*, *Emanuel Dickenson*, *Thomas Berry*, *John Legee*, *William Marjoram*, *John Higgs*, *John Wilson*, *John Mason*, *Thomas Mekins*, *William Gillingham*, *John Barton*, *William Swift*, and some others not material here to mention. At first he and his Associates contented themselves with *picking Pockets*, and such other Exercises in the lowest Class of Thieving, in which, however, they went on very assiduously for a considerable Space, and did more Mischief that Way than any Gang which had been before them for twenty Years. They rose afterwards to Exploits of a more hazardous Nature, *viz.*, *snatching Women's Pockets*, *Swords*, *Hats*, &c. The usual Places for their carrying on such infamous Practices, being about the *Royal Exchange*, *Cheapside*, *St. Paul's Churchyard*, *Fleet Street*, the *Strand*, and *Charing Cross*. But here they stuck a good while, nor is it probable they would ever have risen higher if *Burnworth* their *Captain* had not been detected in an Affair of this Kind, and committed thereupon to *Bridewell*, from whence, on some Apprehension of the *Keepers*, he was removed to *New Prison*, where he had not continued long before he projected an

Escape, which he afterwards put in Execution. During this Imprisonment, instead of reflecting on the Sorrows which his evil Course of Life had brought upon him, he meditated only how to engage his Companions in Attempts of a higher Nature than they had hitherto been concerned in, and considering how large a *Circle* he had of wicked Associates, he began to entertain Notions of putting them in such a Posture as might prevent their falling easily into the Hands of Justice, which many of them within a Month or two last past had done, though as they were sent thither on trivial Offences they quickly got discharged again.

Full of such Projects, and having once more regained his Freedom, he took much Pains to find out *Barton, Marjoram, Berry, Blewit, and Dickenson*, in whose Company he remained continually, never venturing abroad in the Daytime unless with his Associates in the Fields, where they walked with strange Boldness, considering Warrants were out against the greatest Part of the Gang. In the Night-time *Burnworth* strolled about to such little *Bawdy-houses* as he had formerly frequented, and where he yet fancied he might be safe. One Evening having wandered from the Rest, he was so bold as to go into a House in the *Old Bailey*, where he heard the Servants and Successors of the famous *Jonathan Wild* were in close Pursuit of him, and that one of them was in the inner Room by himself. *Burnworth* loaded his Pistol under the Table, and having primed it, goes with it ready cocked into the Room where *Jonathan's Foreman* was with a Quartern of Brandy and a Glass before him, Hark ye (says *Edward*) *you Fellow, who have served your Time to a Thief-taker,*

what Business might you have with me or my Company; do you think to gain a hundred or two by swearing our Lives away? If you do you are much mistaken, but that I may be some Judge of your Talent that Way, I must hear you curse a little on a very particular Occasion; upon which filling a large Glass of Brandy, and putting a little Gunpowder into it, he clapped it into the Fellow's Hands, and then presenting his Pistol to his Breast, obliged him to wish most horrid Mischiefs upon himself if ever he attempted to follow him or his Companions any more. No sooner had he done this, but Frazier knocking him down, quitted the Room, and went to acquaint his Companions with his notable Adventure, which as it undoubtedly frightened the new Thief-taker, so it highly exalted his Reputation for undaunted Bravery amongst the rest of the Gang. This was not only agreeable to Burnsworth's Vanity, but useful also to his Design, which was to advance himself to a Sort of absolute Authority amongst them, from whence he might be capable of making them subservient to him in such Enterprises as he designed. His Associates were not cunning enough to penetrate his Views, but without knowing it suffered them to take Effect, so that instead of robbing as they used to do as Accident directed them, or they received Intelligence of any Booty, they now submitted themselves to his Guidance, and did nothing but as he directed or commanded them. The Morning before the Murder of Thomas Ball, Burnsworth and Barton, whom we have before-mentioned, pitched upon the House of an old Justice of the Peace in Clerkenwell, to whom they had a particular Pique for having formerly committed Burnsworth, and proposed it to their

Companions to break it open that Night, or rather the next Morning. It was about One of the Clock when they put their Design into Execution, successfully carrying off some Things of real Value and a considerable Parcel of what they took to be Silver Plate. With this they went into the Fields above *Islington*, and from thence to *Copenhagen House*, where they spent the greatest Part of the Day. On their parting the Booty, *Burnworth* perceived what they had taken for Silver was nothing more than a gilt Metal, at which he in a Rage would have thrown it away. *Barton* opposed it, and said, *they should be able to sell it for something*, to which *Burnworth* replied, *that it was good for nothing but to discover them, and therefore it should not be preserved at any Rate*. Upon this they differed, and while they were debating came *Blewit*, *Berry*, *Dickenson*, *Higgs*, *Wilson*, *Legee*, and *Marjoram*, who joined the Company. *Burnworth* and *Barton* agreed to toss up at whose Disposal the Silver Ware should be; they did so, and it fell to *Burnworth* to dispose of it as he thought fit, upon which he carried it immediately to the *New River Side*, and threw it in there, adding, *he was sorry he had not the old Justice himself there to share the same Fate*, being really as much out of Humour at the Thing, as if the Justice had imposed upon them in a fair Sale of the Commodity, so easy a Thing is it for Men to impose upon themselves.

As it happened they were all at present pretty full of Money, and so under no Necessity of going upon any Enterprise directly, wherefore they loitered up and down the Fields until towards Evening, when they thought they might venture into Town, and pass the Time in their usual Pleasures of Drinking,

Gaming, and Whoring. While they were thus (as the *French* say) murdering of Time, a Comrade of theirs came up puffing and blowing as if ready to break his Heart. As soon as he reached them, *Lads* (says he), *beware of one thing, the Constables have been all about Chick Lane in search of Folk of our Profession, and if ye venture to the House where we were to have met to-night, it is Ten to One but we are all taken.* This Intelligence occasioned a deep Consultation amongst them, what Method they had best take in order to avoid the Danger which threatened them so nearly. *Burnworth* took this Occasion to exhort them to keep together, telling them, as they were armed with three or four Pistols a Piece, and short Daggers under their Clothes, a small Force would not venture to attack them. This was approved by all the Rest, and when they had passed the Afternoon in this Manner, and had made a solemn Oath to stand by one another in Case of Danger, they resolved as Night grew on to draw towards Town. *Barton* at the Beginning of these Consultations quitted them and returned home. As they came through *Turmill Street*, they accidentally met the Keeper of *New Prison*, from whom *Burnworth* had escaped about six Weeks before. He desired *Edward* to step across the Way to him, adding, *that he saw he had no Arms, and that he did not intend to do him any Prejudice.* *Burnworth* replied *that he was no Way in Fear of him, nor apprehensive of any Injury he was able to do him*, and so concealing a Pistol in his Hand he stepped over to him, his Companions waiting for him in the Street. But the Neighbours having some Suspicion of them, and of the Methods they followed to get Money began to

gather about them ; upon which they called to their Companion to come away, which he, after making a low Bow to the Captain of *New Prison*, did, and they finding the People increase, thought it their most adviseable Method to retire back in a Body into the Fields ; this they did, keeping very close together, and in order to deter the People from making any Attempt, turned several times and presented their Pistols in their Faces, swearing they would Murder the first Man who came near enough for them to touch him, and the People being terrified to see such a Gang of obdurate Villains dispersed as they drew near the Fields, and left them at Liberty to go whither they would.

As soon as they had dispersed their Pursuers they entered into a fresh Consultation in what Manner they should dispose of themselves. *Burnworth* heard what every one proposed, and said at last, *that he thought the best thing they could do was to enter with as much Privacy as they could the other Quarter of the Town, and go directly to the Water-side.* They approved his Proposal, and accordingly getting down to *Blackfriars*, crossed directly into *Southwark*. They went afterwards to the Music-house, but did not stay there, retiring at last into *St. George's Fields*, where their last Counsel was held to settle the Operations of the Night. There *Burnworth* exerted himself in his proper Colours, informing them that there was no less Danger of their being apprehended there than about *Chick Lane* ; for that one *Thomas Ball*, who kept a *Gin Shop* in the *Mint*, and who was very well acquainted with most of their Persons, had taken it into his Head to venture upon *Jonathan Wild's* Employment, and was for that Purpose inde-

fatigable in searching out all their Haunts, that he might get a good Penny to himself by apprehending them. He added, that but a few Nights ago, he himself narrowly missed being caught by him, being obliged to clap a Pistol to his Face, and threatened to shoot him dead if he offered to lay his Hand on him. Therefore, continued *Burnworth*, the surest Way for us to procure Safety is to go to this Rogue's House, and shoot him dead upon the Spot. His Death will not only secure us from all Fears of his Treachery, but it will likewise so terrify others that nobody will take up the Trade of *Thief-Catching* in haste; and if it were not for such People who are acquainted with us and our Houses of resort, there would hardly one of our Profession in a Hundred see the inside of *Newgate*.

Burnworth had scarce made an End of his bloody Proposal before they all testified their Assent to it with great Alacrity, *Higgs* only excepted, who seeming to disapprove thereof, it put the Rest into such a Passion that they upbraided him in the most opprobrious Terms, with being a Coward and a Scoundrel, unworthy of being any longer the Companion of such brave Fellows as themselves. When *Frazier* had sworn them all to stick fast by one another, he put himself at their Head, and away they went directly to put their designed Assassination into Execution. *Higgs* retreated under the Favour of the Night, being apprehensive of himself when their Hands were in, since he was not quite so wicked as the Rest, he might share the Fate of *Ball* upon the first Dislike to him that took them. *Burnworth* and his Party when they came to *Ball's* House and inquired of his Wife for him, they were informed that he was

gone to the next Door, a Public-house, and that she would step and call him, and went accordingly. *Burnworth* immediately followed her, and meeting *Ball* at the Door took him fast by the Collar, and dragged him into his own House, and began to expostulate with him as to the Reason why he had attempted to take him, and how ungenerous it was for him to seek to betray his old Friends and Acquaintance. *Ball* apprehending their mischievous Intentions, addressed himself to *Blewit*, and begged of him to be an Intercessor for him, and that they would not Murder him; but *Burnworth* with an Oath replied, *he would put it out of the Power of Ball, ever to do him any farther Injury, that he should never get a Penny by betraying him*, and thereupon immediately shot him. Having thus done they all went out of Doors again, and that the Neighbourhood might suppose the Firing the Pistol to have been done without any ill Intention, and only to discharge the same, *Blewit* fired another in the Street over the Tops of the Houses, saying aloud, *they were got safe into Town, and there was no Danger of meeting any Rogues there*. *Ball* attempted to get as far as the Door, but in vain, for he dropped immediately, and died in a few Minutes afterwards.

Having thus executed their barbarous Design, they went down from *Ball's* House directly towards the *Faulcon*, intending to cross the Water back again. By the Way they accidentally met with *Higgs*, who was making to the Waterside likewise: him they fell upon and rated for a pusillanimous cowardly Dog (as *Burnworth* called him) that would desert them in an Affair of such Consequence, and then questioned whether *Higgs* himself would not betray them. *Burnworth* proposed it to the Company to shoot their old

Comrade *Higgs*, because he had deserted them in their late Expedition; which it is believed in the Humour *Burnworth* was then in he would have done had not *Marjoram* interposed, and pleaded for the sparing his Life. From the *Faulcon Stairs* they crossed the Water to *Pig Stairs*; and there consulting how to spend the Evening, they resolved to go to the *Boar's Head Tavern* in *Smithfield*, as not being there known, and being at a Distance from the Water-side, in case any Pursuit should be made after them on account of the Murder by them committed. At this Place they continued until near Ten of the Clock, when they separated themselves into Parties for that Night, *viz.*, one Party towards the *Royal Exchange*, the second to *St. Paul's Churchyard*, and the third for *Temple Bar*, in pursuit of their old Trade of Diving. This Murder made them more cautious of appearing in Public; and *Blewit*, *Berry*, and *Dickenson*, soon after set out for *Harwich*, and went over in a *Packet-boat* from thence for *Halveot-Sluis*.

Higgs also being daily in fear of a Discovery, shipped himself on Board the *Monmouth* Man-of-war at *Spithead*, where he thought himself safe, and began to be a little at Ease. But Justice quickly overtook him, when he thought himself safest from its Blow; for his Brother who lived in Town having wrote a Letter to him, and given it to a *Ship's Mate* of his to carry to him at *Spithead*, this Man accidentally fell into Company with one *Arthur*, a *Watchman*, belonging to *St. Sepulchre's* Parish, and pulling the Letter by Chance out of his Pocket, the *Watchman* saw the Direction, and recollected that *Higgs* was a Companion of *Frazier's*. Upon this he sends

Word to Mr. *Delafay*, Under-Secretary of State, and being examined as to the Circumstances of the Thing, proper persons were immediately dispatched to *Spithead*, who seized and brought him up in Custody. *Wilson*, another of the Confederates, withdrew about the same Time, and had so much Cunning as to preserve himself from being heard of for a considerable Time.

Burnworth in the meanwhile, with some Companions of his, continued to carry on their rapacious Plunderings in almost all Parts of the Town, and as they kept pretty well united, and were resolute Fellows, they did a vast deal of Mischief, and yet were too strong to be apprehended. Amongst the rest of their Pranks they were so audacious as to stop the Chair of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Harborough* in *Piccadilly*, but the *Chairmen* having Courage enough to draw their Poles and knock one of the Robbers down, the Earl at the same Time coming out of the Chair, and putting himself upon his Defence, they after a smart Dispute, in which *Burnworth* shot one of the *Chairmen* in the Shoulder, and thereby prevented any Pursuit, they raised their wounded Companion and withdrew in great Confusion. About this Time their Robberies and Villanies having made so much Noise as to deserve the Notice of the Government, a Proclamation was published for the apprehending *Burnworth*, *Blewit*, &c., it being justly supposed that none but those who were guilty of these Outrages, could be the Persons concerned in the cruel Murder of *Ball*. A Gentleman, who by Accident had bought one of these Papers, came into an Alehouse at *Whitecross Street*, and read it publicly. The Discourse of the Company turning there-

upon, and the Impossibility of the Persons concerned making their Escape, and the Likelihood there was that they would immediately impeach one another, *Marjoram*, one of the Gang, was there, though known to nobody in the Room. He, weighing the Thing with himself, retired immediately from the House into the Fields, where loitering about till Evening came on, he then stole with the utmost caution into *Smithfield*, and going to a *Constable* there surrendered himself as an Accomplice in the Murder of *Thomas Ball*, desiring to be carried before the *Lord Mayor*, that he might regularly put himself in a Way of obtaining a Pardon, and the Reward promised by the Proclamation. That Night he was confined in the *Wood Street Compter*, his *Lordship* not being at Leisure to examine him. The next Day as he was going to his Examination, the Noise of his Surrender being already spread all over the Town, many of his Companions changed their Lodgings and provided for their Safety. But *Barton* thought of another Method of securing himself from *Majoram's* Impeachment, and therefore planting himself in the Way, as *Majoram* was being carried to *Goldsmith's Hall*, he popped out upon him at once, though the *Constable* had him by the Arm, and presenting a Pistol to him, said, *D—n ye, I'll kill you*; *Majoram* at the Sound of his Voice ducked his Head, and he immediately firing, the Ball grazed only on his Back, without doing him any Hurt. The Surprise with which they were all struck upon this Occasion who were assisting the *Constable* in the Execution of his Office, gave an Opportunity to *Barton* to retire, after his committing such an Insult on public Justice as perhaps was never heard of. However, *Marjoram*

proceeded to his Examination, and made a very full Discovery of all the Transactions in which he had been concerned, *Legee* being taken that Night by his Directions in *Whitecross Street*, and after Examination committed to *Newgate*. *Burnworth* was now perfectly deprived of his old Associates. Yet he went on at his old Rate, even by himself; for a few Nights after he broke open the Shop and House of Mr. *Beezely*, a great *Distiller* near *Clare Market*, and took away from thence Notes to a very great Value, with a Quantity of Plate, which mistaking for white Metal he threw away. One *Benjamin Jones* picked it up, and was thereupon hanged, being one of the Number under Sentence, when the condemned Hold was shut up, and the Criminals refused to submit to the Keepers. *Burnworth* was particularly described in the Proclamation, and three hundred Pounds offered to any one who would apprehend him. Yet so audacious was he to come directly to a House in *Holborn*, where he was known, and laying a Pistol down loaded on the Table, called for a Pint of Beer, which he drank and paid for, defying anybody to touch him, though they knew him to be the Person mentioned in the Proclamation. It would be needless to particularise any other Bravados of his, which were so numerous, that it gave no little Uneasiness to the Magistrates, who perceived the evil Consequences that would flow from such things if they should become frequent. They therefore doubled their Diligence in endeavouring to apprehend him, yet all their Attempts were to little Purpose, and it is possible he might have gone on much longer if he had not been betrayed, the natural Consequence of one Rogue's trusting another.

It happened at this Time that one *Christopher Leonard* was in Prison for some such Feats as *Burnworth* had been Guilty of, who Lodged at the same time with the Wife and Sister of this Fellow. *Kitt Leonard* knowing in what State he himself was, and supposing nothing could effectually recommend to him the Mercy and Favour of the *Government*, as the procuring *Frazier* to be apprehended, who had so long defied all the Measures they had taken for that Purpose, he accordingly made the Proposal by his Wife to Persons in Authority, and the Project being approved, they appointed a sufficient Force to Assist in seizing him. They were placed at an adjoining *Ale-house*, where *Kate*, the Wife of *Kitt Leonard*, was to give them the Signal. About six of the Clock in the Evening on *Shrove Tuesday*, *Kate Leonard* and her Sister, and *Burnworth* being all together (it not being late enough for him to go out upon his nightly Enterprises), *Kate Leonard* proposed to fry some *Pancakes* for Supper, which the other two approved of. Accordingly her Sister set about them. *Burnworth* had put off his *Surtout Coat*, in the Pocket and Lining whereof he had several Pistols. There was a little back Door to the House, which *Burnworth* usually kept upon the Latch, only in Order to make his Escape, if he should be surprised or discovered to be in that House. This Door *Kate*, unperceived by *Burnworth* fastened, and whilst her Sister was frying the Pancakes, *Kate* went to the *Ale-house* for a Pot of Drink, when having given the Men who were there waiting the Signal, she returned, and entering the House, pretended to lock the Door after her, but designedly missed the Staple. The Door being thus upon the Jar only, as

she gave the Drink to *Burnworth*, the six Persons rushed into the Room. *Burnworth* hearing the Noise, and fearing the Surprise, jumped up, thinking to have made his Escape at the Back-door ; but not knowing it to be bolted, they were upon him before he could get it open, and holding his Hands behind him one of them tied them, whilst another, to intimidate him, fired a Pistol over his Head. Having thus secured him, they immediately carried him before a Justice of the Peace, who after a long Examination committed him to *Newgate*. Notwithstanding his Confinement in that Place he was still Director of such of his Companions as remained at Liberty, and communicating to them the Suspicions he had of *Kate Leonard's* betraying him, and the Danger there was of her detecting some of the Rest, they were easily induced to treat her as they had done *Ball* ; and one of them fired a Pistol at her just as she was entering her own House, but that missing, they made two or three other Attempts of the same Nature, until the Justices of the Peace placed a Guard thereabouts, in order to secure her from being killed, and if possible to seize those who should Attempt it, after which they heard no more of these Sorts of Attacks. In *Newgate* they confined *Burnworth* to the condemned *Hole*, and took what other necessary Precautions they thought proper, in order to secure so dangerous a Person, and who they were well enough aware meditated nothing but how to escape. He was in this Condition when the Malefactors before-mentioned, *viz.*, *Barton*, *Swift*, &c., were under Sentence, and it was shrewdly suspected that he put them upon that Attempt of breaking out, of which we have given an Account before. There

were two Things which more immediately contributed to the defeating their Design ; the one was, that though Five of them were to die the next Day, yet four of them were so drunk that they were not able to work, and they were so Negligent in providing Candles, that in two Hours after they were locked up they were forced to lie by for want of Light. As we have already related the Particulars of this Story, we shall not take up our Reader's Time in mentioning them again, but go on with the Story of *Burnworth*, and inform them that the Keepers upon Suspicion of his being the Projector of that Enterprise removed him into the *Bilboa Room*, and there loaded him with Irons, leaving him by himself to lament the Miseries of his mispent Life in the Solitude of his wretched Confinement. Yet nothing could break the wicked Stubbornness of his Temper, which as it had led him to those Practices, justly punished with so strait a Confinement, so now it urged him continually to force his Way through all Opposition, and thereby regain his Liberty, in order to practice more Villanies of the same Sort with those in which he had hitherto spent his Time. It is impossible to say how, but by some Method or other he had procured Saws, Files, and other Instruments for this Purpose. With these he first released himself from his Irons, then broke through the Wall of the Room in which he was lodged, and thereby got into the Women's Apartment, the Window of which was fortified with three Iron Bars. Upon these he went immediately to work, and forced one of them in a little Time. While he was filing the next, one of the Women to ingratiate herself with the Keepers, gave Notice, whereupon they came immediately and

dragged him back to the condemned *Hole*, and there stapled him down to the Ground.

The Course of our Memoirs leads us now to say something of the Rest of his Companions, who in a very short Space came most of them to be collected to share that Punishment which the Law had so justly appointed for their Crimes. We will begin then with *William Blewit*, who next to *Frazier*, was the chief Person in the Gang. He was one of *St. Giles's* Breed, his Father a *Porter*, and his Mother at the Time of his Execution selling Greens in the same Parish. They were both of them unable to procure wherewith either to give their Son Education, or otherwise provide for him, which occasioned his being put out by the Parish to a *Perfumer of Gloves*; but his Temper from his Childhood inclining him to wicked Practices, he soon got himself into a Gang of young Pickpockets, with whom he practised several Years with Impunity, but being at last apprehended in the very Fact he was committed to *Newgate*, and on plain Proof convicted the next Sessions, and ordered for Transportation. He was shipped on board the Vessel with other Wretches in the same Condition, and was quickly let into the Secret of their having provided for an Escape, by procuring Saws, Files, and other Implements, put up in little Barrels, which they had pretended contained Ginger-Bread, and such other little Presents which were given them by their Relations. *Blewit* immediately foresaw Abundance of Difficulties in their Design, and therefore resolved to make a sure Use of it for his own Advantage, which he did, by communicating all he knew to the *Captain*, who thereupon immediately seized their Tools, and thereby prevented the

Loss of his Ship, which otherwise in all Probability would have been effected by the *Conspirators*. In Return for this Service *Blewit* obtained his Freedom, which did not serve him for any better Purpose than to return to *London* as soon as he was able. Whether he went again upon his old Practices before he was apprehended we cannot determine, but before he had continued two months in Town somebody seized him, and committed him to *Newgate*. At the next Sessions he was tried for returning from Transportation and convicted, but pleading when he received Sentence of Death, the Service he had done in preventing the Attempt of the other Malefactors, Execution was respited until the Return of the *Captain*, and on his Report the Sentence was changed into a new Transportation, and leave given him also to go to what Foreign Port he would. But he no sooner regained his Liberty than he put it to the same Use as before, and took up the Trade of snatching Hats, Wigs, &c., until he got into Acquaintance with *Burnworth* and his Gang, who taught him other Methods of robbing than he had hitherto practised. Like most of the unhappy People of this Sort, he had to his other Crimes added the Marriage of several Wives, of which the first was reputed a very honest and modest Woman, and it seems had so great a Love for him, notwithstanding the Wickedness of his Behaviour, that upon her visiting him at *Newgate*, the Day before they set out for *Kingston*, she was oppressed with so violent a Grief as to fall down dead in the *Lodge*. Another of his Wives married *Emanuel Dickenson*, and survived them both.

His meeting *Burnworth* the Afternoon before *Ball's* Murder was Accidental, but the Savageness

of his Temper led him to a quick Compliance with that wicked Proposition. After the Commission of that Fact, he with his Companions before mentioned, went over in the *Packet-boat* to *Holland*. Guilt is a Companion which never suffers Rest to enter any Bosom where it Inhabits. They were so uneasy after their Arrival there, lest an Application should be made from the *Government* at Home, that they were constantly perusing the *English Newspapers* as they came over to the *Coffee-houses* in *Rotterdam*, that they might gain Intelligence of what *Advertisements*, *Rewards*, or other Methods had been taken to apprehend the Persons concerned in *Ball's* Murder, resolving on the first News of a Proclamation, or other Interposition of the State on that Occasion, immediately to quit the *Dominions* of the *Republic*. But as *Burnworth* had been betrayed by the only Persons from whom he could reasonably hope Assistance, *Higgs* seized on board a Ship where he fancied himself secure from all Searches, so *Blewit* and his Associates, though they daily endeavoured to acquaint themselves with the Transactions at *London* relating to them, fell also into the Hands of Justice, when they least expected it. So equal are the Decrees of *Providence*, and so inevitable the Strokes of Divine Vengeance.

The Proclamation for apprehending them came no sooner to the hands of Mr. *Finch*, the *British Resident* at the *Hague*, but he immediately caused an Enquiry to be made, whether any such Persons as were therein described had been seen at *Rotterdam*, and being assured that there had, and that they were lodged at the *Hamburgh Arms* on the *Boom Keys* in that City, he sent away a special Messenger to inquire

the Truth thereof, of which he was no sooner satisfied than he procured an Order from the States-General for apprehending them anywhere within the *Province*. By Virtue of this Order the Messenger, with the Assistance of the *Schoots Denaires*, the proper Officers for that Purpose in *Holland*, apprehended *Blewit* at the House, whither they had been directed. But his two Companions, *Dickenson* and *Berry*, had left him and were gone on board a Ship, not caring to remain any longer in *Holland*. They conducted their Prisoner as soon as they had taken him to the *Stadt-house Prison* in *Rotterdam*, and then went to the *Brill*, where the Ship on board which his Companions were, not being cleared out, they surprised them also, and having handcuffed them sent them under a strong Guard to *Rotterdam*, where they were put in the same Place with their old Associate *Blewit*. We shall now therefore take an Opportunity of speaking of each of them, and acquainting the Readers with those Steps by which they arose to that unparalleled Pitch of Wickedness, which rendered them alike the Wonder and Detestation of all the sober Part of Mankind.

Emanuel Dickenson was the Son of a very worthy Person, whose Memory I shall be very careful of staining upon this Occasion. The *Lad* was ever wild and ungovernable in his Temper, and being left a Child at his Father's Death, himself, his Brother, and several Sisters, thrown all upon the Hands of their Mother, who was utterly unable to support them in those Extravagancies to which they were inclined. They unfortunately addicted themselves to such evil Courses, therefore, as to them seemed likely to provide such a Supply of Money as might enable them

to take such licentious Pleasures as were suitable to their vicious Inclinations. The natural Consequence of this was that they all fell into Misfortune, especially *Emanuel*, who having addicted himself to picking of Pockets, and such kind of petty Facts for a considerable Space, at last attempted to snatch a Gentleman's Hat off in the *Strand*. He was seized with it in his Hand, and committed to *Newgate*, and at the next Sessions convicted and ordered for Transportation; but his Mother applying at Court for a Pardon, and setting forth the Merit of his Father, procured his Discharge. The only Use he made of this was to associate himself with his old Companions, who by Degrees led him into greater Villanies than any he had until that time been concerned in; and at last falling under the Direction of *Burnworth*, he was with the Rest drawn into the Murder of *Ball*. After this he followed *Blewit's* Advice, and not thinking himself safe even in *Holland*, he and *Berry* went actually on 'Ship-board, in order to their Departure.

Thomas Berry was a Beggar, if not a Thief, from his Cradle. His Parents were in the most wretched Circumstances, and being incapable of giving him an honest Education, suffered him to idle about the Streets, and to get into such Gangs of Thieves and Pickpockets as taught him from his Infancy the Arts of *Diving* (as they in their *Cant* call it), and as he grew in Years brought him on to a greater Proficiency in such evil Practices, in which however he did not always escape with Impunity; for besides getting into the little Prisons about Town, and being whipped several times at the Houses of *Correction*, he had also been thrice in *Newgate*, and for the last

Fact was convicted and ordered for Transportation. However, by some Means or other, he got away from the Ship, and returned quickly to his old Employment, in which he had not continued long, before falling into the Acquaintance of *Burnworth*, it brought him first to the Commission of a cruel Murder, and after that, with great Justice, to suffer an ignominious Death. Having been thus particular as to the Circumstances of each Malefactor, let us return to the Thread of our Story, and observe to what their wicked Designs and lawless Courses brought them at last.

After they were all three secured and safe confined in *Rotterdam*, the *Resident* despatched an Account thereof to *England*, whereupon he received Directions for applying to the *States-General* for Leave to send them back. This was readily granted, and six Soldiers were ordered to attend them on board, besides the Messengers who were sent to fetch them. Capt. *Samuel Taylor*, in the *Delight* Sloop, brought them safe to the *Nore*, where they were met by two other Messengers, who assisted in taking Charge of them up the River. In the Midst of all the Miseries they suffered, and the Certainty they had of being doomed to suffer much more as soon as they came on Shore, they behaved themselves with the greatest Gaity imaginable, were full of Jests, and showed as much Pleasantness as if their Circumstances had been the most happy. Observing a *Press-gang* very busy on the Water, and that the People in the Boat shunned them with great Care, they treated them with the most opprobrious Language, and impudently dared the *Lieutenant* to come and press them for the Service. On their Arrival at the *Tower* they were

put into a Boat with the Messengers, with three other Boats to guard them, each of which was filled with a Corporal and a File of Musketeers; and in this Order they were brought to *Westminster*, where after being examined before *Justice Cholk* and *Justice Blackerby*, they were all three put into a Coach, and conducted by a Party of *Foot-Guards* to *Newgate*, through a continued Lane of Spectators, who by their loud Huzzas proclaimed their Joy at seeing these egregious Villains in the Hands of Justice; for they, like *Jonathan Wild*, were so wicked as to lose the Compassion of the Mob.

On their Arrival at *Newgate* the *Keepers* expressed a very great Satisfaction, and having put them on each a pair of the heaviest *Irons* in the *Gaol*, and taken such other Precautions as they thought necessary for securing them; they next did them the Honour of conducting them up Stairs to their old Friend *Edward Burnworth*, who congratulated them on their safe Arrival. They condoled with him on his Confinement, took their Places near him, and had the Convenience of the same Apartment. They were all shackled in the like Manner. They did not appear to show the least Sign of *Contrition* or *Remorse* for what they had done; on the Contrary they spent their Time with all the Indifference imaginable. Great Numbers of People had the Curiosity to come to *Newgate* to see them, and *Blewit* upon all Occasions made use of every Opportunity to excite their Charity, alleging they had been robbed of everything when they were seized. *Burnworth*, with an Air of Indifference remarked, D—n this *Blewit*; because he has got a *long Wig* and a *ruffled Shirt*, he takes the Liberty to talk more than any of us.

Being exhorted to apply the little Time they had to live in preparing themselves for another World, *Burnworth* replied, *if they had any Inclination to think of a future State, it was impossible in their Condition ; so many Persons as were admitted to come to view them in their present Circumstances must needs divert any good Thoughts.* But their Minds were totally taken up with consulting the most likely Means to make their Escape, and extricate themselves from the Bolts and Shackles with which they were clogged and encumbered ; and indeed all their Actions showed their Thoughts were bent only on Enlargement, and that they were altogether unmindful of Death, or at least Careless of the future Consequences thereof.

On *Wednesday*, the 30th of *March*, 1726, *Burnworth*, *Blewit*, *Berry*, *Dickenson*, *Legge*, and *Higgs*, were all put into a Waggon, handcuffed and chained, and carried to *Kingston*, under a Guard of the Duke of *Bolton's* Horse. At their coming out of *Newgate* they were very merry, charging the Guard to take care that no Misfortune happened to them, and called upon the numerous Crowd of Spectators, both at their getting into the Waggon, and afterwards as they passed along the Road, to show the Respect they bore them by Halloing, and to pay them the Compliments due to Gentlemen of their Profession, and called for several Bottles of Wine, that they might drink to their good Journey. As they passed along the Road they endeavoured to show themselves very merry and pleasant by their facetious Discourse to the Spectators, and frequently threw Money amongst the People who followed them, diverting themselves with seeing the others strive for it ; and particularly *Blewit* having thrown out some

Halfpence amongst the Mob, a little Boy who was present picked up one of them, and calling out to *Blewit*, told him, *that as sure as he, Blewit, would be condemned at Kingston, so sure would he have his Name engraved thereon*; whereupon *Blewit* took a Shilling out of his Pocket and gave it to the Boy, telling him, *there was Something towards defraying the Charge of Engraving, and bid him be as good as his Word, which the Boy promised he would.*

On the 31st of *March*, the Assizes were opened, together with the Commission of *Oyer and Terminer* and *Gaol Delivery* for the County of *Surrey*, before the *Right Hon. the Lord Chief Justice Raymond*, and *Mr. Justice Denton*. The *Grand Jury* having found Indictments against the Prisoners, they were severally arraigned thereupon, when five of them pleaded Not Guilty; but *Burnworth* absolutely refused to plead at all; upon which after being advised by the *Judge*, not to force the Court upon that Rigour which they were unwilling at any Time to Practice, and he still continuing obstinate, his Thumbs, as is usual in such Cases, were tied and strained with a Packthread. This having no Effect upon him, the Sentence of the *Press*, or as it is styled in Law, of the *Pain, Fort, and Dure*, was read to him in these Words: *You shall go to the Place from whence you came, and there being stripped naked, and laid flat upon your Back on the Floor, with a Napkin about your Middle to hide your Privy Members, and a Cloth on your Face; then the Press is to be laid upon you with as much Weight as, or rather more than you can bear; you are to have three Morsels of Barley-Bread in Twenty-four Hoars, a Draught of Water from the next Puddle near the Gaol, but not running*

Water ; the second Day two Morsels, and the same Water, with an Increase of Weight, and so to the third Day until you expire.

This Sentence thus passed upon him, and he still continuing contumacious, he was carried down to the *Stock-House*, and the *Press* laid upon him. He continued for the Space of one Hour and three Minutes under the Weight of three Hundred three Quarters and two Pounds. Whilst he continued under the *Press*, he endeavoured to beat out his Brains against the Floor ; during which Time the *High-Sheriff* himself was present, and frequently exhorted him to plead to the Indictment, which at last he consented to do. And being brought up to the Court, after a Trial which lasted from Eight in the Morning until One in the Afternoon, on the First Day of *April*, they were all six found Guilty of the Indictment, and being remanded back to the *Stock-House*, were all chained and stapled down to the Floor. Whilst they were under Conviction the Terrors of Death did not make any Impression upon them ; they diverted themselves with repeating Jests and Stories of various Natures, particularly of the Manner of their Escapes before out of the Hands of *Justice*, and the Robberies and Offences they had committed. And it being proposed for the Satisfaction of the World for them to leave the Particulars of the several Robberies by them committed, *Burnworth* replied, *that were he to write all the Robberies by him committed, a hundred Sheets of Paper, wrote as close as could be, would not contain them. Notwithstanding what had been alleged by Higgs, of his forsaking his Companions in the Fields, it appeared by other Evidence, that he followed his Companions to Ball's House,*

and was seen hovering about the Door during the Time the Murder was committed with a Pistol in his Hand.

As for *Burnworth*, after Conviction, his Behaviour was as ludicrous as ever; and being, as I said, a *Painter's Son*, he had some little Notion of Designing, and therewith diverted himself in sketching his own Picture in several Forms, particularly as he lay under the *Press*, which being Engraved in *Copper*, was placed as the *Frontispiece* of a sixpenny Book, which was published of his Life. And the Rest seemed to fall no Way short of him in that silly Contempt of Death, which with the Vulgar passes for Resolution. On *Monday*, the 4th of *April*, they were brought up again from the *Stock-House* to receive Sentence of Death. Mr. *Justice Denton* before he passed it upon them, made a very pathetic Speech, in which he represented to them the Necessity there was of punishing Crimes like theirs with Death, and exhorted them not to be more Cruel to themselves than they had obliged the Law to be severe towards them, by squandering away the small Remainder of their Time, and thereby adding to an ignominious End an eternal Punishment hereafter. When Sentence was passed, they entreated Leave for their Friends to visit them in the Prison, which was granted them by the Court, but with a strict Injunction to the *Keeper* to be careful over them. After they returned to the Prison, they bent their Thoughts wholly on making their Escape, and to that Purpose had sent to their Friends, and procured proper Implements for the Execution of it. *Burnworth's* Mother was surprised with several *Files*, &c., about her, and the whole Plot was discovered by *Blewit's* Mother being

heard to say, *that she had forgot the Opium*. It seems the Scheme was to murder the two Persons who attended them in the Gaol, together with Mr. *Elliot*, the *Turnkey*. After they had got out they intended to have fired a Stack of Bavins adjoining to the Prison, and thereby amused the Inhabitants while they got clear off. *Burnworth's* Mother was confined for this Attempt in his Favour, and some lesser Implements that were sewed up in the Waistband of their Breeches being ripped out, all hopes of Escape whatsoever were now taken away. Yet *Burnworth* affected to keep up the same Spirit with which he had hitherto behaved, and talked in a *Rhodomontade* to one of his Guard of coming in the Night in a dark Entry and pulling him by the Nose, if he did not see him decently buried. About Ten of the Clock on *Wednesday* Morning, they, together with one *Blackburn*, who was condemned for robbing on the Highway, a fellow grossly Ignorant and Stupid, were carried out in a Cart to their Execution, being attended by a Company of *Foot* to the *Gallows*. In their Passage thither, that audacious Carriage in which they had so long persisted totally forsook them, and they appeared with all that Seriousness and Devotion, which might be looked for from Persons in their Condition. *Blewit* perceiving one Mr. *Warwick* among the Spectators, desired that he might stop to speak to him, which being granted, he threw himself upon his Knees, and earnestly entreated his Pardon, for having once attempted his Life, by presenting a Pistol at him, upon Suspicion that Mr. *Warwick* knowing what his Profession was, had given an Information against him. When at the Place of Execution, and tied up, *Blewit* and *Dickenson* espe-

cially prayed with great Fervour, and with a becoming Earnestness exhorted all the young Persons they saw near them to take Warning by them, and not follow such Courses as might in Time bring them to so terrible an End.

Blewit acknowledged that for sixteen Years last past he had lived by stealing and pilfering only. He had given all the Clothes he had to his Mother, but being informed that he was to be hung in Chains, he desired his Mother might return them to prevent his being put up in his Shirt. He then desired the Executioner to tie him up so that he might be as soon out of Pain as possible; then he set the *Penitential Psalm*, and repeated the Words of it to the other Criminals; then they all kissed one another, and after some private Devotions the Cart drew away and they were turned off. *Dickenson* died very hard, kicking off one of his Shoes, and loosing the other. Their Bodies were carried back under the same Guard which attended them to their Execution. *Burnworth* and *Blewit* were afterwards hung in Chains, over against the Sign of the *Fighting Cocks*, in *St. George's Fields*. *Dickenson* and *Berry* were hung up on *Kennington Common*; but the *Sheriff* of *Surrey* had Orders at the same Time to suffer his Relations to take down the Body of *Dickenson* in Order to be interred, after its hanging up one Day, which Favour was granted on account of his Father's Service in the Army, who was killed at his Post when the Confederate Army besieged *Air* in the late War. *Legee* and *Higgs* were hung upon *Putney Common* beyond *Wandsworth*, which is all we have to add concerning these hardened Malefactors, who so long defied the Justice of their Country, and are

now, to the Joy of all honest People, placed as Spectacles for the Warning of their Companions who frequent the Places where they are hung in Chains.



The Life of JOHN GILLINGHAM, a Highwayman and Footpad, &c.

AS want of Education hath brought many who might otherwise have done very well in the World to a miserable End, so the best Education and Instructions are often of no effect to stubborn and corrupt Minds. This was the Case of *John Gillingham*, of whom we are now to give an Account. He had been brought up at *Westminster School*, but all he acquired there was only a Smattering of Learning, and a great Deal of Self-conceit, fancying Labour was below him, and that he ought to Live the Life of a Gentleman. He associated himself with such Companions as pretended to teach him this Art of easily attaining Money. He was a Person very inclinable to follow such Advices, and therefore readily came into these Proposals as soon as they were made. Amongst the rest of his Acquaintance he became very intimate with *Burnworth*, and made one of the Number in attacking the Chair of the *Earl of Harborough*, near *St. James's Church*, and was the Person who shot the *Chairman* in the Shoulder. As he was a young Man of a good Deal of Spirit, so he committed Abundance of Facts in a very short Space; but the indefatigable Industry which the *Officers of Justice*

exerted in apprehending *Frazier's* desperate Gang, soon brought him to the miserable End consequent from such wicked Courses. He was indicted for assaulting *Robert Sherly*, Esq., upon the Highway, and taking from him a *Watch* value £20. He was a second time Indicted for assaulting *John du Cummins*, a Footman, and taking from him a *Silver Watch*, a *Snuff Box*, and *Five Guineas* in Money, both of which Facts he Steadily denied after his Conviction. But for the third Crime he was convicted, viz., the sending a Letter to extort Money from *Simon Smith*, Esq., which follows in these Words:—

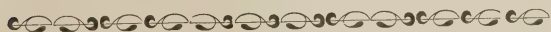
MR. SMITH,

I desire you to send me Twenty Guineas by the Bearer, without letting him know what it is for; he is innocent of the Contents. If you offer to speak of this to anybody——. My Blood and Soul, if you are not a dead Man before Monday Morning; and if you don't send the Money, the Devil dash my Brains out, if I don't Shoot you the first Time you stir out of Doors; or if I should be taken there are others that will do your Business for you by the first Opportunity; therefore pray fail not, for—— Strike me to instant D—— if I am not as good as my Word.


To Mr. Smith, in Great George Street, over against the Church, near Hanover Square.

He confessed that he knew of the writing and sending this Epistle, but denied that he did it himself, and indeed the Indictment set forth that it was in Company with one *John Mason*, then deceased, that the said Conspiracy was formed. Under Sen-

tence of Death, he behaved himself very sillily, laughing and scoffing at his approaching End, and saying to one of his Companions, as the *Keeper* went down Stairs before them, let us knock him down and take his Keys from him. If one leads to *Heaven*, and the other to *Hell*, we shall at least have a Chance to get the Right. Yet when Death with all its Horror stared him in the Face, he began to Relent in his Behaviour, and to acknowledge the justness of that Sentence which had doomed him to death. At the Place of Execution he prayed with great Earnestness, confessed he had been a grievous Sinner, and seemed in great Confusion in his last Moments. He was about twenty-two Years of Age when he died, which was on the 9th of *May*, 1726, at *Tyburn*.



The Life of JOHN COTTEREL, a Thief, &c.

HE Miseries of Life are so many, so deep, so sudden, and so irretrievable, that when we consider them attentively, they ought to inspire us with the greatest Submission towards that *Providence* which directs us, and fill us with humble Sentiments of our own Capacities, which are so weak and incapable to protect us from any of those Evils to which from the Vicissitudes of Life we are continually exposed. *John Cotterel*, the Subject of this Part of our Work, was a Person descended of honest and industrious Parents, who were exceedingly careful in bringing him up as far as they were able, in such a Manner as might enable

him to get his Bread honestly, and with some Reputation. When he was grown big enough to be put out Apprentice, they agreed with a Friend of theirs, a Master of a *Vessel*, to take him with him two or three Voyages for a Trial. *John* behaved himself so well, that he gained the Esteem of his Master and the Love of all his *fellow Sailors*. When he had been five Years at Sea, his Credit was so good, both as to his being an able Sailor and an honest Man, that his Friends found it no great Difficulty to get him a Ship, and after that another. The last he commanded was of the Burthen of 200 Tuns; but in this he sustained great Losses himself, and greater still, in supporting his eldest Son, who dealt in the same Way, and with a Vessel of his own, carried on a Trade between *England* and *Holland*. He fell through these Misfortunes into Circumstances so narrow, that he lay two Years and a-half in *Newgate* for Debt. Being discharged by the *Act of Insolvency*, and having not wherewith to sustain himself, he broke one Night into a little *Chandler's Shop*, where he used now and then to get a halfpenny worth of that destructive Liquor Gin, and there took a Tub with two Pounds of Butter, and a Pound of Pepper in it, but before he got out of the Shop he was apprehended, and at the next Sessions was found Guilty of the Fact. While under Sentence of Death, he behaved with the greatest Gravity, averred that it was the first ill Thing of that kind he had ever done. Indeed his Character appeared to be very good, for though his Acquaintance in Town had done little for him hitherto, yet when they saw that they should not be long troubled with him, they sent him good Books, and provided everything that was necessary

for him, so that with much Resignation he finished his Days, with the other Malefactors at *Tyburn*, in the 52nd Year of his Age, on the 9th Day of *May*, 1726.

END OF VOL. I.





INDEX.



Anderson, Thomas, <i>Scotch Thief</i>	303
Angier, Humphry, <i>Highwayman and Foot-pad</i>	196
Austin, John, <i>Foot-pad</i>	434
Bailey, Francis, <i>Notorious Highwayman</i>	442
Barton, William, <i>Highwayman</i>	16
Barton, John, <i>Robber, Highwayman, and Housebreaker</i>	447
Berry, Thomas, <i>Robber</i>	457
Blake, Joseph, <i>alias Blueskin</i>	267
Blewit, William, <i>Robber</i>	457
Booty, James, <i>Ravisher</i>	111
Bradley, Thomas, <i>Street Robber</i>	317
Brinsden, Mathias, <i>Murderer</i>	143
Burk, William, <i>Foot-pad and Highwayman</i>	166
Butlock, Thomas, <i>alias Butloge, Thief</i>	113
Burridge, William, <i>Highwayman</i>	100
Burnworth, Edward, <i>alias Frazier, Robber & Murderer</i>	457
Burden, Thomas, <i>Robber</i>	222
Butler, James, <i>notorious Highwayman and Foot-pad</i>	181
Cammel, James, <i>Thief and Foot-pad</i>	325
Cane, Robert, <i>Foot-pad</i>	10
Carrick, James, <i>alias Valentine Carrick, notorious Highwayman and Street Robber</i>	119
Casey, William, <i>Robber</i>	62

Charnock, Thomas, <i>Thief</i>	15
Clark, Matthew, <i>Foot-pad and Murderer</i>	46
Colthouse, William, <i>Thief and Highwayman</i>	96
Cotterel, John, <i>Thief</i>	489
Curtis, Peter, <i>Housebreaker</i>	228
Davis, Vincent, <i>Murderer</i>	331
Davis, Lumley, <i>Highwayman</i>	233
Deval, Abraham, <i>Lottery Ticket Forger</i>	265
Dickenson, Emanuel, <i>Robber</i>	457
Duce, William, <i>notorious Highwayman and Foot-pad</i>	177
Dykes, John, <i>Thief and Highwayman</i>	65
Elisha, William, <i>Robber</i>	221
Flood, Mathew, <i>Street Robber and Foot-pad</i>	163
Foster, John, <i>Housebreaker</i>	436
Frost, William, <i>Robber</i>	220
Gardiner, Stephen, <i>Highwayman and Housebreaker</i>	212
Gillingham, John, <i>Highwayman and Foot-pad</i>	487
Griffin, Jane, <i>Murderess</i>	1
Guy, John, <i>Deer-Stealer</i>	328
Hamp, John, <i>Foot-pad and Highwayman</i>	427
Hanson, Mary, <i>Murderer</i>	333
Harman, James, <i>Highwayman</i>	237
Harpham, Robert, <i>Coiner</i>	360
Hawes, Nathaniel, <i>Thief and Robber</i>	75
Hawksworth, <i>Murderer</i>	175
Hewlet, John, <i>Murderer</i>	321
Higgs, John, <i>Robber</i>	
Houssart, Lewis, (the French Barber) <i>Murderer</i>	286
Jackson, Nathaniel, <i>Highwayman</i>	116
James, Richard, <i>Highwayman</i>	70
Jones, John, <i>Pickpocket</i>	83
Julian, a Black Boy, <i>Incendiary</i>	264

Kennedy, Walter, <i>Pirate</i>	38
Levee, John, <i>Highwayman</i>	159
Lewis, John, <i>alias Laurence, Thief</i>	239
Lincoln, James, <i>Murderer and Foot-pad</i>	139
Lipsat, William, <i>Thief</i>	319
Little, John, <i>Housebreaker and Thief</i>	403
Little, James, <i>Foot-pad and Highwayman</i>	424
Marjoram, William, <i>Robber</i>	457
Marshal William, <i>Thief and Footpad</i>	325
Massey, Captain, <i>who died for Piracy</i>	184
Meff, John, <i>alias Merth, Housebreaker & Highwayman</i>	55
Middleton, Joseph, <i>House-breaker and Thief</i>	348
Molony, John, <i>Highwayman and Street Robber</i>	127
Neal, Edmund, <i>Foot-pad</i>	149
Nunney, Luke, <i>Murderer</i>	170
Oakey, Richard, <i>Street Robber and Foot-pad</i>	163
Packer, Thomas, <i>Highwayman</i>	314
Ogden, Samuel, <i>Robber</i>	218
Perkins, Robert, <i>Thief</i>	27
Picken, Joseph, <i>Highwayman</i>	311
Price, John, <i>Housebreaker</i>	351
Price, John, <i>Housebreaker and Thief</i>	408
Pugh, John, <i>Robber</i>	219
Reeves, Thomas, <i>notorious Highwayman and Foot-pad</i>	106
Roche, Philip, <i>Pirate, &c.</i>	188
Schmidt, Frederick, <i>Alterer of Bank Notes</i>	224
Smith, Bryan, <i>Threatening Letter Writer</i>	336
Scurrier, Richard, <i>Shop-lifter</i>	439
Shaw, James, <i>alias Smith, Highwayman and Murderer</i>	90
Shepperd, Richard, <i>Housebreaker</i>	13
Shepperd, John, <i>Foot-pad, House-breaker and Prison-breaker</i>	273

Smith, John, <i>Murderer</i>	86
Snow, Foster, <i>Murderer</i>	413
Spencer, Barbara, <i>Coiner</i>	33
Sperry, William, <i>Foot-pad and Highwayman</i>	354
Stanley, Captain, <i>Murderer</i>	202
Swift, William, <i>Thief</i>	453
Thomson, John, <i>Thief and Highwayman</i>	103
Trippuck, John, <i>Highwayman</i>	8
Towers, Charles, <i>A Minter in Wapping</i>	295
Trantham, Richard, <i>Housebreaker</i>	173
Tyrrell, John, <i>Horse Stealer</i>	175
Ward, Joseph, <i>Foot-pad</i>	338
Waltham Blacks, History of the, and their transactions, including the Lives and Deaths of Richard Parvin, Edward Elliott, Robert Kingshell, Henry Marshall, John and Edward Pink, and James Ansell, <i>alias</i> Phillips	246
Weaver, Charles, <i>Murderer</i>	155
Whalebone, John, <i>alias</i> Welbone, <i>Thief</i>	420
White, James, <i>Private Thief</i>	344
Whittingham, Richard, <i>Foot-pad and Street Robber</i>	109
Wigley, John, <i>Highwayman</i>	60
Wild, Jonathan, <i>the famous Thief-taker</i>	363
Wilkinson, Robert, <i>Murderer and Foot-pad</i>	139
Wilson, Thomas, <i>notorious Foot-pad</i>	131
Winship, John, <i>Highwayman and Foot-pad.</i>	51
Woodman, Richard, <i>Robber</i>	220
Wright, James, <i>Highwayman</i>	73



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